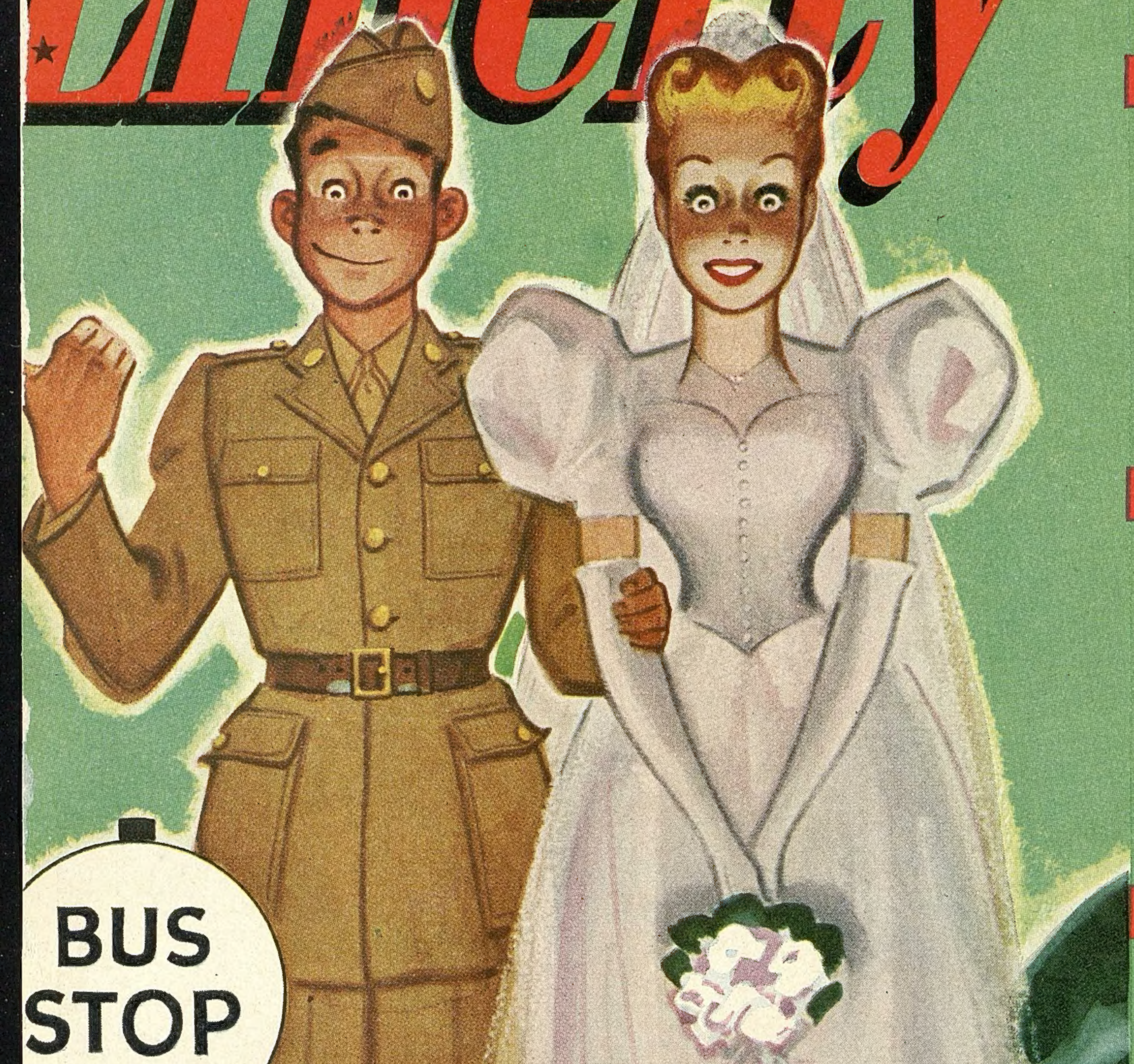
Liberty

JUNE 12, 1943 10c



BOOK:
YOU CAN'T DO THAT
TO SVOBODA
A Humorous Novel
by John Pen

LIBERTY

Postwar Living:
HOUSEKEEPING
BY MACHINERY
by Morris Markey

LIBERTY

TORPEDOED!
A Firsthand Report
by a
Merchant Seaman

LIBERTY

THE TOWN WITH
NO
LABOR TROUBLES

LIBERTY

Making a Movie
of
FOR WHOM
THE BELL TOLLS

LIBERTY

hort Stories by · RICHARD HOWELLS WATKINS · JACLAND MARMUR

"So glad Schenley laid it away in peace time"

ROYAL RESERVE
QUALITY
SCHENLEY
ROYAL RESERVE
Blended Whiskey
SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N.Y.

. . . and there's still a limited supply available

Every drop of Schenley Royal Reserve now available was distilled in peace time. Today no whiskey is being made; all Schenley distilleries are making vital war alcohol exclusively. Thus, you may not always be able to get Schenley Royal Reserve.. but when you do, use it sparingly . . . and enjoy it that much more.

SCHENLEY
ROYAL RESERVE
BLENDED WHISKEY

BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE, BUY WAR BONDS

Blended Whiskey, 86 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 6 or more years old; 40% straight whiskey, 60% grain neutral spirits. 23% straight whiskey, 6 years old. 17% straight whiskey, 7 years old. Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City.

A Boy builds a Boat
And Launches a Ship of Dreams.
Character will Set its Course,
Courage will See it to a Happy Port.

We see the boy a Man—Reliant, Resourceful and Smiling—with a Smile that owes much to his Lifelong use of Ipana and Massage!

IN HIS eager look, his serious interest, you can see character in the making. To him the future beckons—bright with promise. For he sees, far beyond the reefs and shoals of today, a glorious tomorrow—the heritage of thousands of young Americans.

Devoted parents and teachers have given our children this heritage by every advantage of health and education—have made it possible for them to face the future—confident, resolute and *smiling!*

Yes, *smiling!* Even their smiles have a bright future, thanks to early training in an important lesson—that firm, healthy gums are necessary to sound teeth and sparkling smiles.

In thousands of classrooms, today's children are learning what many adults do not yet know—that today's soft foods deprive our gums of needed exercise. These youngsters could tell you why gums often become soft and tender—and signal their weakness with a warning tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush.

When "Pink Tooth Brush" Warns

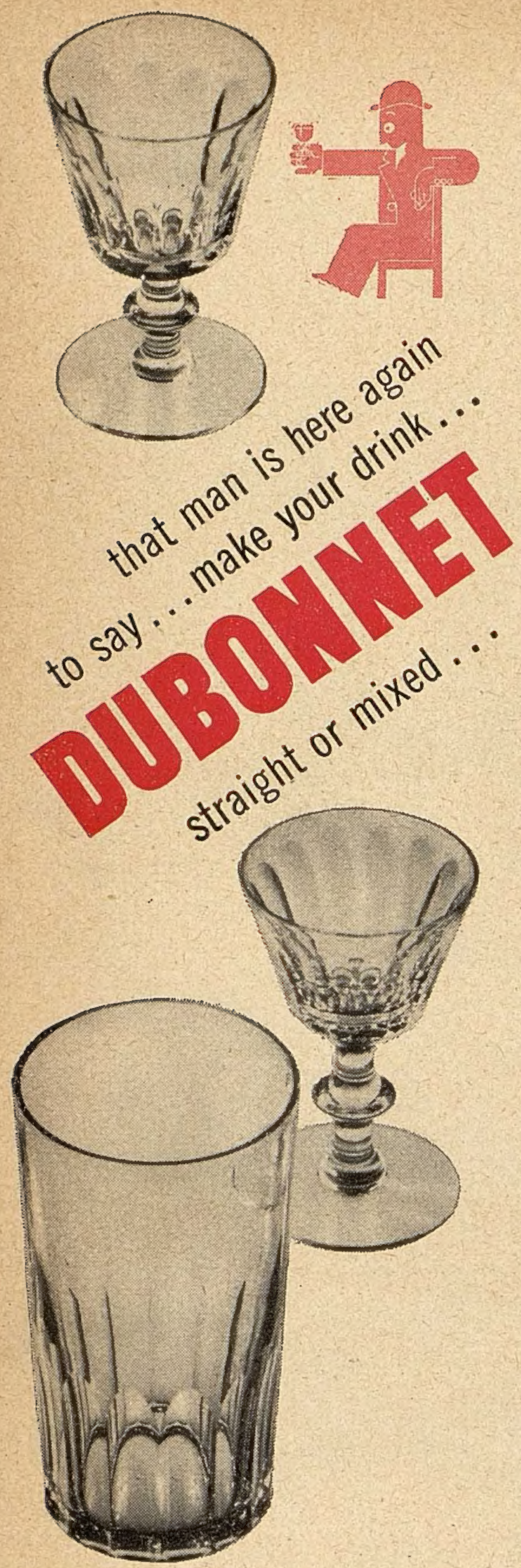
When you see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist at once.* He may say that your gums have become tender because of modern preference for soft, creamy foods. Like many dentists, he may very likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage!"

For Ipana Tooth Paste is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid the gums. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Circulation increases in the gums—helps them to healthier firmness. Start with Ipana and massage, today—for firmer gums, brighter teeth, a lovelier smile.

MASSAGE THE GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers



WHENEVER YOU DRINK . . . DRINK DUBONNET
one of these exciting ways:

Dubonnet **STRAIGHT:**
serve well chilled, no ice

Dubonnet **HIGHBALL:**
jigger of Dubonnet, juice of half a lemon, add ice cubes, fill with soda and stir

MERRY WIDOW:
one-half Dubonnet, one-half dry ★Vermouth — Dubonnet, stir with ice, strain, add twist of lemon peel

Dubonnet
wine
An Aperitif

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Sid L. Hydeman
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Lee Pasquin
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Staff: David Brown • Elsie Christie • Harry E. Dounce • Harriet Gould • John Keavey
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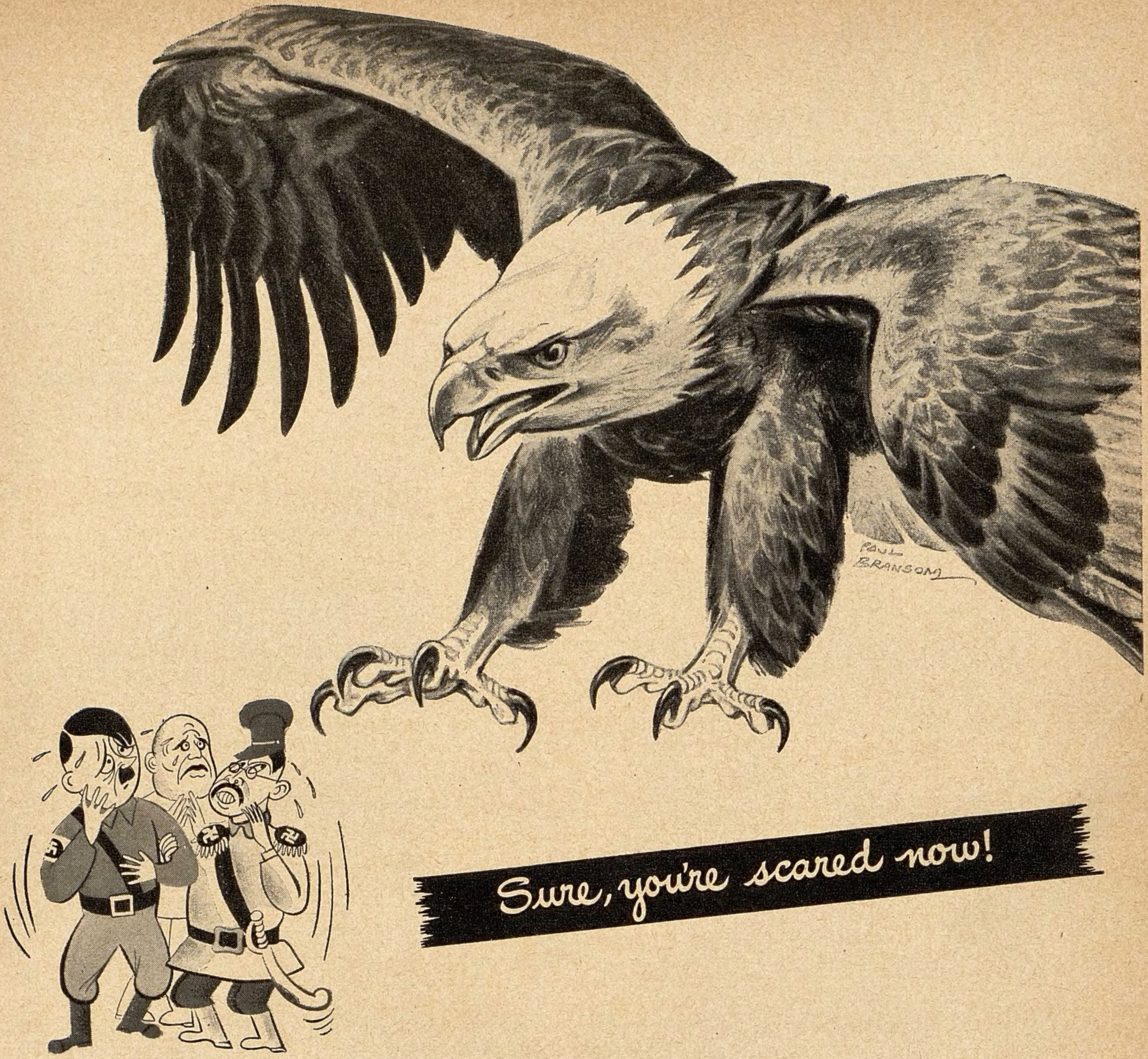

YOU FELLOWS THOUGHT that December 7th Sunday we were going to be a push-over.

You figured we were so engrossed in peacetime pursuits, so busy making the money that gave us the highest standard of living in the world, that we wouldn't—couldn't fight.

With your mighty war machines you thought you'd bully us into turning our other cheek.

You tried to sell America short. But that sneak attack at Pearl Harbor worked a miracle. That fledgling you thought you could kick around became a full-sized embattled Eagle almost over night. And today at Tunisia, Buna, Guadalcanal, you are beginning to feel the fury of the country you said wouldn't or couldn't fight.

Like all America's industries, the Detroit Tap & Tool Company has helped America's war machine grow. Being in the Cutting Tool business we've helped trim and sharpen the Eagle's talons. We're putting in the hands of producers of planes, tanks and other war materiel, Taps, Thread Gages and Ground Thread Hobs which help them build *more* and *superior* equipment than you can turn out.

You've done your bit—now do your best

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★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

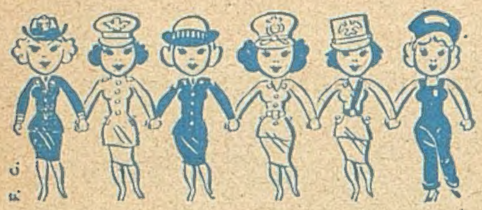
READ IT AFTER SCHOOL!

Deary, Ida.—Every Tuesday I go downtown and the newsstand man says, "Here's your Liberty," I pay him my ten cents and carry it home.

I sit down, open it up and expect to enjoy its contents, until—well, until there it goes again. "Hell" or "damn." I throw the paper down in disgust and regret I've paid another dime and brought home another copy of a paper I cannot conscientiously recommend to my Sunday-school class.—*W. H. Head, Ex-Teacher.*

WOMEN AT WAR

I may be WAACy, but I like to WAVE
When a woman MARINE or a SPAR
Passes me on the street; and a Red
  CROSSer neat
With me rates away over par.



So here's to the gals in the service—
And to those who are war workers, too;
And to those who endeavor in all sorts
  of weather
To help all their men see it through.
—*Rupert Kane, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

$10,000 A YEAR

Washington, D. C.—Frank R. Clark (April 24 Vox Pop) blasphemes the Congress of the United States.

I know whereof I write. I've been a Congressional secretary for five years and am still perspiring at it.

Members of Congress, to be sure, are paid $10,000 a year. That sounds large, but it is never enough to cover the cost of living and the countless expenses incurred by the holders of the office. I imagine if Mr. Clark visited Washington and called on his congressman, he would be the first to feel that the Honorable Representative should take him out and treat him to dinner!

Mr. Clark avers that congressmen get "generous traveling expenses." Actually the generous traveling expenses are mileage payment for two trips: his coming to the session when it convenes, and his returning home when it adjourns. There is no other mileage paid him; he may return to his district a thousand times a session, but he does so at his own expense.—*James L. Harte.*

ORCHIDS TO THE COLONEL

Camp McCoy, Wis.—Have long been an admirer of Colonel Stoopnagle's foolosophy, first on the air and more recently via Liberty. His Fictionary is good for at least a couple of good laughs a week, and that's a big help in the life of a soldier.—*Pvt. Herbert Zillman.*

THE ARTIST ANSWERS

De Land, Fla.—I've lived in the West, and we have Indians in Florida too, but I've never seen one that looked like the Indian in the story The Early-Shadowed Valley, illustrated by John Clymer (April 3 Liberty).

What tribe is he? I'll bet he's not an Indian at all.—*W. H. Burnett.*

In answer to Mr. Burnett's letter. The Indian is a Haida Indian from the Queen Charlotte Islands in British Columbia. I am familiar with the country, and also with the Haida Islands and the Indian villages there. —*John Clymer.*

TO MAKE A BOOK

Minneapolis, Minn.—Why in the world did you ever change the book section around so that a regular story was in between the book section? The way it was before, you could tear out the book section and make a regular book of it and not harm the other part of the magazine. You should have left it that way.—*Peter Donaghue.*

If you wish to remove the book section, simply pry open the wire clips in the center, remove book, replace magazine center section, press clips down. Simple?

BEAUTY ON ICE

Washington Island, Wis.—In his cartoon on page 58 of May 1 Liberty Gene Luttenton displays his abysmal ignorance of Iceland.

There are no Eskimos in Iceland. That little island is populated by descendants of the vikings who settled there over a thousand years ago. The women, some fair, some dark-haired, are as beautiful as can be found anywhere in the world. Their dress is modern today, but even their costumes of olden days were beautiful, much like those of the Scandinavian countries.—*Haldor Arni Gudmundsen.*

NO CREDIT LINE?

New York, N. Y.—Liberty gets around—and how!

I sent in a description of Mr. Henry Kaiser to your Fictionary Department some time ago. It was accepted and published: Sir Launchelot.

Recently Bob Burns, radio comedian, referred to Mr. Kaiser by the name I sent in.

In the Capitol Stuff column in the New York Daily News a couple of weeks ago, there was mentioned Henry (Sir Launchelot) Kaiser.—*Harry M. Silver.*

ON BORROWED TIME

Warren, Ohio—Socko! Yes, sir, Mr. Hunter, you may cut another notch in your typewriter; because for my money you've certainly made a direct hit with your splendid editorial, The Draft Blows Every Which Way (April 17 Liberty).

Most workers feel that they are merely working from deferment to deferment; and production rises and falls in like manner. Another pet gripe of the mill and factory man is this: Employers hold the army over their head as a threat as to what will happen if they don't mend their ways. What on earth is our army—a penal colony?—*Blase J. De Leo.*

PAGES ARE TWO-FACED

Los Angeles, Calif.—The story We Board a U-Boat (April 10 Liberty) is fine, but you print it on both sides of the page, so we cannot paste it in the U. S. O. books.—*Isabell Davis.*

Afraid there's no way we can print Liberty on only one side of the page. The solution is to use two copies.

WE'RE IN THE ARMY NOW!

Saginaw, Mich.—Your magazine ought to be in the U. S. Army. It sure did a swell job of camouflage on the April 3 cover. It took me a week after I received mine to even notice a soldier in the flowers.—*E. J. W.*

DROP THEM A LINE

Sampson, N. Y.—I am just a very depressed boot. If you could help me get some mail, I would appreciate it very much.

Don't get me wrong. I am content with the navy life, but receiving letters is my most desired enjoyment.—*A. C. W.*

Regulations forbid our revealing A. C. W.'s name, so you can't write to him. But every soldier, sailor, and marine is just as anxious for mail. So don't neglect the ones you know.

NO LUXURY IN FOX HOLES

Somewhere in the South Pacific—Tonight, by a rare piece of good luck, my two buddies and I found ourselves in possession of one slightly battered and well read Liberty—issue of February 6. Time means nothing to us out here; so the three of us settled down to a pleasant time of reading it page by page, ad by ad. We got to Vox Pop.

All three of us are burned to a crisp at this bird Mark London, who thinks he has such a tough, tough time. Let's take that pitiful, tear-rending letter of his apart.

He works in a shipyard. We wish to God we were as fortunate. Except that out here is our place and we know it.

He whines that he left his "nice home in Brooklyn 3,000 miles away to live in a dormitory, eat in cafeterias, and do some laundry." Let him live thrice or quadruple that distance from Brooklyn, in some forsaken fox hole on a damp, humid island that no words can describe. Let him live there, and incidentally do all his laundry (after boiling the water to take out the disease germs).

He has America to live in, with a bulwark of defense to safeguard his Saturday-night dance and Sunday golf. He has a clean place to sleep in—he still lives as a civilized human being. He doesn't have days and nights on end of strain and watchful waiting for God knows what. He doesn't have nights lit up like day from fire and bombs. He has bowling alleys and dances and women companions. He has a temperate climate—which is Paradise. And he asks if Portland, Oregon, sounds like luxury.

We can't say where we are or what we are doing, but we are not getting the pay Mr. London draws every week. We're just three ex-civilians, like all of you, who are out here trying desperately to do a job that our own friends back home can't understand. One of us used to be a truck driver. One of us was a stock broker. One of us a newspaperman. No supermen. And we burn up when we think of the things we've seen and been through, and then read what some bird back in Portland, Oregon, U. S. A., thinks is a tough time! —*T. R. S. Shipfitter, 1/c; J. F. W., Y3c; W. T. D., BM2/c.*

SH-H!—MILITARY SECRET

Humboldt, Ariz.—In the best Chinese fashion this unintelligent person would like to ask why so much space is given in the papers to the stone-cold issue of the first air raid on Japan, when it should be given to the details of the *second* air raid.—*Dora Sessions Lee.*

WHY BREAK A GOOD HABIT?

Hot Springs, Ark.—I have been a constant reader of Liberty from the time of its first number. I must say it was what I thought the best cheap magazine published. But of late there doesn't seem to be the same sort of stories published in it. I don't think I will be bothered reading it any more. I don't suppose that will make any difference to you.—*Harry Clements.*

★ *Invisible* G-MAN ★

The Story of Super-Sleuths of War Production

When the FBI gets on the trail of a potential saboteur, tracks him down, and catches him before he can do any damage—that's front-page news! Yet there are a few score unsung sleuths doing this kind of work—all day and every day—in America's war factories. This is their story.

They are the million-volt X-ray units developed by G-E scientists just in time to go to work, all-out, in war production.

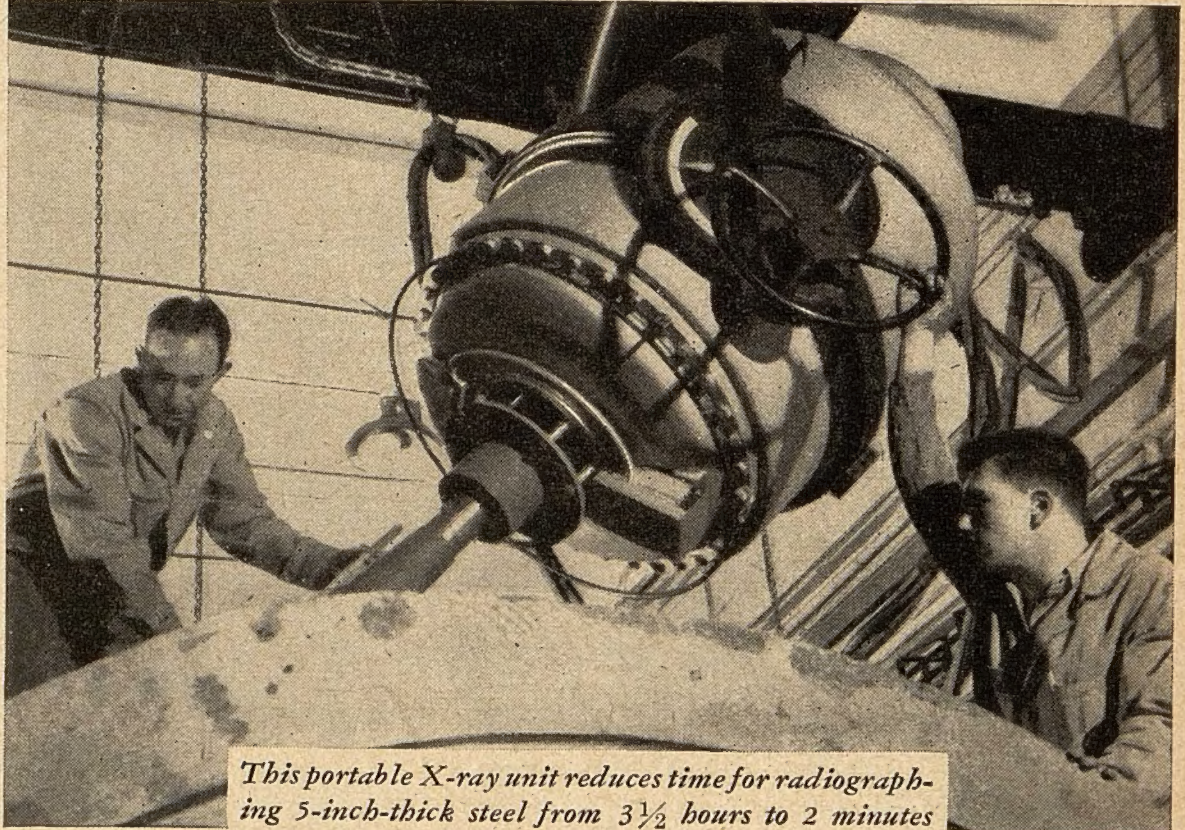
The saboteurs they catch are flaws and blow-holes—unintentional, of course—in big castings for war machinery. The kind of mistakes that *will* turn up occasionally, no matter *how* careful and skillful the foundry worker. But serious all the same.

The worst of it is, they usually don't turn up soon enough. Buried in the middle of six or eight inches of hard steel—it's tough luck when they're discovered only after priceless hours of expert machining have gone into the job. And if the part is almost ready to ship, and the last cut of the tool runs into a flaw—then it's tougher!

That's just one calamity the million-volt X ray keeps from happening. It pours out rays like those from radium, and a lot more plentiful. They pass right through the thick metal; in minutes they show up defects before a stroke of work has been done. Anything that isn't perfect goes back to be melted over—literally liquidated!

It would take a catalog to list all the other war jobs these X-ray units are doing, and violate the rules of military secrecy as well. But we have them because G-E scientists and engineers have been exercising their ingenuity and perseverance on the subject of electronics for years. And they've only scratched the surface.

After the war this same ingenuity and perseverance will bear fruit in things to make peacetime living better. Which is why this promising field of electronics will bear watching! *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

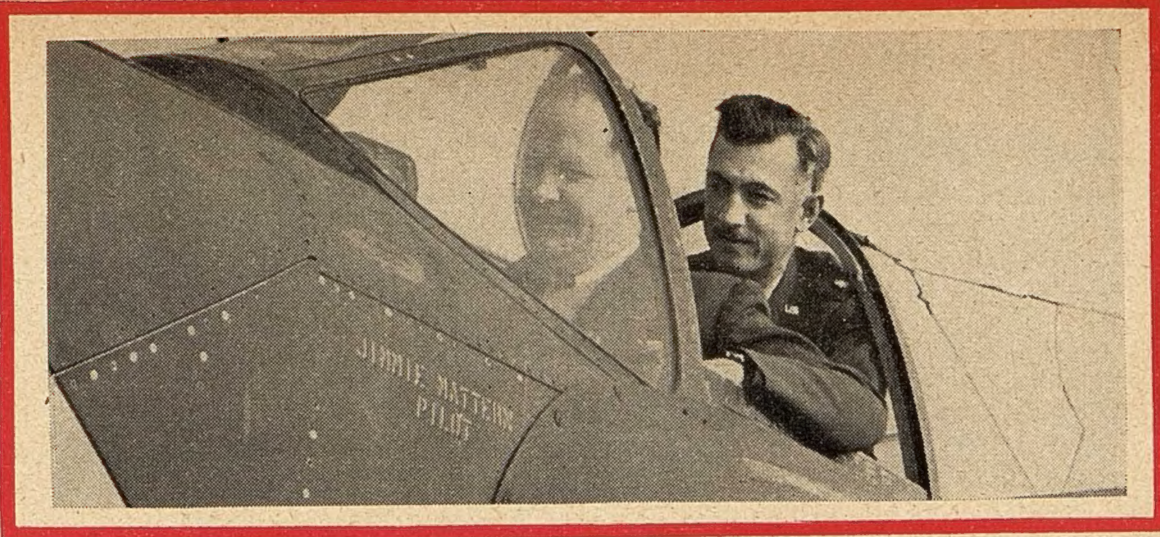


This portable X-ray unit reduces time for radiographing 5-inch-thick steel from 3½ hours to 2 minutes

GENERAL ELECTRIC

952-459M-211

Tune in the General Electric MAZDA Lamp Radio Program—10:00 p.m. EWT, Sundays—NBC



Jimmie Mattern, Lockheed test pilot, and Major Clarence A. Shoop, assistant A. A. F. resident representative at Lockheed, demonstrate how a student pilot rides "piggyback" in a Lockheed Lightning P-38, under a new program to help bridge the gap between trainers and twin-engine fighter planes.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Postwar Preview
(Second in a series)

The War Department lifted the curtain of secrecy recently just enough to give a glimpse of one of the miracles of modern times. It disclosed a few details of Radar, the radio detecting and ranging device made possible by the electron tube. Of immense importance in the war, the Radar device has even greater potentialities in peacetime. The electron tube is destined to be one of the greatest safety factors in postwar flying.

In wartime, Radars are used to detect the approach of enemy aircraft and ships and to determine the distances to the enemy's forces. Ultra-high-frequency waves traveling with the speed of light (186,000 miles a second) scan the air and sea, and when they strike an enemy ship or airplane, they bounce back. The distance between the device and the enemy ship can be measured. The great advantage over other methods is simply that Radar operates through fog, storms, and darkness.

In the overcast, every pilot wonders if he is going to collide with another plane. Up to now, the avoidance of collisions has been handled by ground traffic control, keeping planes at various altitudes and distances. But Radar will make it possible for every pilot to know how close he is to other planes, even in dense fog—and especially how close he is to mountains or other obstacles. Radar will be like a Seeing Eye dog leading the blind. It is an immensely important development for aviation.

Sightless War Workers

Blind men and women, with their highly developed sense of touch, are finding a new field of employment in the nation's aircraft industry. The American Foundation for the Blind estimates that about 100 sightless men and women are now engaged in aircraft production. In the salvage department of a Texas plant a blind woman is considered one of the most valuable workers on the burr bench, where her sensitive fingers are quick to detect rough spots left on metal machine parts. At a large air depot in Pennsylvania a sightless chap works as a mechanic in the propeller division. At another, blind persons load film for use in aircraft cameras.

In Kansas the state department of social welfare has recently secured agreements with the major aircraft industries of that state which provide for the employment of one blind worker for every thousand sighted workers. Throughout the industry blind men and women hold such jobs as crystal grinder, assembler of bomb releases, operator of a tube-flaring machine, one-shot riveter on subassembly, and inspector. For detecting bends, rough spots, cuts, dents, or buckles in precision aircraft work, blind people are usually superior to those who can see.

Blind people have been employed in England since the start of the war. One English airman, blinded in the war, fits instruments into the instrument boards of airplanes.

Global Clock

Chalk up a scoop for Liberty! In the March 27 issue an item on this page described how useful the twenty-four-hour clock would be for air lines and their patrons. Instead of a plane departing at 5.30 P. M., for example, under the twenty-four-hour clock it would depart at 17.30. About the same time this item appeared, American Aviation Magazine advocated the adoption of this clock system for all air-line operations.

Western Air Lines, impressed with the simplicity of the idea, studied the plan and decided to put it in use at once. On April 20 this air line became the first in this country to convert its timetable to the twenty-four-hour system. But far-seeing Thomas Wolfe, vice-president in charge of traffic at Western, has gone one step further. He calls it the global clock, and says his line now operates on global air time. From now on you may expect to hear more about global time. Both the army and navy are using it increasingly in their air operations. Pan American Airways is using it in South America. One of these days all air lines will probably discard "A. M." and "P. M." and you'll have to get accustomed to knowing that 22.10 is 10.10 P. M.

Forty-five-Day Trip in One Hour

Recently the War Department released some figures revealing the tremendous transportation job accomplished by transport planes of the A. A. F. Troop Carrier Command in New Guinea during a two-month period. More than 12,000,000 pounds of equipment was flown from Port Moresby over the mountains to troops fighting on the northern side of the island.

Everything from malaria pills to tractors was flown, there being no other means of transportation. Almost all the troops were flown, too—those that didn't make the difficult mountain trek. It took foot troops about a month and a half to battle their way over the storm-swept Owen-Stanley range, but it's only an hour's plane flight. Weather permitting, as many as five round trips could be made a day. On one day thirty-six planes flew 615,000 pounds of supplies to the advanced base, returning to Port Moresby with wounded men, troops being relieved, and prisoners of war.

Odds and Ends

One neat joke on the Japs with regard to that Tokyo raid was the working out of power-control charts with a Jap-made slide rule. The rule was given to Robert E. Johnson of Wright Aeronautical Corporation as a gag shortly after Pearl Harbor, but when preparations for the Tokyo raid started, Johnson found the slide rule to be accurate and used it extensively in providing charts for the army.

The army is now sorting mail in transport planes crossing the oceans. First instance of sorting in the air was in 1928, when a Swedish mail plane was specially fitted up for the Stockholm-London route and a Swedish postal employee flew back and forth in the performance of regular duties.

Liberty
JUNE 19, 1943
10¢
BOOK: TUNIS EXPEDITION by Col. Darryl Zanuck
A HOLLYWOOD COLUMNIST
Short Stories by · Jerrold Beim · James Francis Dwyer · James Aswell

NEXT WEEK

THE MIRACLE OF GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

In the past ten years 2,600 babies have been born at the Greenville Maternity Shelter. Such an increase in the population of a share-cropper section is normal, but the fact that of that number not one mother or baby died has focused national interest on the locality. Mothers come to the Shelter in homemade wagons, afoot, or in ancient jaloppies. One woman hitchhiked thirty miles so she could get to the center in time to have her baby. You'll read all about it here next week.

DOES YOUR SON RIDE IN A JEEP?

The mechanical bronco, so common in this war, is probably here to stay. Not necessarily as a pleasure car, but after the war the jeep will come into its own as a jitney conveyance that will take you and your sons places not easily reached. A hunter can get places in the forest; he can just slip on ski attachments if the snow begins to fly. Forest rangers will find the jeep a handy vehicle, and Boy Scouts will use the jeep to reach new camp sites. Joseph W. Frazer, president of Willys-Overland, looks ahead and gives you his predictions.

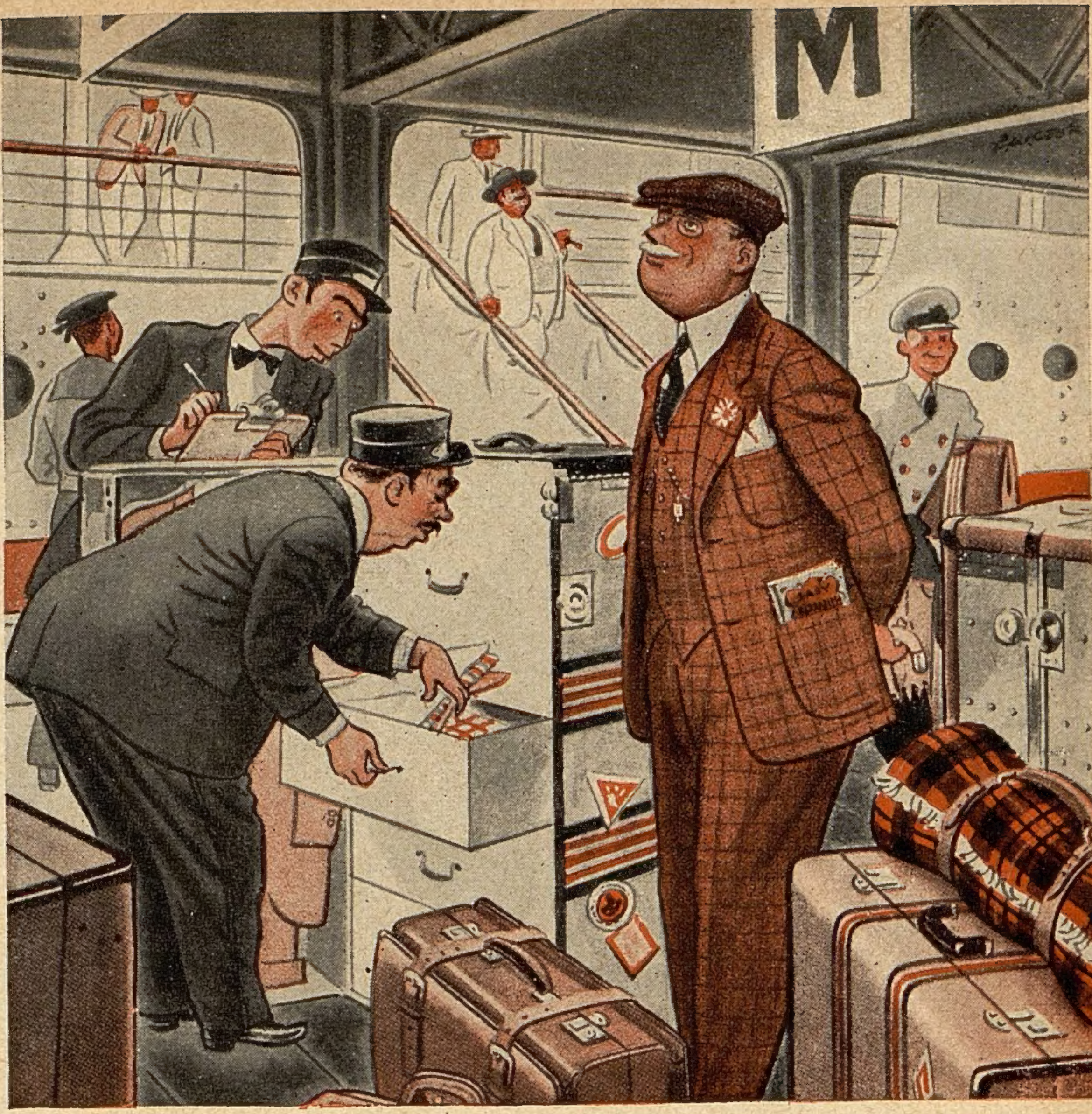
POLITICAL ENIGMA—HERBERT LEHMAN

The ex-Governor of New York never made much noise. Alongside F. D. R. and Fiorello LaGuardia he was pallid. But Herbert Lehman is a big man, and he did a big job as New York's governor. Now he's working on the biggest assignment of his life. You'll want to read this profile.

WHAT IS BASIC ENGLISH?

It's a pocket language; a foreigner can learn to speak it readily in a month; its entire vocabulary can be written on a single sheet of paper. Basic English has won many adherents since the war started, and some believe it may help avert future wars. Gretta Palmer will teach you its rules next week.

NEXT WEEK'S BOOK CONDENSATION: Tunis Expedition, by Darryl Zanuck.



MEN WHO USED TO TRAVEL FROM
MINNEAPOLIS ALL THE WAY TO
MONTEVIDEO AND BACK
MAY THEN HAVE SPENT TOO
MUCH FOR WHISKEY.
MANY SUCH MEN NOW CHOOSE
MATTINGLY &
MOORE, WHICH IS
MELLOWER, MILDER THAN
MANY COSTLIER BRANDS. GET
MORE FOR YOUR MONEY. GET
M & M.

The best of 'em is

M&M

(MATTINGLY & MOORE WHISKIES)

Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

MATTINGLY & MOORE
BLENDED WHISKEY
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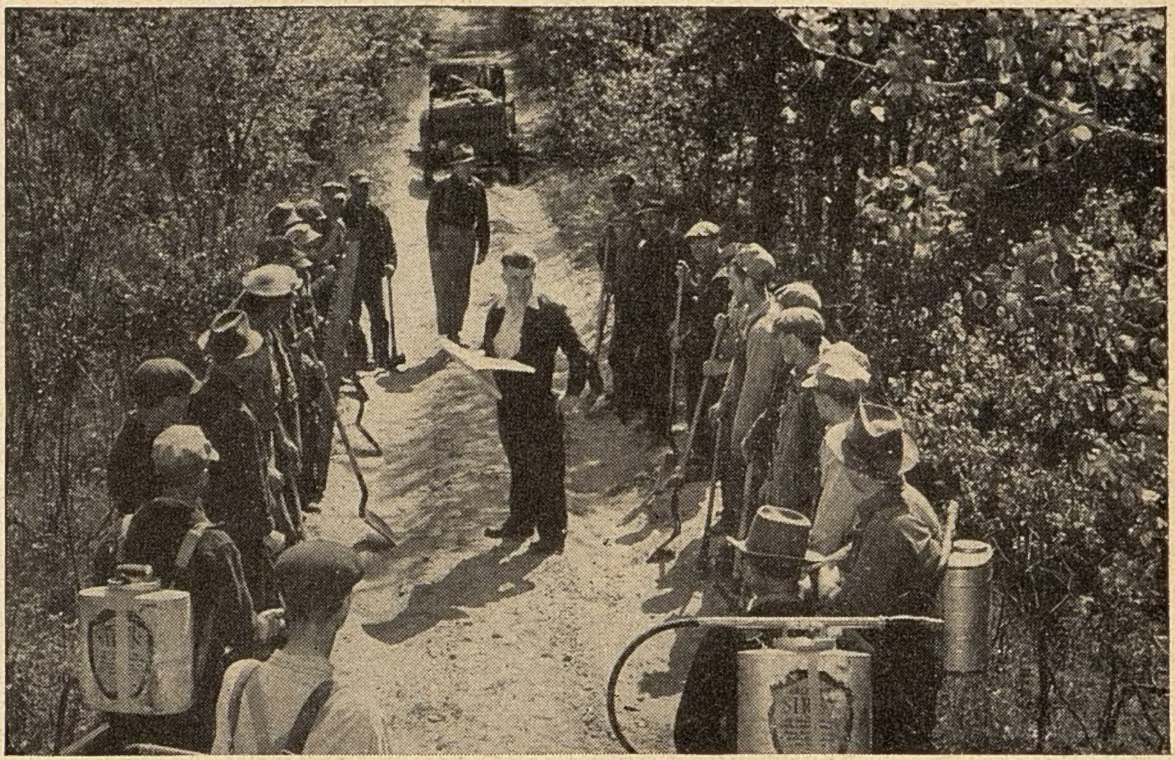
PATRIOTS WITHOUT UNIFORM

MEET THE NEWEST ARMY

BY HAROLD TITUS

U. S. FOREST SERVICE PHOTO



This crew of volunteer forest fire fighters is receiving last-minute instructions.

A CIVILIAN army of a quarter million American men and women, newly organized, freshly trained, has begun its trial by fire—meaning *fire*.

The OCD's Forest Fire Fighters Service, built up and schooled in recent months, has taken the field to battle fires that reared their ugly banners as soon as spring's mounting sun began drying out the woodlands. And before autumn rains fall, these Triple-Fs may expect to answer 200,000 calls to battle—if the year is one of normal hazard. Recruiting will continue indefinitely because the force is not yet big enough to cope with a bad season.

A year ago the nation's forests appeared doomed to take their worst scorching in decades. Permanent forest fire forces have always been skeleton organizations, for the work is seasonal and the calls for it vary with weather conditions. Twenty years ago extra man power for the pinches came from logging-camp crews, settlers in cut-over areas, and the populations of near-by towns and villages. Within the last few years it was CCC, WPA, and NYA crews that stood on fire lines. Today CCC and other such groups are gone, all farm workers have their hands full raising food crops, and lumberjacks are meeting wartime needs. The little towns near the forests are largely drained of their lusty workers, and if any task calls for strong lungs and hearts and backs, it's this one of stopping a forest fire.

Last summer the shortage made it necessary in some sections to call army detachments from training programs, as well as farmers and lumbermen. To forestall any more such interruptions of essential work, the idea of the Triple-Fs was launched by Director James M. Landis of the Office of Civilian Defense, and smart young David P. Godwin of the U. S. Forest Service's Division of Fire Control shouldered the task.

Throughout the winter Godwin toiled to perfect his long list of state co-ordinators and, with them, planned recruiting drives. Tens of thousands of citizens who had never even seen a forest fire have now undergone the required twelve hours of instruction and, at its conclusion, have been issued the arm band—a red pine tree on a white triangle within a blue circle.

These trainees—lawyers, middle-aged business men, schoolboys, girls, and women—are learning that fire fighting is no simple undertaking. It is highly complex, and is not without hazards to the fighters' lives. How fire will behave depends on temperature, humidity, wind velocity, time of day, soil type, cover combinations, topography, and other factors. Unless a fighter can realize which of several things his fire may do, he cannot be of full use to his crew leader. Equipment ranges from giant bulldozers, for ripping lines through dense growth ahead of a running fire's front, down to ordinary shovels with which to smother crackling ground fire by throwing dirt on it—in just the right way.

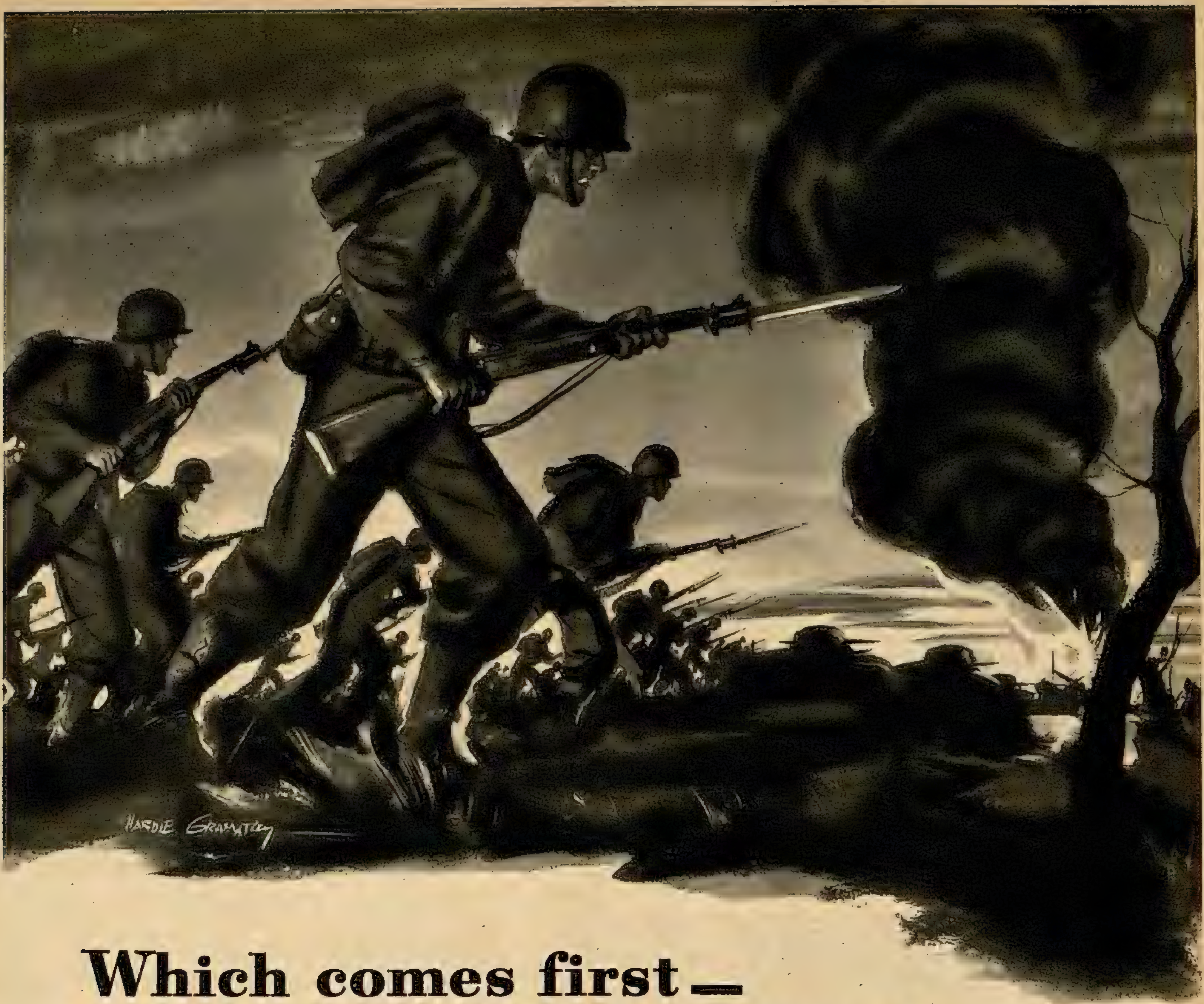
THEN there are the methods of communication, with portable radio ranking first. And the problems of feeding fire crews, getting them to and from work, and making certain that they get paid. Keeping track of irreplaceable equipment is important, too. It is in these latter duties that women will function.

Although Godwin began his work late in the summer of 1942, he and his helpers were plagued by fires until late in the fall, and so organization progressed slowly. Less than 30,000 trainees had been enrolled by the first of this year—most of them in the Lake States, where the general public is particularly fire-conscious. By February, Godwin was assured of 100,000. This was all to the good; but, knowing what a campaign might lie ahead, he spurred his organization to greater efforts. Enrollment in the Northwest hit full stride, and in some states, such as Michigan—where Durward Robson, state co-ordinator, had shot at 10,000 for his roster—the sights were raised to 25,000. By mid-March Godwin upped his order for arm bands to a full quarter million, and hopes to be forced to increase that. Where the program has not yet taken deep hold, renewed efforts will be made.

Owing to increased demand for forest products, hazard areas of highly inflammable logging litter are spreading all over the map. Wisconsin reports a 20-per-cent increase in hot spots; Michigan had 70 per cent more logging operations in 1942 than in 1941; Minnesota's fresh slash acreage has mounted 125 per cent in three years. In Missouri, extensive harvest of red cedar fence posts is under way, due to the shortage of steel posts, and limbs and tops make starting places for serious fires. Throughout the South and the Northwest, timber is being harvested as never before.

Consequently veteran rangers are putting their hearts and souls into training fighters in hundreds of local fire headquarters. They know that without plenty of help their standing organization will be impotent now that dry spells are due to make tinder of the back country. The job ahead of Triple-F is a big one. And it is still another example of how hard-working America can and will take additional duties, learn to handle strange tools, and close the gaps that army, navy, and war industry have left in home ranks.

THE END



Which comes first — Your second helping? or our second front?

YOU WANT TO SEE THIS WAR WON — and won quickly. You want to see it carried to the enemy with a vengeance. Okay—so do all of us. But just remember...

A second front takes food... food to feed our allies *in addition to* our own men.

Which do you want — more meat for you, or enough meat for them? An extra cup of coffee on your breakfast table, or a full tin cup of coffee for a fighting soldier?

Just remember that the meat you don't get—and the coffee and sugar that you don't get—are up at the front lines—fighting for you.

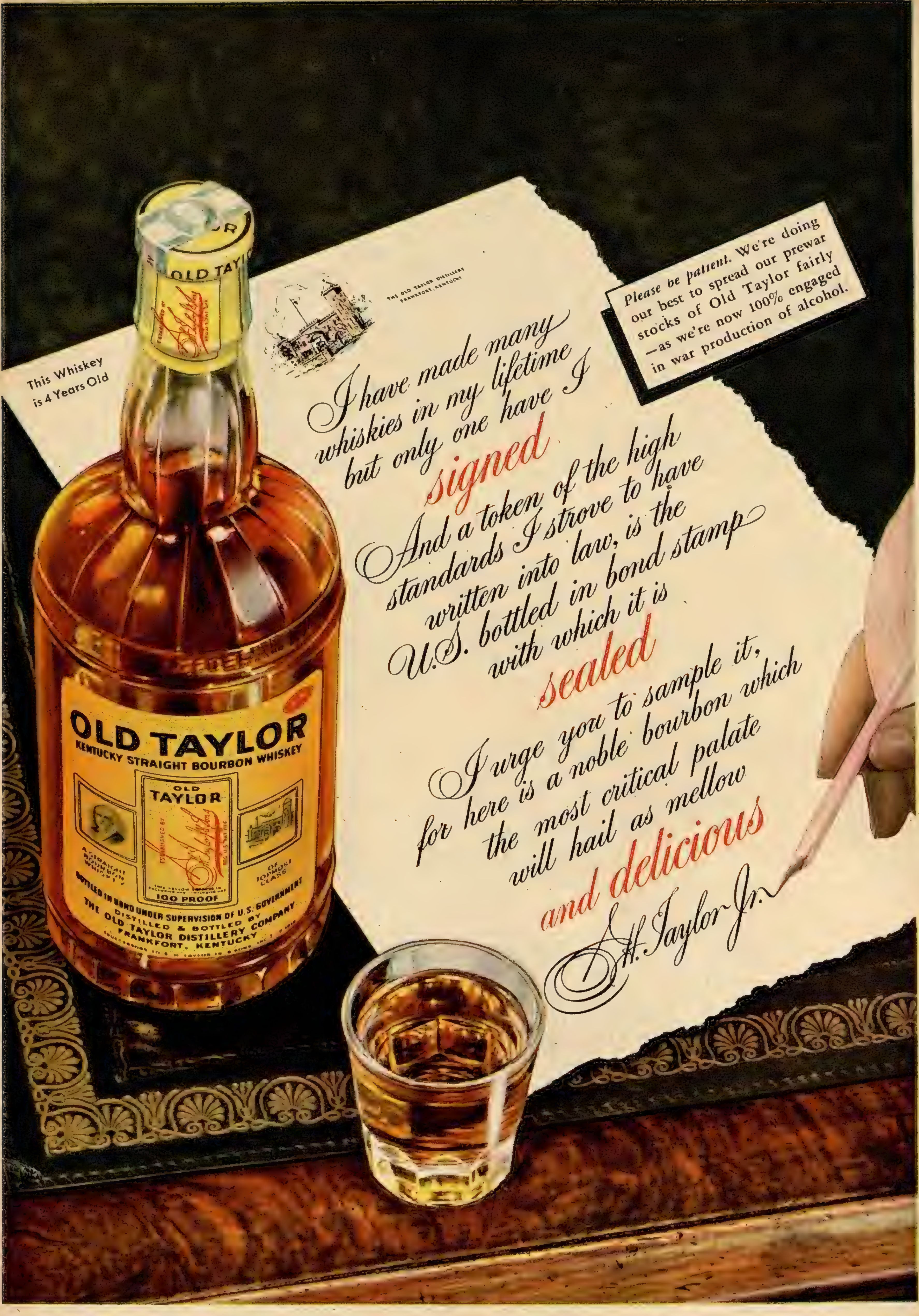
Would you have it otherwise?

Cheerfully co-operating with rationing is one way we can help to win this war. But there are scores of others. Many of them are described in a new free booklet called "You and the War," available from this magazine. Send for your copy today! Learn about the many opportunities for doing an important service to your country.

Read about the Citizens Defense Corps, organized as part of Local Defense Councils. Choose the job you're best at, and start doing it! You're *needed*—now!

Contributed by the Magazine Publishers of America

EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR
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OF TOPMOST CLASS
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FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

This Whiskey
is 4 Years Old

THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

Please be patient. We're doing our best to spread our prewar stocks of Old Taylor fairly—as we're now 100% engaged in war production of alcohol.

I have made many whiskies in my lifetime but only one have I ***signed***

And a token of the high standards I strove to have written into law, is the U.S. bottled in bond stamp with which it is ***sealed***

I urge you to sample it, for here is a noble bourbon which the most critical palate will hail as mellow ***and delicious***

J. H. Taylor Jr.

A LETTER ABOUT OLD TAYLOR, AS ITS ORIGINATOR MIGHT HAVE WRITTEN IT • • • National Distillers Products Corp., N. Y.

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THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

All Bridgeport's workers feel that they belong. Here are a few coming out of the General Electric plant.

TOWN WITH NO LABOR TROUBLE

BY
ROBERT CRUISE McMANUS

Bridgeport has the formula for industrial harmony. Here, workers praise the boss, the CIO gets along with the A. F. of L., and strikes are a memory

THERE is a town in these United States where Mr. Big in the front office and Mr. Little on the assembly line have stopped snarling at each other.

Here, a CIO leader argues in favor of the rights of capital and a corporation president admits that he'd rather have his workers organized than not; pre-Revolutionary Yankees cheerfully share their benches with new-made Americans of more than thirty racial origins; a steady-eyed young flyer fresh from the Aleutians stands up in meeting to thank the folks at home for the arms they have given his comrades; and industrial democracy is working so well that home front and battle front are all of a piece.

The town is Bridgeport, Connecticut. You may remember what happened there back in World War I. The newly rich workers spent most of their time buying silk shirts and champagne. There were a hundred strikes in a year and the busiest people in the community were the members of President Wilson's original War Labor Board.

But when World War II arrived, Bridgeport's citizens decided that they couldn't make shell casings and fighter planes and armor-piercing bullets in an atmosphere of industrial strife. So they buried the past and stopped playing the "you're a radical—you're a reactionary" game which is devouring the energy of so many people in so many parts of the country. There hasn't been a real strike in several years, although the industrial population has tripled since 1939.

The town is fairly shaking with record-breaking industrial production, and you can't move a foot without tripping over an E pennant.

The boss of the General Electric plant and the officers of GE's CIO local get around a table together almost every other day.

The chief of the A. F. of L. and the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce have regular weekly confabs.

The CIO and A. F. of L. leaders have put a stop to fights between their own followers because, as Peter Benard, the A. F. of L. man, puts it, "we're both working for the guy that's working for a living." And, according to the CIO chief, *un*organized labor—which includes nearly half of Bridgeport's workers—is on friendly terms with both sides.

"Everything is harmony," says Benard, the son of an old-time unioneer who had to change his name to earn a living because labor-fighting employers had put him on the black list. "If I told my old man about it, he'd say I was a liar."

What's the "why" of all this? What can the rest of us learn from Bridge-

(*Continued on page 56*)

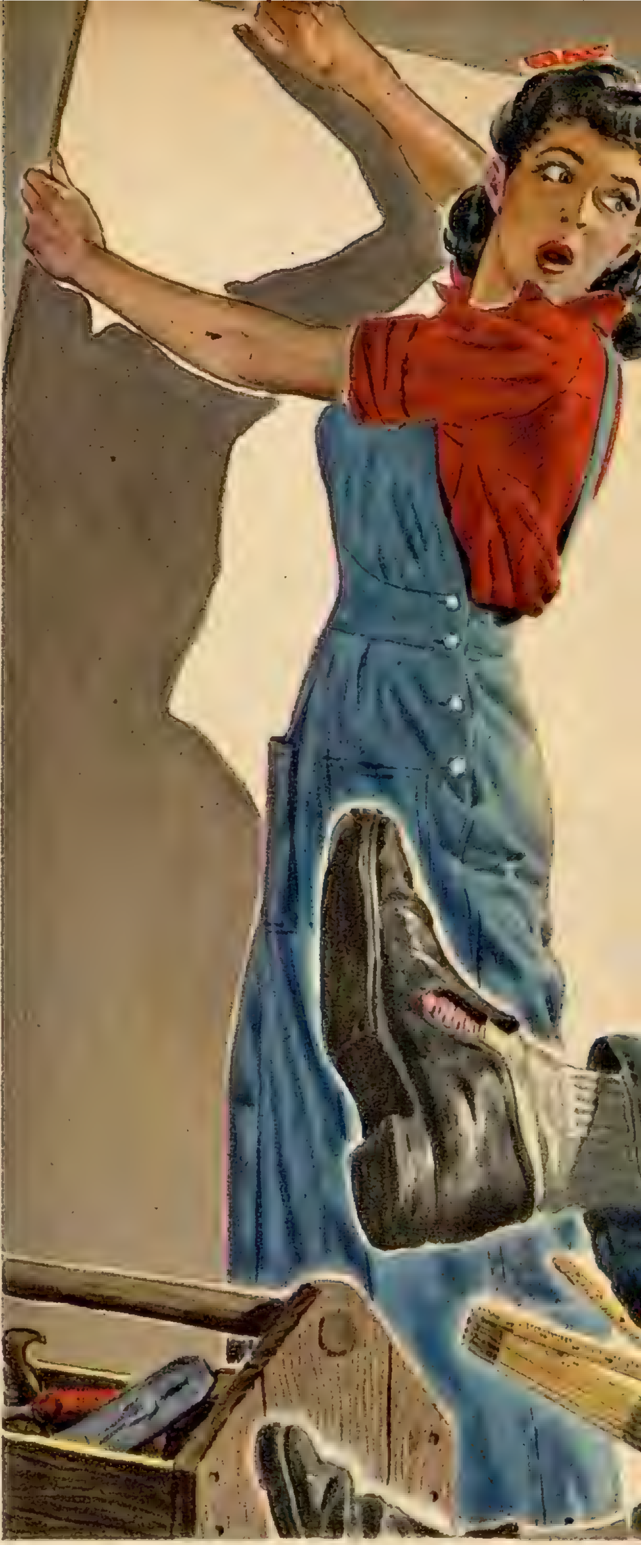
CIO man Joe Julianelle (left) gets together with the boss, Mr. Steinkraus

THE CORPORAL and the CARPENTER

Can women do men's work? Maybe not, but at women's work Judy proves she's tops

BY RICHARD HOWELLS WATKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT



JUDY opened the broad pine door of the old Taylor house without knocking. Her quick glance raked the long narrow parlor. It was even worse than she had feared.

A perspiring soldier, an Air Corps man with corporal's chevrons on his shirt sleeves, dropped a four-by-eight insulating board with a thump. His eyes—savage blue, they seemed—dwelt with harsh irony on the overalls revealed beneath Judy's open coat.

"Another one!" he said. "And pint-size, at that! What's come over this town? Where's Sam Perry?"

Judy had trouble in convincing herself that this soldier was really Case Taylor. He had been three years ahead of her in school.

"Technical Sergeant Perry is in the army," she said frostily. "I'm the only Perry doing contracting in Bascomb's Mill—for the duration. And I can handle this little job."

Corporal Case Taylor emitted a raven's croak. He flung a lowering glance at Judy's two employees, Ernestine, who languished back at him, and the aged Benjy Slocum, who was trying to find his pencil. Case strode toward Judy and swept her out of the room with a gesture that was almost a blow. He closed the door on Ernestine and Benjy. Outside on the big granite slab, he scowled at her.

"Look!" he said. "That old bird passed on twenty years ago. If he wasn't so deaf, somebody'd have told him so. And that girl"—his voice gathered fire as he spoke of Ernestine—"that girl! Every time she bends over, her lipstick falls out of her overalls pocket. I've picked it up twice!"

Judy listened with dismay. She herself was no carpenter. But Ernestine, when not being feminine, lovely, and alluring, like the ads, could hammer and saw. In school Ernestine had starred at manual training. But with a man in uniform around—

Case Taylor snorted. "Lipstick! The same pocket where Sam Perry usually carried a couple of man-size spikes, just in case. When I telephoned, I expected him—"

He stopped. His eyes had swept toward the breast pocket of Judy's overalls. He stared at the spike.

"That's the limit!" he said. He laughed discordantly. "I suppose you're Judy Perry!" The fact plainly did not impress him. He held no reunion. "You couldn't drive that spike through a pound of butter in August! What're you trying to do—kid the customers?"

Judy felt her temper rising up to her forehead like a surging red wave.

"Look here, hero," she said. "We'll do this job! Please keep to the side lines so you won't get your chevrons all wrinkled."

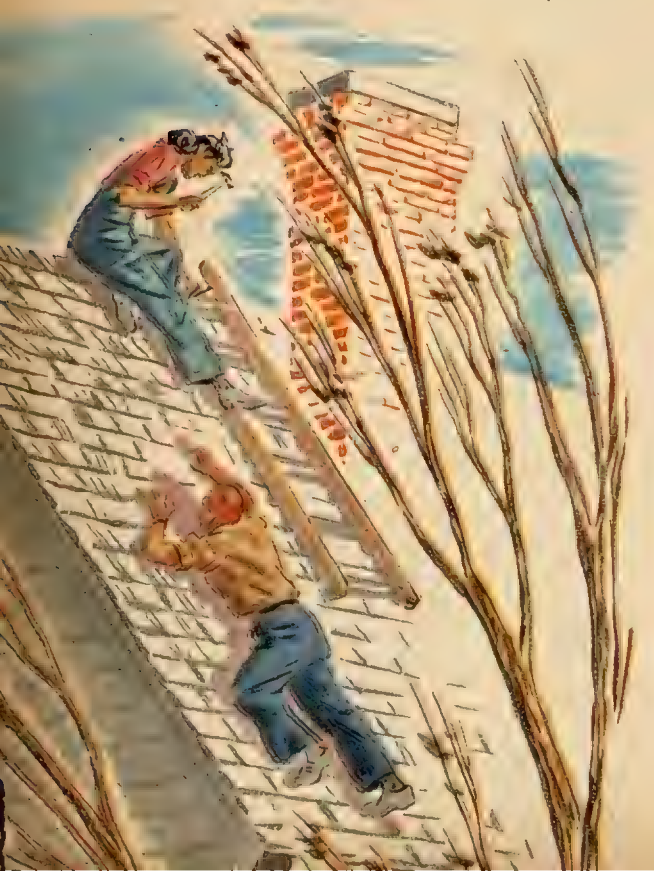
"Leave my uniform out of it!"

"Then leave cracks about kidding out of it, too! The Perrys haven't fleeced anybody in Bascomb's—not for two hundred years! And Taylors ought to know it, if they have gone down the valley to the city!"

He calmed himself.

"Right!" he said. "Here's the layout. My dad—I like him even if he is my dad—is shaky but game. He finally talked himself into a real war job here at the bolt factory." He swept a hand toward the river. "But he can't drive up from town every day. Bucking those snowdrifts would kill him, even if he could get the gas."

Judy nodded.



"I'm fixing up this old place of ours for him. I've got ten days' furlough. Three of 'em are gone. If you'll kindly dig me up a couple of nailing carpenters—"

Through the solid wood of the door came a sudden soprano wail from within. Case Taylor scowled murderously at Judy. Her heart sank. Silently they entered.

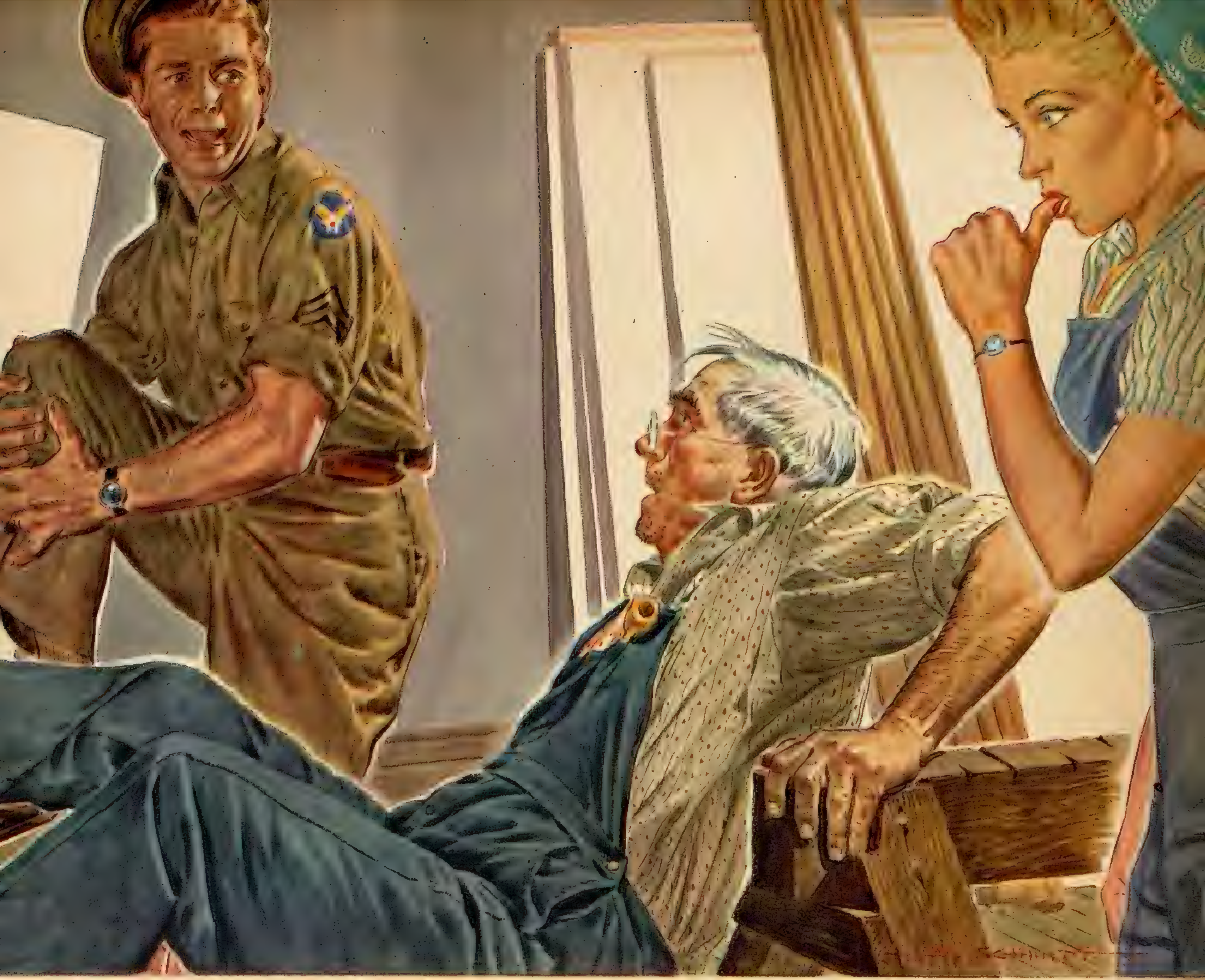
Ernestine, in tears, extended a red thumb toward them. It wavered toward Case Taylor.

"Go on—*you* kiss it!" Case muttered to Judy under his breath. "She's your carpenter, isn't she?"

Although she could not have heard, Ernestine withdrew the finger abruptly. "It's all right," she said. "Sorry to have made a fuss. It—it startled me."

Judy decided to keep Ernestine on the job. No fool, Ernestine, and she had mowed down more than one unsusceptible male. This one needed mowing badly.

Benjy had found his pencil. But unfortunately his rule now eluded him. Judy reddened under the impact of Case's ironical eyes. Her heart sank even lower. Could she really get along with these incompetents, the last dubious remnants of



Old Benjy's foot rolled. From outflung hands he let fly hammer and rule. The hammer cracked against Case's knee.

the valley's man power? She thought of her dad; of how she had convinced him that she could carry on when his desire to get into the war began to ride him heavily.

Her hand slipped to the spike in her breast pocket. She had taken that big nail out of his pocket and tucked it in her own on Sam Perry's last day in overalls. Could she carry on? She could—in spite of all the critical eyes of all the corporals in creation!

She threw off her coat and lifted up an insulating panel. Dash! They *would* have to be enormous!

Case Taylor was grinning. "Once I saw an ant carrying an elm leaf," he said. "He darn near made it! Only he didn't have a snub nose!"

"Gangway, small fry!" she said. "You're obstructing a sergeant's daughter."

It might have been all right if Ernestine hadn't dropped her lipstick again. Old Benjy's foot rolled on the little metal tube. From outflung hands he let fly hammer and rule. The hammer cracked against Case's knee.

Case yelped and grasped his leg. "That's enough!" he said through gritting teeth. "Forget this job! I'll do it myself. Get 'em out of here!"

He straightened up. His eyes were hostile. "I mean it!" he said.

"Don't be such a baby!" Judy said. "You aren't paying us time. I've made a price on this job and you've agreed to it. It's a bargain."

"I'm not debating," Case said. "This is my house and I'm asking you to leave."

Ernestine's eyes were big. "You-all wouldn't—th'ow us out?" she said. It was her Southern—New England—voice, at its phoniest. Case writhed. He toughened visibly.

Judy fitted her board. "Constable Lane's generally down by the bridge," she said. "But you can't call it unlawful entry, because we're in with your consent. Maybe you could have us pinched for unlawful unexit."

"Right over here somewheres, it went," Benjy said, pawing in the litter for his rule.

"You always were a snippety kid," Case Taylor said. "Carry on—for the day."

He picked up a pipe wrench and made a dignified exit down into the cellar. Judy heard him tackling the old coal-burning steam boiler below.

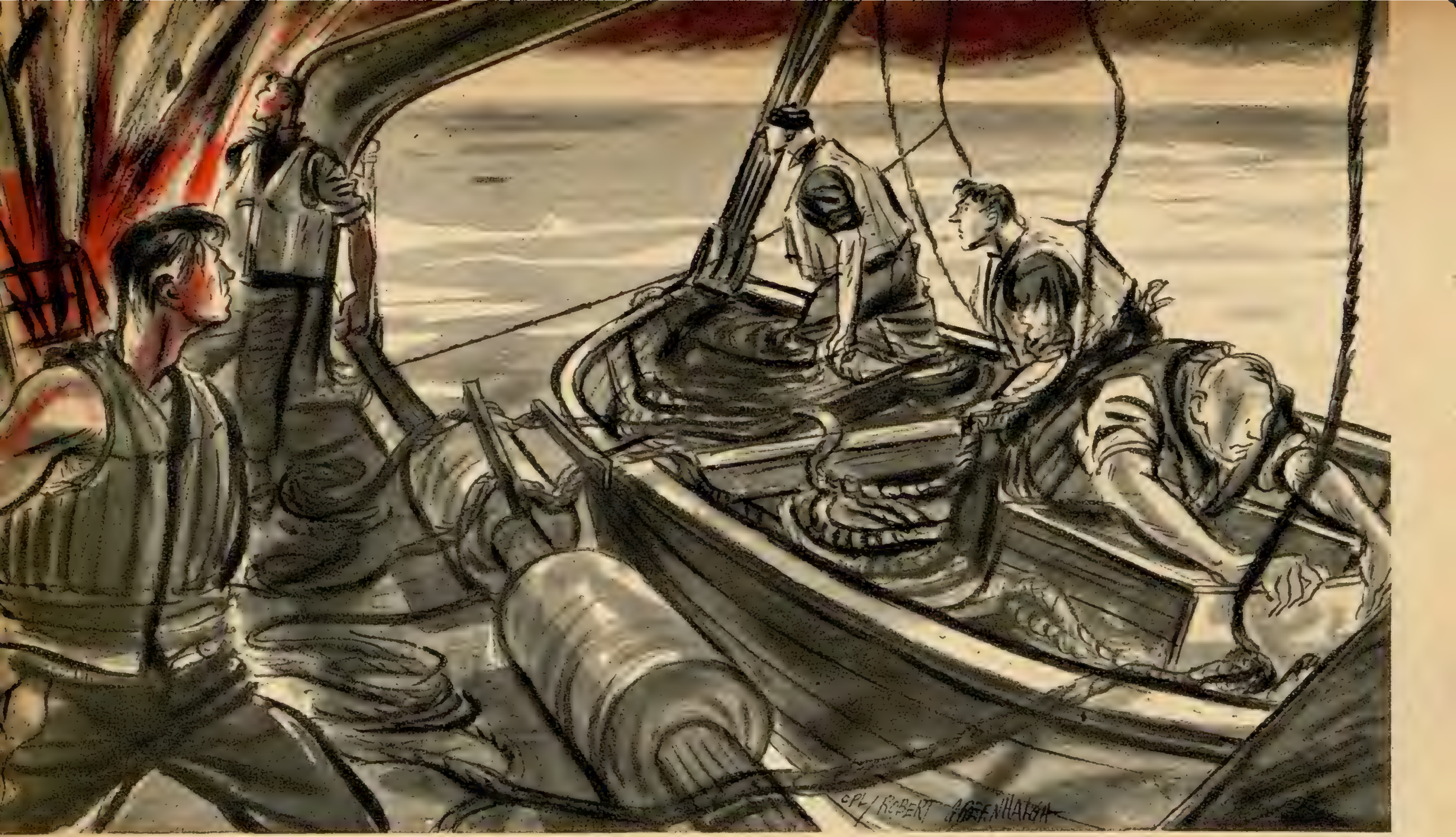
"That man!" said Ernestine. In her voice indignation split fifty-fifty with admiration. Was it the uniform or the cussedness? Judy didn't know. Ernestine could find many things to please her in a man.

Resolutely Judy drove her nondescript twosome that day. Old Benjy settled down very well. He knew carpentry as his elderly blood corpuscles knew their way around his veins, did Benjy. He was a big help to Judy in the ticklish spots which meant the difference between a good tight job and an artful bit of window dressing.

Even Ernestine fell into the mood. Deprived of any reason for drawling helplessness by Case's absence, she applied her dressmaking principles to the job of fitting panels. And she drove her hammer with a good deal of unsuspected meat behind it. Judy hadn't been too wrong about Ernestine.

But hard as she drove the others, she drove herself harder.

(*Continued on page 64*)



As Larsen and I reached the boat deck, the number four hatch flew by, a geyser of oil and water supporting it.

TORPEDOED

A seaman tells you what it's like to be torpedoed—the stark account of how our merchant sailors meet the horror of U-boat warfare. Unlike anything you have read

BY HENRY JENSEN as told to EARL SCHENCK

ILLUSTRATED BY CORPORAL BOB GREENHALGH

This is Henry, the 18-year-old American seaman who is telling this story.

THERE was something I didn't like about the Potlatch from the very first. She was a big ship of about 12,000 tons, rusty and battered—a coastwise steamer from Portland, Oregon, now on the Atlantic run. Some ships have a smell of mystery. She was laden with it. And, for me, the mystery and the dislike deepened and grew the first few days aboard her.

We were fully loaded, but we didn't sail. First we stayed tied up for days. Then we began to make strange short trips to docks and darkened warehouses for an additional deck cargo.

Then accidents began to happen. The worst of them was the night the shackle broke on a landing boom and the man running the winch had his head smashed in. When we finally cast off our lines and slipped away one midnight, every seaman among us had that hard luck feeling that comes with some ships.

The story among the crew was that we were Africa-bound with stuff to help chase out Rommel. And it would have helped, if we'd got there. We didn't—for, not many days ahead of us, a German submarine was waiting to draw a bead on us.

It happened on a Saturday. We were in the South Atlantic now, and it was pretty hot. Some of us moved our cots up on deck. I still don't know why I picked this moment to move mine forward from the number four hatch, but I remember that Adam Morris, an oiler, was dozing on the cot next to mine. As I started to move away, he glared up at me.

"The heat got you?" he muttered.

"I'm not sleeping here any more," I said. "So long, Morris."

He stared after me. "Adios," he said.

It was the last thing he ever did say. The German torpedo was already ripping toward us at more than forty miles an hour.

I put my cot down on number two hatch, next to Teddy the Puerto Rican mess boy's, and lay down and looked at my alarm clock to see how much time I had before turning to for my trick in the pantry. Ten minutes more. Just then there was a *whoosh* and the whole ship seemed to move a hundred feet or more.

"This is it!" yelled Teddy. "We've got one!"

There was a vibrating roar, and the Potlatch shivered the way my dog used to do in the rain. The torpedo had come through the bulkhead with its armor-piercing cap, and it lay now in the number four hold, waiting to explode. I slipped on my life preserver and grabbed my papers. I remember saying to myself, "You gotta keep cool—you gotta keep cool." Then there was an enormous explosion and the Potlatch opened up amidships. We began to settle.

My feet moved automatically toward my station, the port number two lifeboat. Larsen, the chief mate, was just ahead of me. I saw a cut suddenly open up over his eye. Oil and bits of metal were flying all around us. As we reached the boat deck, the number four hatch flew by, seventy feet in the air, a geyser of oil and water supporting it.

There was a grinding noise below, and steam, oil, and debris of all kinds were churning upward through the engine-room skylight. The ship was lurching and settling rapidly. Looking down to the main deck, I saw that the trucks that had been lashed down were now breaking loose from under their tarpaulins, and that some of them were bucking around like wild elephants. Stanley, an ordinary seaman, ran out of the alleyway, and before I could warn him a truck charged down the deck and slammed him flat against the galley bulkhead. One of his hands, that he had thrown up to protect himself, was sheared off by the impact. It flew past my face. I looked away.

Then I saw that the after four-inch gun was already under water. I knew it was a matter of seconds for all of us, and I ran forward to help with the lifeboat. As soon as we got the gripes loose, I leaped aboard to unlash the oars and push us clear as we were lowering. Jonah—one of the boys in our six-man navy gun crew—was in there working with me. Then they dumped some one else in, moaning and badly hurt.

WITH one jerk I freed the oar lashings and got them clear. Then a heavy-footed man jumped in on Jonah and almost killed him. They started to let go on the falls, but a kink formed in the forward line and jammed it. The boat began to drop away astern. I grabbed a fall line—they hang over the boat so that a man can let himself down—gave another line to Jonah, and yelled to him to hold on. The boat dropped off astern and hung vertically. Then some one cut the kinked line, and the boat fell away beneath us, leaving the navy kid and me hanging by our ropes.

The boat hit the water. A wave immediately swamped it and it was sucked into the gaping torpedo hole under our feet. Jonah hauled himself up, but I was lower down and in the water up to my knees, hanging by my left hand. I saw a small bare foot floating by me; I grabbed it, but the suction tore it out of my grasp and it disappeared into the ship. Later I found out that it was Paleragas, our injured assistant engineer, who had been put into the boat.

It seemed as if the whole ocean was pouring into the Potlatch. My shoes and socks were sucked right off my feet. Next I was slammed up against the steel side of the ship. I hurt my knees and strained the tendons in my legs; but I never knew it then—I was fighting that suction with all my strength. Two overhand pulls and I had my feet up, not on the boat deck but the main deck below. I ran forward and, remembering what had happened to Stanley, I jumped on top of the boxes and made for the starboard side. The lifeboat was already gone. A big truck crashed down and hit the boxes just behind me as I staggered off. I saw a deck cadet, with a life preserver on, turning round and round on the main deck.

"Jump!" I yelled. "There are no boats!"

He looked at me half dazed, and babbled, "I can't swim."

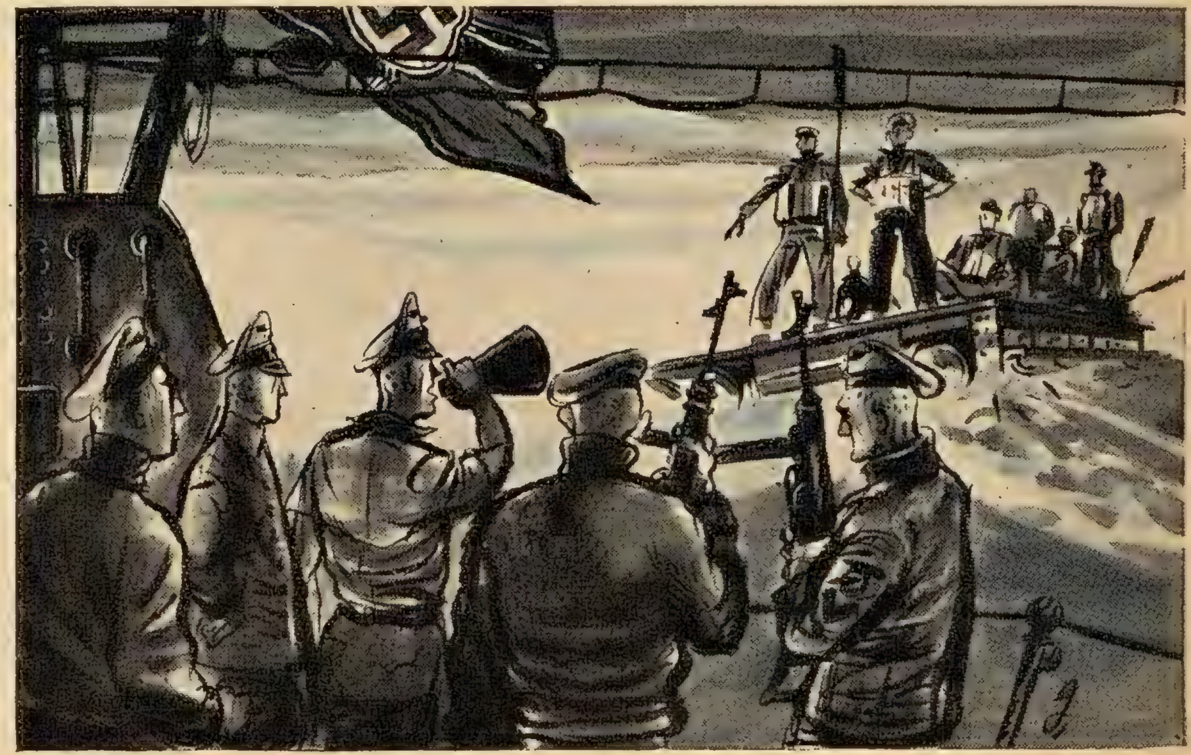
I shoved him overboard. There was nothing else to do. In a few more seconds we'd all be sucked in.

Then I saw the colored chief steward, in his clean white jacket, standing by the mast. I yelled, "Come on, McKenzie!" But he didn't answer me. His eyes were rolled up in his head, his knees sagged, and his mouth was hanging open. His hands were dangling helplessly. He was out with shock and had no life preserver on. But there was nothing I could do for him. The main deck was six inches under water and going down under me, while great explosions of air burst from the sides of the ship.

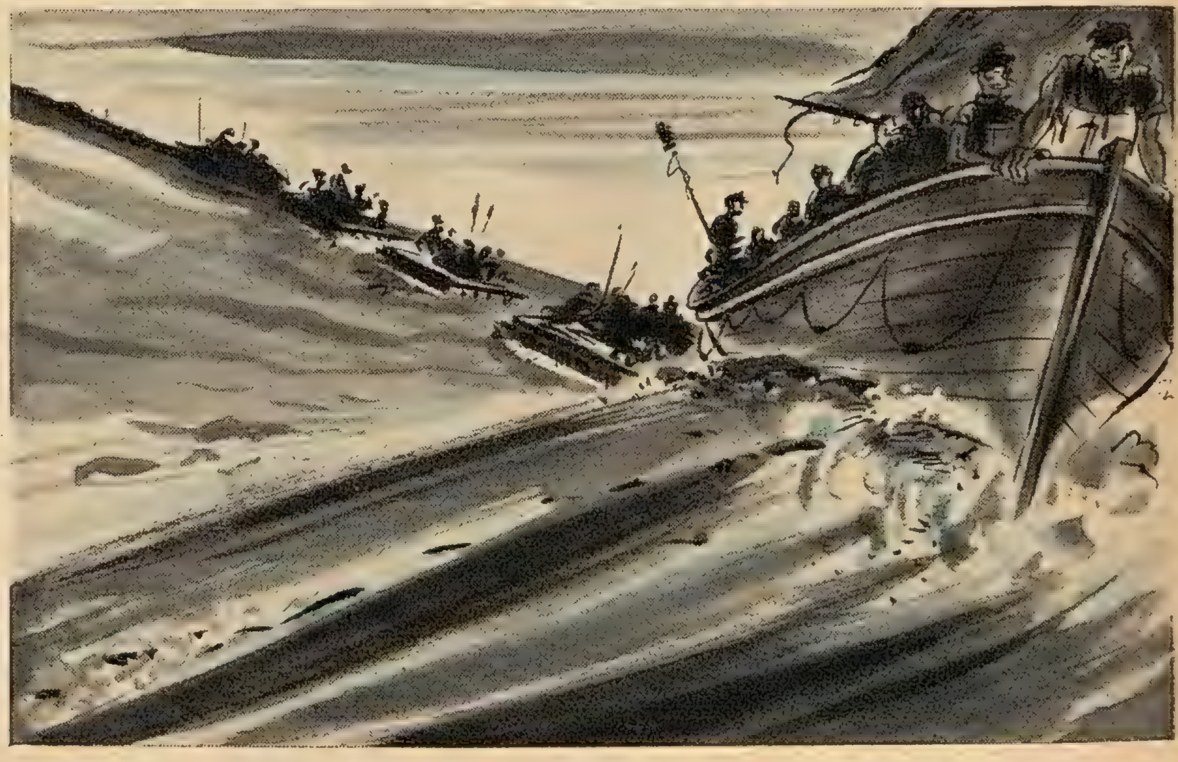
I SPLASHED in. The suction pulled at me, but I lashed out with my arms and soon caught up with the deck cadet. He was threshing like a ferryboat. Together we freed ourselves of the suction and put some distance between us and the ship.

I didn't stop until there was a crash behind me. Then I looked back, and there was the Potlatch with her bow shooting up into the air, trucks and boxes tumbling off her like toys. The whistle gave a last pathetic toot and she slid under. It was exactly three minutes from the time we were hit, according to the deck cadet's wrist watch. There we were, the two of us, with darkness coming on, bob-

(*Continued on page 61*)



"Is there an officer here?" the submarine commander asked in good English.



The lifeboat had picked up our other rafts. The four were hooked together.

"You're the only actor who can play Robert Jordan," Hemingway told Gary Cooper. Ingrid Bergman was his first choice for Maria, too

Bergman—hair cut Maria style—Cooper, Producer-director Sam Wood, and Dudley Nichols, scenarist, on the For Whom the Bell Tolls set.

Katina Paxinou, Greek actress, won the important role of Pilar.

Russian Akim Tamiroff appears as the bearded Spaniard, Pablo.

HOLLYWOOD'

THE more aspirin consumed in the beginning, the bigger the box-office returns in the end. That's Hollywood's pet superstition. "Look at Gone with the Wind," they will tell you. "Three years of headaches before the cameras started rolling. Four different directors. Burning of Atlanta filmed before they even found a Scarlett. So? So it has already grossed more than twenty million dollars!"

Unless that old bromide goes sour at this late date, you're going to see a mighty good picture coming out of the Paramount film factory soon. No picture, not even the redoubtable GWTW itself, has ever had a worse beginning, or as many headaches, as For Whom the Bell Tolls. It can't miss.

On the night of October 25, 1940, Y. Frank Freeman, vice-president in charge of studio operations at Paramount, proudly announced that his company had outbid all others for the film rights of the Hemingway best seller. The purchase price was an amount in excess of $100,000, involving an additional royalty to be paid according to number of copies of book sold. The Paramount big shots were attending the world première of Cecil B. De Mille's Northwest Mounted Police in Chicago at the time, and it was generally assumed that C. B., who had plugged for the purchase, would produce and direct it. But later it was discovered that De Mille was committed to Reap the Wild Wind. And, as all Hollywood knows, De Mille, the highest paid director in the industry, is geared neither to simplicity nor speed.

Paramount, in a hurry to get their expensive story of love and war in Civil War Spain on the screen while the American public was Spain-conscious, named Sam Wood as director and producer. Wood, formerly one of C. B.'s assistants, was in the groove with such successful goodies as Goodbye Mr. Chips and Kitty Foyle. Louis Bromfield was assigned to adapt the novel to the screen. (Dudley Nichols took over later.) Wholesale testing for the vivid Hemingway characters started on Stage Nine under test director Lewis Allen. Sonora Pass, high in the Sierra Nevada Mountains of northern California, was chosen for the exteriors. The location cost Paramount more than $200,000, which was more moola than Sonora has seen since the Mother Lode used to make with the pretty nuggets.

So far so good. But headaches were about to swarm around the Bell like Furies around Orestes.

4,000,000 HEADACHE

What Paramount went through to make For Whom the Bell Tolls shouldn't happen to M-G-M. The inside story of how Sam Wood outwitted the gremlins

BY ELIZABETH WILSON

By the fall of 1941 Sam Wood, who had been over at Warner Brothers making an actress out of an oomph girl while Paramount went hog-wild with screen tests, suddenly realized that unless he shot the El Sordo battle sequence, which called for a light snow in the mountains, almost at once he'd have to wait another whole year. Despite the fact that the four leads—Robert Jordan, Maria, Pilar, and Pablo—had not yet been cast, production on the Bell started. Wood gathered up 240 men, movie equipment, and a flock of planes rented from the government, and climbed the rugged rocks of Sonora Pass.

That location trip was the Napoleon's-retreat-from-Moscow of movie history. The temperature ranged between four below at night to twenty above in the day. The high altitude made it very hard for fast action. The equipment stuck in the snowbanks. Only summer cabins without heat were available. Water pipes burst, food was hard to get, frostbite and chilblains were common.

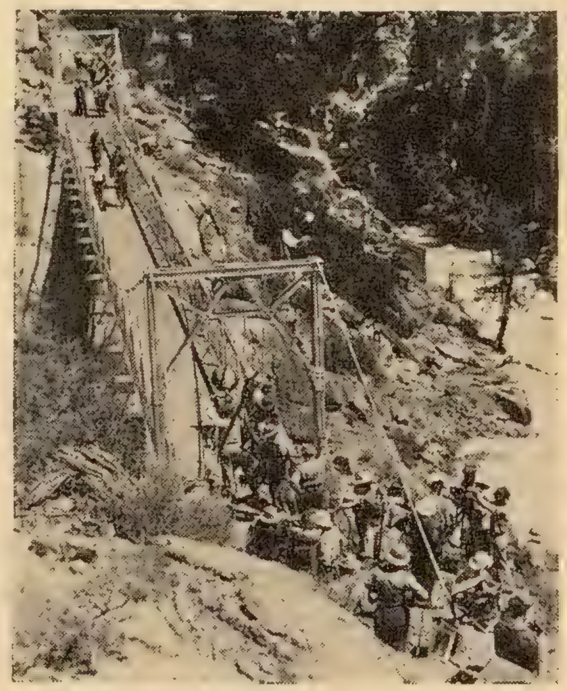
"Only three more days, fellows," said Sam Wood encouragingly through cracked lips, the morning of December 7; "only three more days' work and we'll have the battle sequence completed. And it's back to Hollywood for all of us."

THE planes, loaded with real bombs, were all set to fly over the mountains and bomb the hell out of El Sordo's guerrilla camp. But before Director Wood could call "Action," the government had issued hurried and specific orders that all planes were to be grounded immediately. The Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor.

So back to Paramount studio with an unfinished fight sequence—that could be completed only heaven knew when and at what terrific cost—went the director and his chapped and shivering crew. The messenger boy in the mail room was sent over to the corner drugstore. The front office passed around the aspirin.

Meanwhile, casting For Whom the Bell Tolls practically had Paramount in a strait jacket. Gary Cooper and Ernest Hemingway had been old friends since Gary had played the young soldier, nine years before, in the author's A Farewell to Arms. Hemingway showed Gary the galley proofs of his new book at Sun Valley in 1940, and together they indulged in Hollywood's favorite pastime of casting a best seller for the screen. "Coop, you are the only actor who can play Robert Jordan," said Hemingway. "I might as well confess, Robert Jordan of Missoula, Montana, and Frank James Cooper of Helena, Montana, are one and the same."

But Gary Cooper happened to be under contract to Sam Goldwyn. And Mr. G., a smart business man, is not exactly bighearted about loaning out his property to rival producers. Goldwyn had Pride of the Yankees all set to go before the cameras, and he tersely informed Paramount that they could "include Cooper out" of any plans they might have for him for the immediate future. The front office returned to the projection room and reran the tests of Macdonald Carey, Rod Cameron, Robert Preston, and Phillip Terry, all of whom were already on the studio pay roll. But Sam Wood, Ernest Hemingway, and Gary Cooper were determined that Gary Cooper was to play Robert Jordan. And so were thousands of fans. Goldwyn, pleased to find a rival in a tough spot, cagily announced that he needed a good director for Pride. "All right," said Wood, "if I agree to direct Pride of the Yankees, will you agree to loan Gary Cooper for the Bell at the end of the picture?" Goldwyn agreed.



The Spanish bridge of the story is actually in California's Sierras.

Maria was a champagne-with-brandy-chaser headache.

Every actress in Hollywood, with the exception of Shirley Temple and Hattie McDaniel, felt that Hemingway had her in mind when he described Maria, beautiful refugee girl, in his book. But only Ingrid Bergman of the fresh, unpainted face got it in writing. In March, 1941, Ingrid had gone to June Lake for a skiing vacation with her husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, when she received a message that Hemingway was in San Francisco en route to China and was eager to meet her. Seems that Hemingway had seen the Scandinavian Bergman in her first American picture, Intermezzo, and had decided then and there that she was his Maria.

"I looked awful when I met Mr. Hemingway in San Francisco," said Ingrid, one of the few actresses in Hollywood who can blush naturally. "My face was peeling from snowburn and I was very nervous."

When introduced to her, Hemingway must have had a few unhappy seconds. He stared at her as if frightened that he had made the wrong choice. Then he smiled and said, "I guess I didn't need to be worried." He autographed her copy of his book with: "To Ingrid Bergman, who is the Maria of this book."

BUT when Paramount heard about it, they only said, "How sweet!" and went on with their testing. They went down their contract list, giving tests to Susan Hayward (who had been the first actress to test for Scarlett), Madeleine Le Beau, Esther Fernandez, Cecilia Callejo, Betty Field, Barbara Britton, and Vera Zorina. Paulette Goddard was considered for a hot second. Luise Rainer wired from New York that she would cut her hair just to take the test. Annabella, eager to return to pictures, let it be known that she was available. The fans, egged on by publicity ballyhoo second only to the search for Scarlett, suggested dozens of actresses at first, but later pitched in with Hemingway.

Paramount claims that they would have been delighted to have Ingrid Bergman all along, but that Miss Bergman was under contract to David Selznick, who had brought her to this country. When they suggested to Selznick that he loan them his expensive star, they were informed that she had already been committed to Casablanca, and after that he needed her for his own production of Keys of the Kingdom.

Undoubtedly, Money, that old root of, was back of the whole thing. The part of Maria, as the studio well knew, would be the plum of the year. The girl who played Maria was bound to become a box-office star the minute the picture was released. Why build up a star for a rival studio? Why not cash in on Maria themselves? They'd be a fool not to. What Scarlett O'Hara did for Vivien Leigh, Maria would do for any good player on the lot. They

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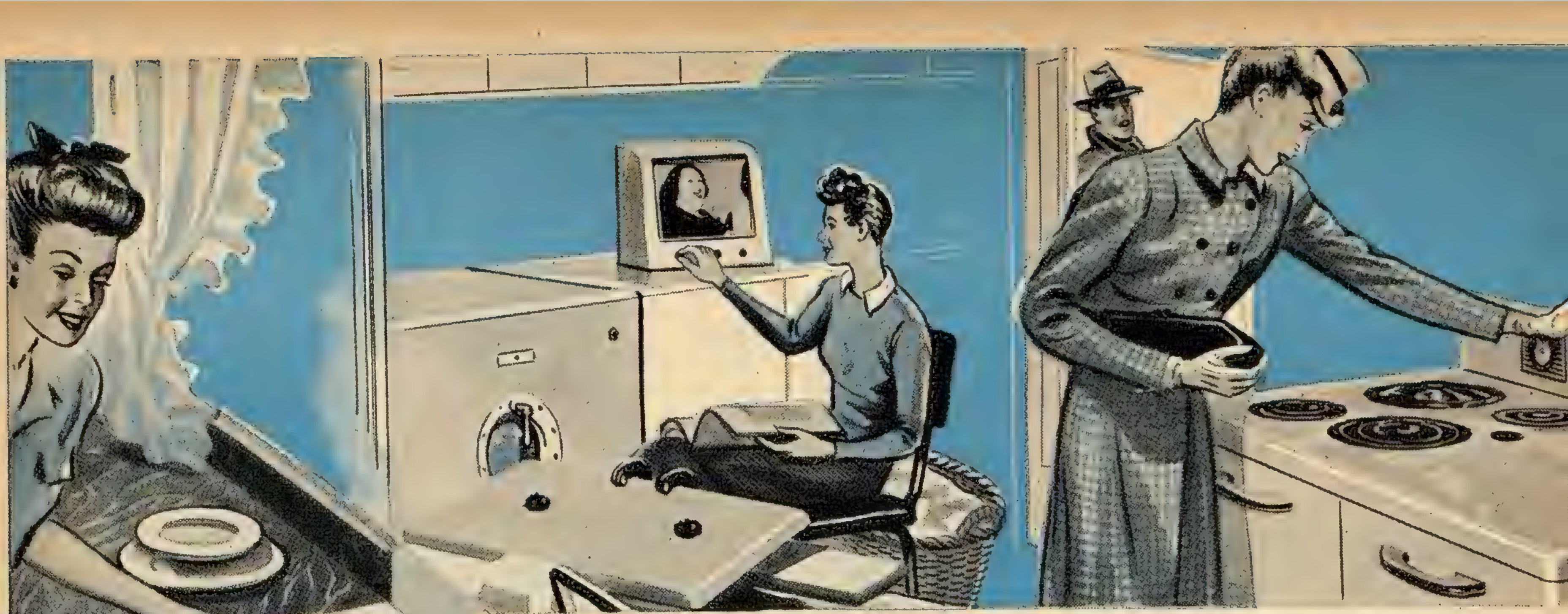
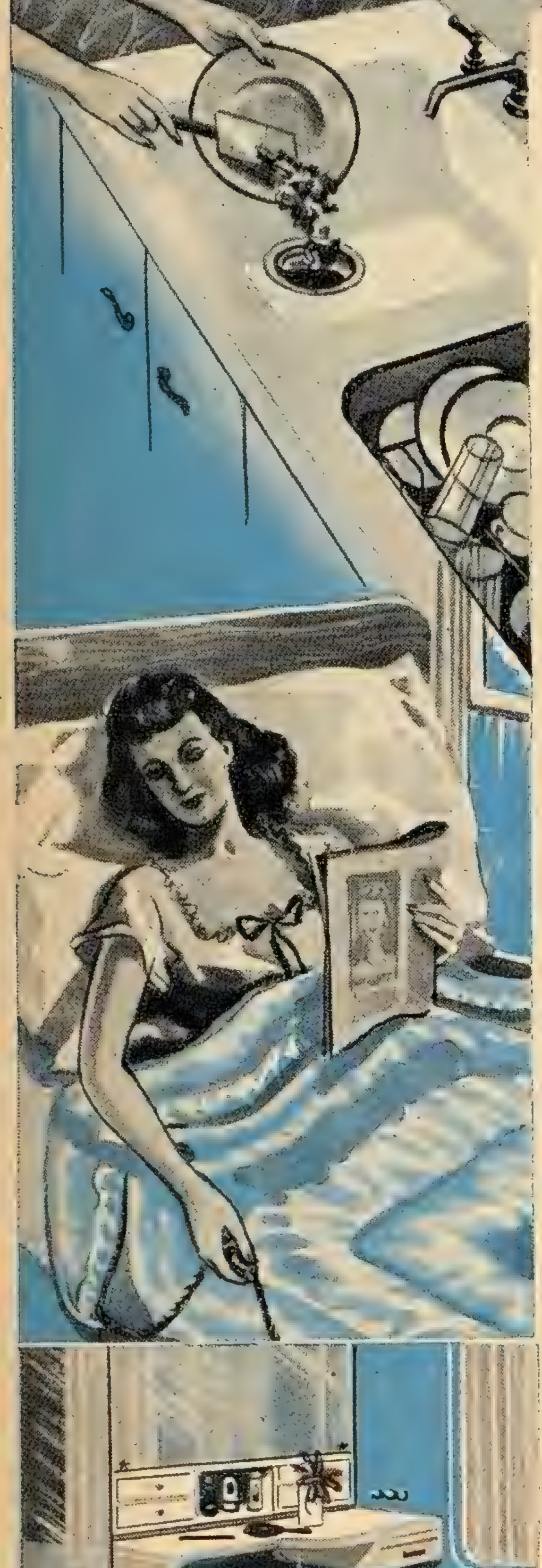




POSTWAR LIVING–2

TOMORROW'S DRUDGERY-FREE HOMES

After victory, America's housewives will enjoy low-cost homes featuring sunlight at the press of a button, healthful air conditioning, and automatic laundries

BY MORRIS MARKEY

Do you like to wash dishes? Do you find it good fun to rake the clinkers from the furnace and to haul the ash can out to the curb?

Well, if you are one of the very few who would answer yes to those questions, you will have to find some other amusement in the postwar world.

Household drudgery, the tedious and sometimes degrading chores on which our women have had to spend hours, day in and day out, will pass from the scene.

We are going to build about 13,000,000 new homes for American families, beginning the very day that peace is declared. And certain thousands of very bright, very industrious men are now working day and night designing those new homes as "machines for living," with all the tasks once done by toiling wives or servants turned over to the incredibly cunning machines which electrical current will operate.

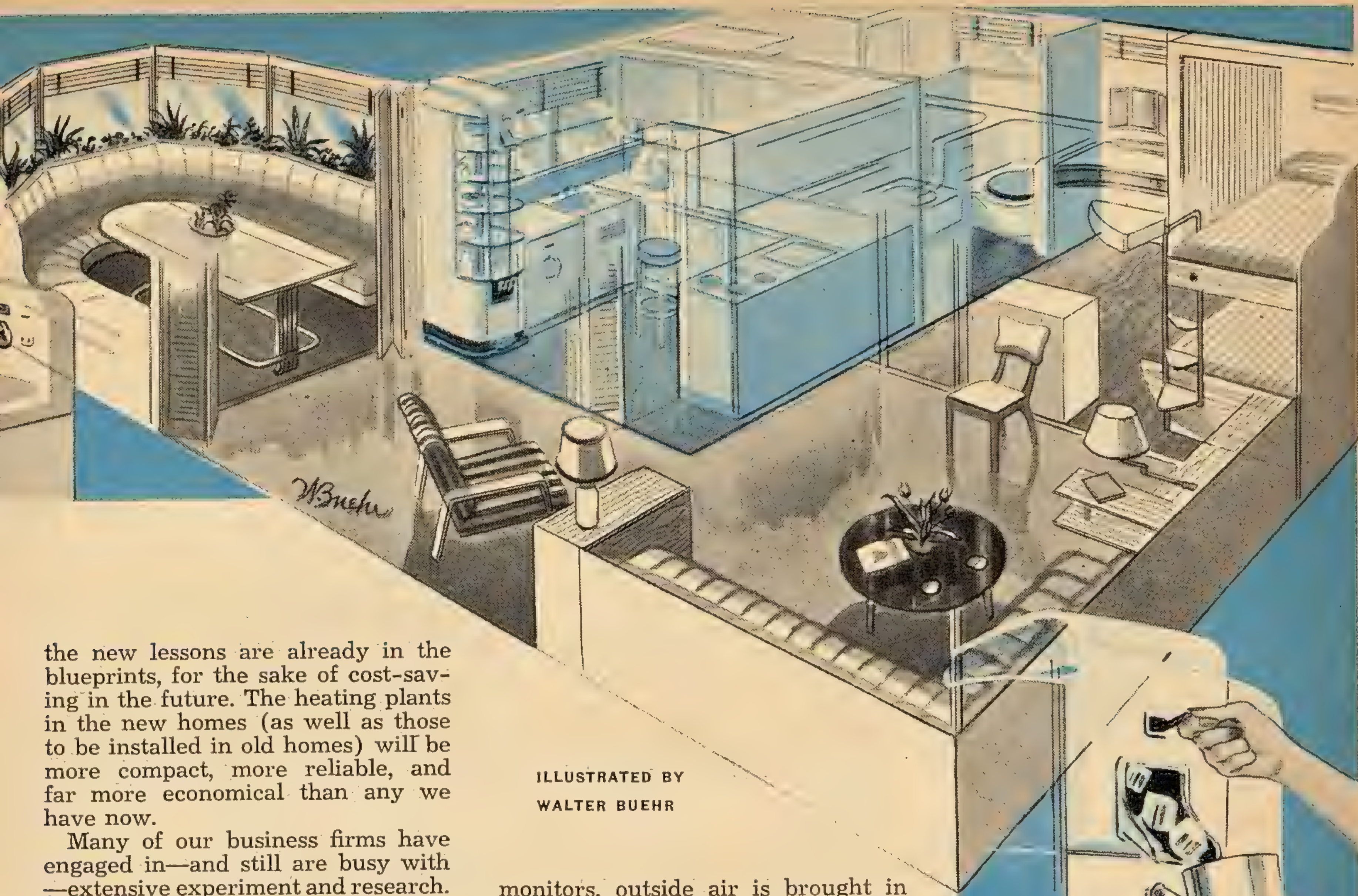
The central element, the very heart of the house, in most of the designs now in the blueprints is a basic mechanical unit, a monitor control, so to speak. This monitor will contain, in one compact block, all of these things: (1) electric current inlets and outlets; (2) water and sewerage connections; (3) heating and water-heating units; (4) air-conditioning units.

The monitor, designed so that even a child can work it, will be the master servant of the house. It will provide the energy and power to run all the lesser servants, and will make it possible for even the most modest of homes to enjoy every modern convenience. One large firm of designers has drawn plans for a postwar home which will cost, altogether, $4,000 to build. *And $2,000 of this sum is the cost of the central monitor.*

That cost is justified by two things. First, installation of plumbing and household electric wiring as a single combined job means economy at the outset. Second, the costs of operation and upkeep will be far lower than they would be in any sort of piecemeal installation.

And now suppose we take up, one at a time, the great services this monitor will render:

1. Heating. The fuel-oil crisis of the past winter taught all of us, including the most experienced heating experts, things we had never known before about keeping our homes warm. In the postwar world there will be no shortage of oil. But



ILLUSTRATED BY
WALTER BUEHR

the new lessons are already in the blueprints, for the sake of cost-saving in the future. The heating plants in the new homes (as well as those to be installed in old homes) will be more compact, more reliable, and far more economical than any we have now.

Many of our business firms have engaged in—and still are busy with—extensive experiment and research. The result is heating equipment of great variety, ready to go into production the moment the factories can turn from war orders to peace orders. One system employs circulating air. Fresh air from the outside is cleaned, heated, moistened, and channeled silently into every room of the house. And radiators are not necessary.

Would you really prefer radiators? Well, new designs make it possible to conceal them in the walls or under the floor.

As for economy in heating, one firm has built and tested an experimental six-room house in a New England climate. The house can be sold for $41 a month until $4,000 has been paid. And it can be warmly heated for $40 a year!

2. Air conditioning. This job also is done by the central monitor. It must be confessed that even the experts are not agreed on the advisability of all-out air *cooling* in homes. The cost is relatively high, and equipment requires considerable care. Also it is difficult to set cooled temperatures to please every member of the family—the wife who spends her whole day in the house, the elderly grandmother, the children coming in hot from play, and the husband coming in tired from his work.

On the other hand, everybody agrees that air *circulation* is immensely desirable. Just as we need moistened air in winter, we need dried air in summer, since—as all of us know—the humidity is worse than the heat. Therefore, in some monitors, outside air is brought in by ducts, dried without heating, and sent moving through the home. The result is not only a marked drop in interior temperature but a condition which enables the human body to endure with comfort higher temperatures than it could endure in moist or humid air.

Air-circulating systems of this order will be available for as little as $70.

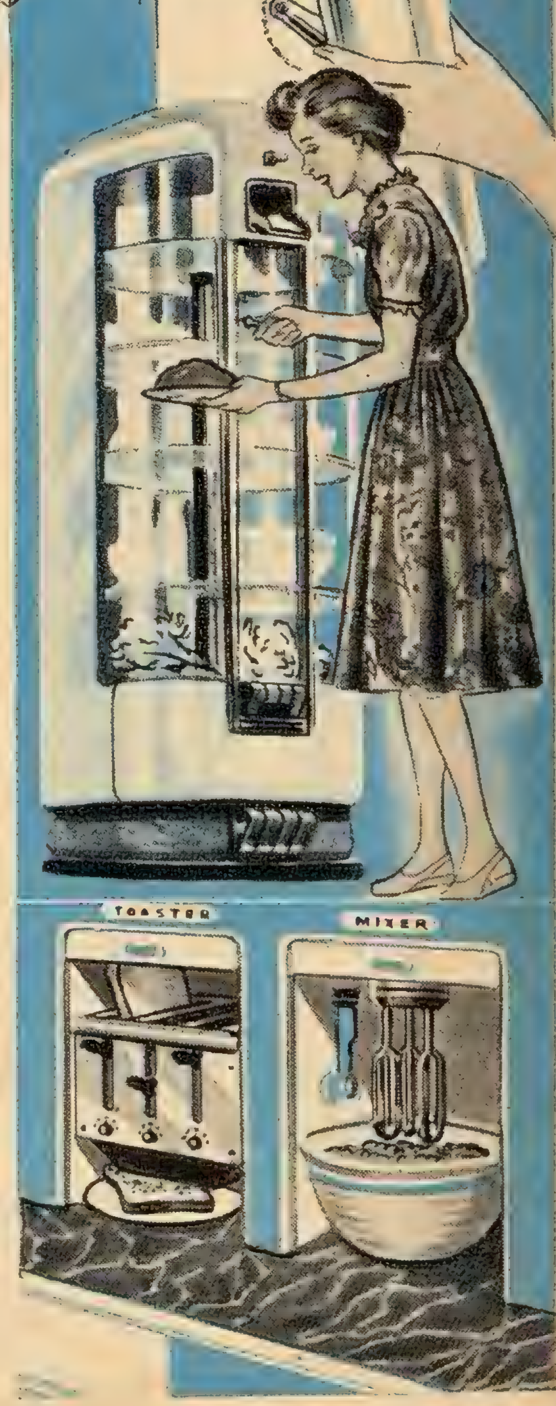
In this connection another new device, the Sterilamp, is noteworthy. It looks not unlike an ordinary bulb. But it destroys disease germs in the air which flows past it, and already it is proving a great success in hospitals and baby nurseries.

3. Now we get to the kitchen, the most important room in most houses.

All of us are familiar, of course, with the manifold devices which electrical engineers have contrived for us in the past—the refrigerators and the stoves, the flatirons and the toasters. But in tomorrow's postwar homes, already just visible above the horizon of victory, all of these indispensable servants to the housewife will be integrated—not only improved individually but hooked together into one easily manageable operating unit.

Begin with the refrigerator. Changing food conditions and food habits have made it necessary to redesign this unit. More and more we are using quick-frozen foods. The only hindrance to a great expansion in these products is our inability to keep them frozen after bringing them home from a store a block or

(*Continued on page 58*)



STALK THE HUNTER

Little by little the unrelenting ruthlessness of Kit's enemy is revealed to her in this exciting tale of Nazi intrigue. The vise tightens its hold on Kit as she is ordered to betray a countrywoman

BY MITCHELL WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK BENSING

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

FOR the first time since she had escaped from war-torn Europe to America, Kit Gruenholz was almost happy on the afternoon when she went with Paul Campbell to the exhibition of Primitive Christian paintings which he had collected for a museum in the city of New York. Ever since she had met Paul, shortly after she became advisor on musical instruments for the museum, she had believed in his friendliness. After years of working for the underground abroad, of eternal flight and pursuit, he came as something solid, an anchor, a refuge.

At the end of the afternoon, Paul took Kit into his office and closed the door. He grasped both her hands and turned her around until she faced him squarely. Then he slapped her face!

"That," he said, "is a hint of what will happen if you ever try to be clever with me."

Kit knew before Paul spoke again that he was a Nazi agent! And that he knew her secret.

"I have your dossier very clear in my mind," he told her. "You are a daughter of Kurt Gruenholz, one of the founders of the Czechoslovakian Republic. You have worked with outlaw bands and other groups in Europe subversive to the occupational authorities. You are in this country on a forged American passport. . . ."

Yes, he knew everything. He could turn her in on the passport charge and she could do nothing. For who would believe that he, a British citizen, was a German agent? He could say *she* was the Nazi, for she had sometimes used a forged German passport in Europe.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"I want Anna Mahler," he said. "In twenty-four hours."

Anna Mahler was the courageous old woman who had organized the underground movement in parts of Europe. Kit knew she was in America, and she knew the man who would know where Anna was, who could warn her of her danger.

She promised to meet Paul at the St. Regis for dinner at seven, and rushed back to her own office to call Conrad about Anna. But she could not get him on the telephone. Anna's safety was now in her hands. There was no one she could trust to help her. Dan Shay, whom she had known in Copenhagen when he was working with the famous chemist Mikkelson, had got her her job at the museum. But she didn't trust Dan. Mikkelson, whom he so much admired, had turned out to be pro-Nazi. Mightn't Dan Shay be working for the Nazis, too?

No, she had to handle this alone. And the only way she could save Anna and herself was to kill Paul. She opened a drawer of her desk and took out a gun. It was barely in her handbag when her door was opened.

KIT turned and saw Dan Shay.

"What is it?" she asked him sharply. She took a step back in her alarm, because the very sight of his tall figure recalled the whole sequence of events which had placed her in her present position.

"Did I frighten you?" he asked.

"I wasn't expecting you," she said.

"Do you want me to go?"

"Not until you've said what you wanted to say."

"Well—" He shrugged and was on the point of withdrawing. "I merely came down to ask you to have dinner with me. You see, I'll be leaving in three weeks, and I thought I'd like to see you a little more often in the meantime."

"Where are you going?"

"The army. I have a commission in the Division of Chemical Warfare."

"Dinner? But I'm having dinner with Paul tonight."

"Oh—Paul." He sounded disappointed, but the inflection he used in mentioning Paul's name showed that he could understand that. After all, Paul. . . . "Well, that was all. And as long as you're going to be fed, I won't worry."

"You needn't worry about me, Dan," Kit said quietly. "You need never worry about me."

The tone of her voice caught his attention, and he examined it for a long moment.

"I have a very funny feeling about you," he said. "It's as though you have a question on your mind about me. Why don't you ask me point-blank? I'd prefer it. This way, I'm very uncomfortable."

There was honesty in his voice, but Kit felt that she was no longer any judge of that. Paul had fooled her, taken her in completely; and she intended never to make that mistake again. For all she knew, Dan might be working with Paul. Anything was possible, and since it was, the only thing to do was to play safe.

"You must be mistaken, Dan," Kit said. "It's just that—it's just that I'm very busy right now."

He shrugged slightly, and his smile was not in his eyes. "If you say so. I'll be seeing you."

Without looking at her again, he swung the door closed after him and left.

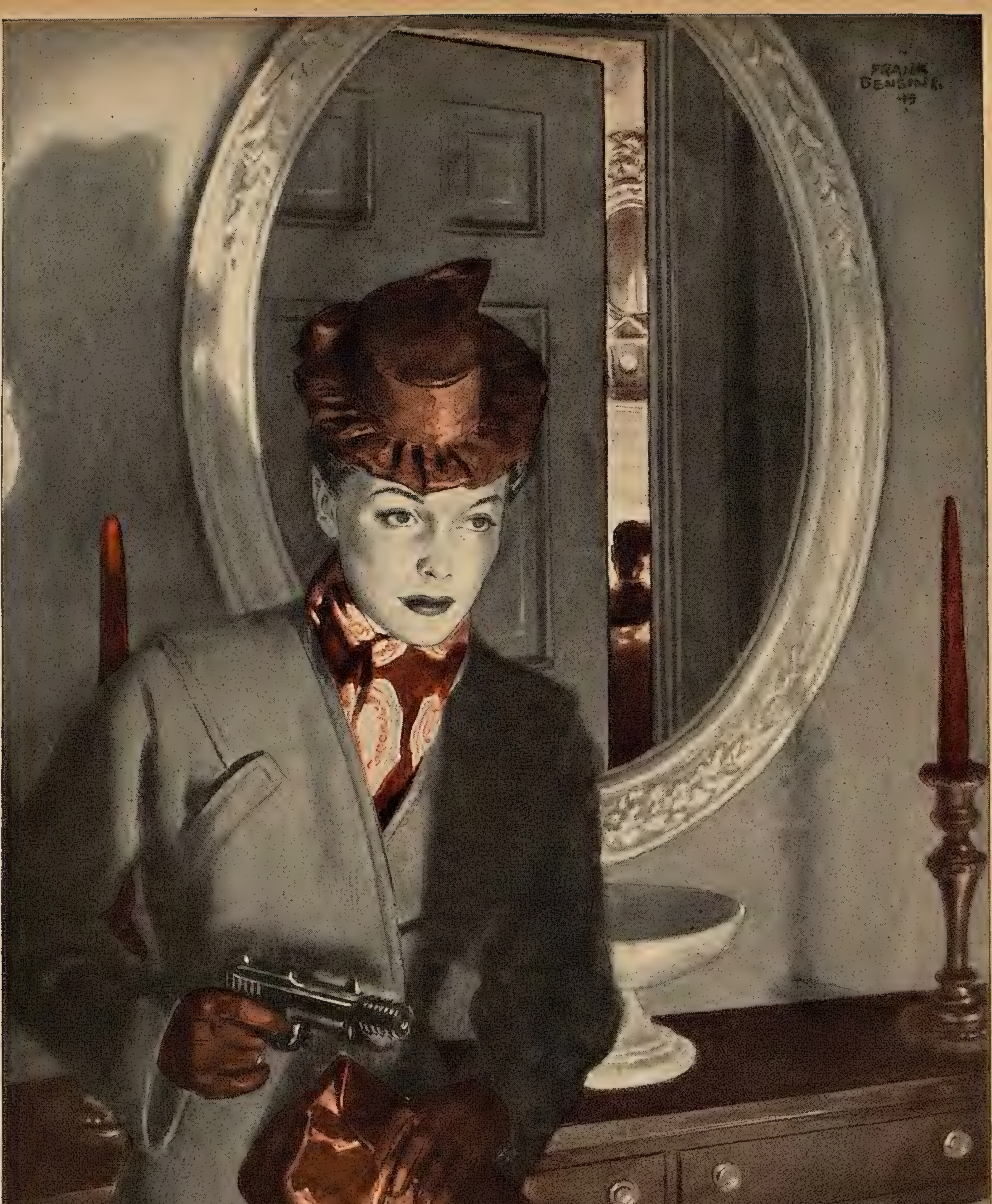
It was about five o'clock when Kit left the museum. Paul had left some time before, and she wanted to give him a good start. Kit kept her small car parked in the wide driveway north of the building. It was an old car, but it was Kit's first real extravagance since she had the new job. She had paid sixty-five dollars for it, against everybody's warning that such cars were meant only for mechanics who could hop out at a moment's notice and repair an axle or the transmission. That was two months ago. The car must have been under a spell, because nothing had ever happened to it.

She drove east on Eightieth Street to Madison, and then down Madison for two blocks, zigzagging this way to make every light. Neither the Queensboro Bridge nor Northern Boulevard was crowded, so that the ride out to Saginaw on the North Shore took thirty-five minutes. Kit knew the way to Paul's without any trouble. She had made the trip several times these past two months along with several others for various week-ends.

"It's called the Hutchins Place," Paul had told her. "So, if you have any trouble finding me, just ask for it under that name."

The Hutchins place was what was left of a huge farm built over a hundred years ago, some ten acres, which included the original house and gardens, the family cemetery, and rolling lawns. The house had once been a farmhouse; but as the years passed, the Hutchinses grew wealthier generation by generation, and each succeeding one had added something, until at present the house was enormous, comfortable, and solid. The only part of the place that remained unchanged was the family cemetery in one corner of the grounds. There were about sixty stones, all very simple, down to the most recent, the very last of the family, who had died in 1926.

"That was Henry Hutchins," Paul once said. "Sometime when you want to hear a lurid piece of gossip I'll tell you of his life and times up to and including his death in the local jail. Ask Kenton about it some time or other. Kenton knows the whole story."


FRANK DENSING '43

Kit saw the head of a man who sat on the couch, his light hair looking like an aura in the dancing firelight.

Kenton was a frail white-haired little man, a sort of major-domo, who took care of Paul as though Paul were one of the lesser gods. He floated around the house like a self-effacing wraith.

It was almost dusk when Kit turned off the two-lane macadam road into a small clearing among young oak trees. Her headlights glowed for a moment, the light being lost in the sparse woods, then she snapped them off. There was no sound but the dead rustle of damp wind. When she stepped out of the car, the door's slam seemed muffled in the huge silence.

Paul's Packard roadster stood shining in the light of the porte-cochere. Above it, a few windows were lit. The entire back of the house was dark. It was Thursday and all the servants were off. Paul had mentioned that even Kenton was away. That meant Paul was all alone.

Kit walked carefully, quietly, clutching her bag to her. As she had expected, the front door was unlocked. She slipped into the dark foyer, and immediately stiffened into immobility. The house was silent and dark; nothing moved.

Kit tiptoed slowly across a thick rug to the arch that led into a living room. She stopped again, trying to remember the location of every chair and table.

Gradually, as her eyes became more and more accustomed to the lack of light, she made out a thin red crack that ran straight down one of the walls. There was a light in the library and the door was ajar. Very slowly, as though the motion of her hand through the air might cause some noise, she felt in her bag for the gun. The palms of her hands were wet as she grasped the barrel and then fumbled for the large fat handle. Still keeping the gun in the bag to muffle the sound, she released the catch. It made a gentle click.

"Squeeze the trigger, don't pull," she told herself over and over, like a good little girl repeating a lesson. "Don't take too long to aim. It's like pointing a finger at some one."

KIT went to the door and stood there, listening above the background of her own pounding pulse. In the next room a fire crackled, and that was all. She pushed the door a trifle, holding her breath as she did so. The door gave without a sound. She pushed it open to about three inches. Now she could see in.

The red glow came from the fire, but between the door and the fireplace there was a couch. Kit saw the head of a man who sat there, his light hair looking like an aura in the dancing light. Beside him stood an end table with a half-filled highball glass and a newly opened whisky bottle on it.

It was exactly the way she had expected to find him — taking one last drink before he went out for the evening. The radio was on very quietly, and above the raucous whispering of the fire Kit could hear the announcer giving news of the fighting on the Russian front.

Kit's throat was dry as she raised the pistol with a straight arm. Slowly the two sights met in a red V at the nape of his neck, and without hesitation she squeezed the trigger. The only sound was a slight cough, and her arm was jerked up as though a string had yanked on her wrist. The blond head hadn't moved at all. Then slowly it leaned forward. Paul looked as though he were going to stand up, but his head moved faster and faster, then downward, and the whole body disappeared. In another moment there was a dull thud that could barely be heard above the fire.

Kit stood there, and then sudden panic, like an enveloping flame, shot up within her. She turned and ran into a blank that lasted until she reached the car. The mechanical business of opening the door brought her back. The gun was still in her hand, and she slid it back into her purse as though it were fragile and might break.

Kit glanced up at the house. The same lights were on, and the long roadster still gleamed in front of the door. It was as though nothing at all had taken place in the last few minutes.

She backed the car out without switching on the lights, and in darkness crawled past the long wall fronting the farm. Then she shifted into high and sped away into the yellow cone her feeble headlights made. For the next few minutes she divided her attention between the road ahead and the mirror above the windshield. Nobody was following her. She felt a curious sense of lightness, of freedom, almost of happiness.

Back in New York, Kit parked the car in front of the renovated brownstone where she had a small apartment. Upstairs, with her door closed, her elation fell away, like the deep pause after an orchestral crescendo, and left her empty. The world came back. She had killed a man!

Depression battened down on her. There was no sense of remorse, because Paul had ceased to exist for her as a person as soon as he had revealed himself that afternoon. But, superficially, he was a law-abiding person and thereby entitled to the full protection of the law. In the same sense, Kit was a fugitive from justice, subject to legal penalties.

How real are pictures of the war? You'll know the answer when you read

TUNIS EXPEDITION

By Colonel Darryl F. Zanuck

the one-time Hollywood producer who led the combat camera crew which filmed America's fight in North Africa. It is a thrilling story of accomplishment and daring, a day-by-day account of the Army Signal Corps unit which took part in one of the most dramatic episodes in our history.

Coming Next Week

Abridged to one evening's reading time

The obvious thing for Kit to do was to cover her tracks, and therefore she decided to go to the St. Regis, as agreed earlier in the day, because there were other people who knew of the engagement she had made.

It became clear that she would have to organize herself. Her reactions were undisciplined, and her experience in underground work had made it plain that discipline, organizational as well as personal, was what kept people like her alive. She sought relief for her shattered nerves in the prosaic business of dressing. She worried over every trifle, and finally, when she straightened up, ready to leave, she found that she had outdone herself. It came as a surprise to find that she had never looked better in her life.

IT was twenty to eight when she entered the bar, completely under control. The room was crowded with people. Bursts of conversation and laughter swirled lazily and seemed a diaphanous reality, like mist.

The waiter caught her eye and smiled inquiringly.

"Two," Kit said; "I'm expecting a gentleman."

The man shrugged. "I'm sorry," he told her. "I have no tables yet. Perhaps in a minute or two—" He pointed to the bar, lined four deep. "If you would care to wait—"

His voice ended in a bow and he withdrew. She turned, and the sight of all the backs, well groomed or half bare, the heads all averted, reminded her sharply of the scene in Paul's house. It was as though she were seeing it re-enacted in a room with a thousand mirrors.

Forcibly she elbowed her way into the throng, actually seeking the initial impact, and as they made way for her, she relaxed again in a feeling of security. The momentary fear was gone. She was jostled slightly, but it was followed at once by a murmured "Excuse me." A tall man stood between her and the bar, and didn't move, since he couldn't see her. Kit repeated the formula. A touch on the shoulder, a polite "Pardon," and the man stood aside for her. She edged past him.

"Sherry," she said to the barman, and took out a cigarette. She fumbled in her bag for a match, but there in front of her a small flaming lighter was held. Kit frowned in annoyance at the man's temerity, but then dismissed it as a sign of her own weakness to misinterpret a routine politeness. She leaned forward to accept the flame from the large, clean-scrubbed hand. It lit a spark of real terror, deep-seated animal fear, and she pivoted to see the man's face. At the sight of the pleasant smiling features, her body seemed to be dissolving internally. Something so primeval devoured her that she felt

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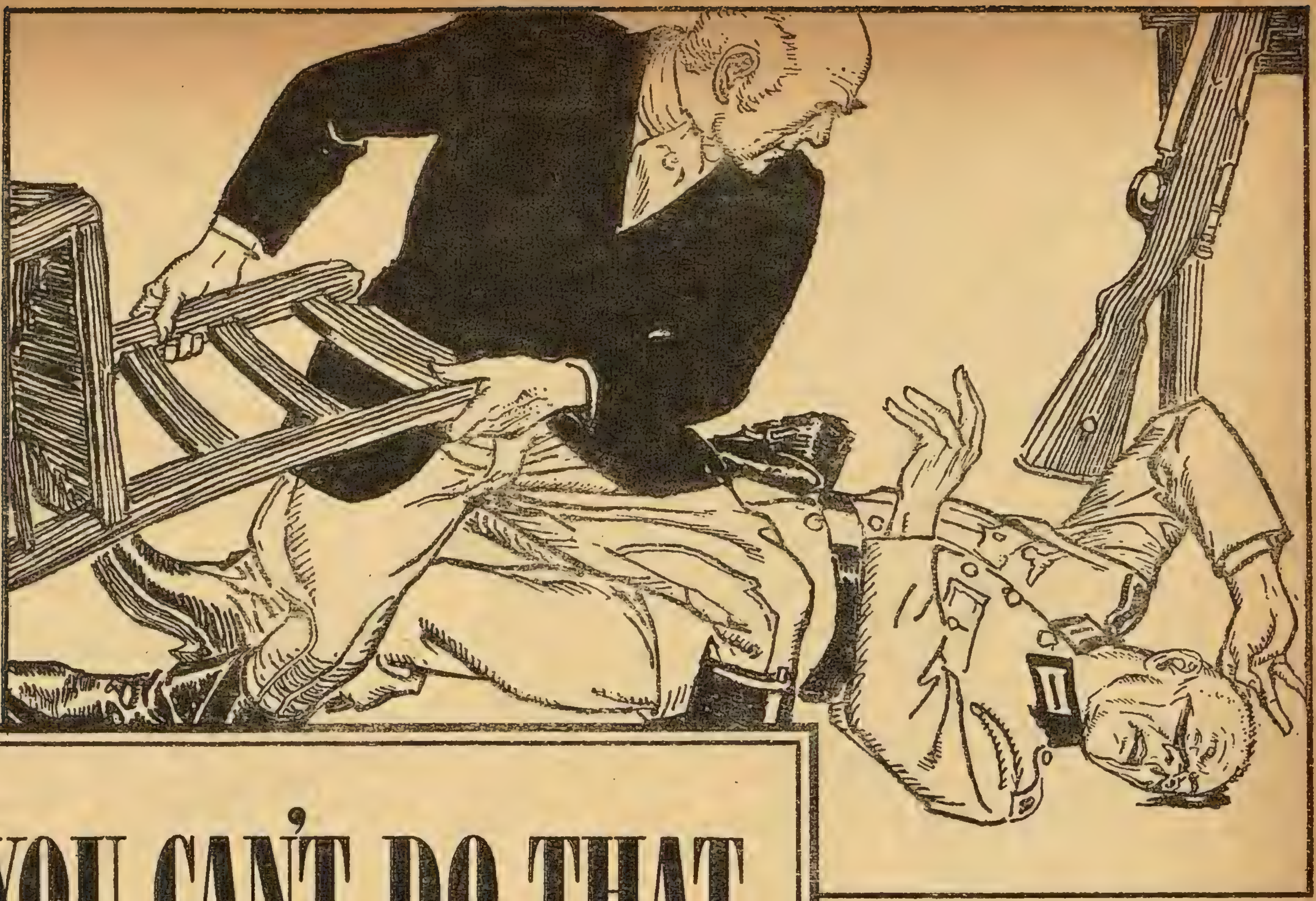

"YOU CAN'T DO THAT TO SVOBODA"

A Novel By

JOHN PEN

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK CHAPMAN

A Liberty Book Condensation
READING TIME ONE EVENING

Hitler's boys could push him around, they could frame him and send him to a concentration camp, they could get him to heil Hitler—but when they muscled in on his $10.97, this Czech got mad. "You can't do that," he said, "to Svoboda."

SVOBODA was the town porter. If it be true that the laws of supply and demand supplement one another, his existence was nothing short of an economic anomaly. Only two trains daily stopped in town, two smoky, sooty, senile, snail-paced locals, chiefly serving commuters to the factory town, who went in by the six-forty and returned by the seven-ten, needless to say, without luggage. There were virtually no other passengers. Only embittered salesmen, unsuccessful in livelier markets, might occasionally stop in the town with a bagful of samples. Such were Svoboda's business opportunities.

Yet he continued as a porter for nearly a quarter of a century. The only explanation for this phenomenon was his unparalleled stupidity. The townspeople used to show it off to visitors, watching the effect with almost fatherly pride.

And, to be sure, the fellow was no common sight. He was a big clumsy brute, over six feet tall and strong as an ox, but his tiny baby-blue eyes peered innocently at the world. Perched in his coarse, weather-beaten countenance, they were like a pair of gay little sparrows who had strayed into some grim, forbidding crag to build their nest. His cheekbones jutted out almost at right angles to his formidable chin. His square head was crowned by an unkempt mop of flaming hair, pruned by Svoboda himself once every three months with the stationmaster's shears.

Svoboda wasn't really his name at all. Some one had used it in fun many years before, when a murderer called Svoboda was wanted in those parts, and the name had stuck. The word is Czech for liberty. In Bohemia and Moravia, long oppressed by lack of liberty, the name is as common as Smith is in Boston.

He was born in darkest Slovakia, where the peasants live on potatoes the year around and tuberculosis and goiter thrive like hardy perennials in well manured soil. He had never seen his father, though his mother used to tell him that he would come to see them sometime. He wasn't a bad sort, she used to say, but he was a river raftsman and the current carried him so far. Svoboda worshiped his mother—"mahmmy," as he called her in

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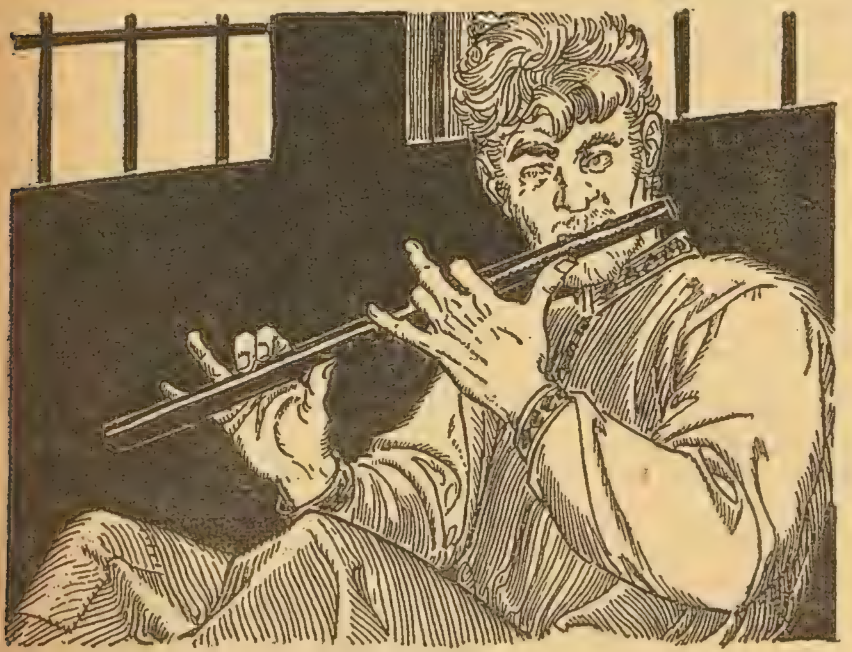
his thick Slovak dialect. "Poor mahmmy," he would say. "She living today if not dot draft."

His fear of drafts was a standing joke. Sometimes, when the stationmaster was out, idle clerks would throw their doors and windows wide open and call Svoboda just to see him run.

Svoboda was fourteen when "mahmmy" died. That was back in 1905. Happy days, according to the nostalgic chroniclers of the Habsburg Monarchy. But the lower classes must have been cursed with lack of vision, for they never seemed to notice how happy they were. The orphaned child nearly starved to death. Woodcutters found him in the forest, bloody from the blows of an irate farmer who had caught him stealing apricots. After this a kindhearted peasant took the lad in and let him work ten hours a day for the poorest of fare and the privilege of sleeping in the barn with the cows.

When Svoboda reached military age the state for the first time took an interest in him, presenting him with a gun and providing for his bodily welfare on the chance that, given an opportunity, he might develop a useful talent for murder. The investment proved sound. Two years later war broke out, and Svoboda earned gobs of decorations; but in 1915 he was shipped home with eighteen shrapnel fragments in his body. When the wounds were more or less healed, they sent him to a soldiers' rest home in this little town.



Idle for the first time in his life, Svoboda was thoroughly bored. He took to visiting the station because he liked to watch the trains he had first ridden when they took him soldiering. As he was sitting on the platform one day, a newly arrived convalescent asked him to carry his pack. Svoboda obliged and received a crown for his pains. The following day he was at the station offering his services to new arrivals. After that Svoboda was the town porter.

Years passed. The massacre came to a temporary halt. The convalescent home was discontinued and the little town had no earthly use for a porter. But Svoboda remained at the station. Why? Just because he happened to be there. And because a man has to eat, he somehow made a living. A man with an ounce of brains would have dissipated his energies trying to scare up the rent. Svoboda moved his trunk to the baggage room and there he kept all his earthly goods. His actual lodging was the waiting room. Every night, when the seven-ten was gone and the station lights were dimmed, Svoboda strewed fresh hay on the floor and lay down to sleep. He slept so soundly that in twenty years the midnight express to Prague had never wakened him once. By the time the six-forty commuters arrived in the morning he had put the room in order. Passengers, to be sure, only used the waiting room in the worst of weather, such was Svoboda's personal odor.

Tailor bills had no place in Svoboda's life. The suits which he donned for the first time had usually been paid for ten to fifteen years before. Not that he got them for nothing. Oh, no! There was none of that sort of nonsense about the townspeople. Svoboda worked hard for his wardrobe. Whenever a grand house cleaning was projected, the hired girl would be sent for him. His hire, aside from meals, would consist of old shoes, a threadbare shirt, a bit of underwear. These precious articles had to be worked off in installments, for there was no garment, regardless how ancient, which the townspeople did not value above a day of Svoboda's endeavors.

In the absence of old clothes, the master of the house would slip him a few coins, which Svoboda acknowledged with a cheery "Denk ya." Though he clung to every copper as though his salvation depended on it, he disdained to count the money till his employer was out of sight. The railway clerks sometimes sent him on errands, and early in the month, while their pay held out, they gave him small tips. Svoboda was at everybody's service, and acknowledged the smallest gratuity with an appreciative grin.

People treated him like a big good-natured animal, and Svoboda didn't seem to mind. He enjoyed the best of spirits at a time when intelligent people by the thousands were finding the sole solution to their economic ills in poison, illuminating gas, and small arms. He thought, in fact, that he had everything a man could desire.

He even had a mistress, a lady with a house of her own. The house, to be sure, was a dilapidated shack; but a house it was, inherited from her late husband. He had died of delirium tremens, leaving as his whole estate the miserable cabin beside the town dump.

Every two or three months some men drove out from the city to collect rags, glass, metal, wood, and rubber from the junk pile. These articles, the widow learned, could be sold to junk dealers in the factory town. When her husband's death left her penniless, she decided to profit by her proximity to the gold mine. Next time the scavengers came, they found nothing of value on the dump, while all salable material lay in the widow's back yard, sorted in neat piles and ready to ship. At first they were furious, but recognizing that their claim was no better than hers, they soon came to terms.

So the widow lived by the dump. Like a great bloated hen, she scratched around the garbage all day long. But evening found her freshly brushed and scoured, ready to welcome Svoboda with a tasty supper. She was a big dark woman of forty, and she adored the redheaded giant. The townspeople said that she used to spy on him and make terrible scenes if she saw him with any other woman. Svoboda was teased no end about it.

"Why don't you marry the old girl?" people would ask. "You'd have a house to live in."

"Dot's right," Svoboda would answer proudly, without proffering any explanation.

BUT he had a good reason for not wanting to marry. He was holding out on his cash. Yes, indeed. Svoboda had money in the bank. Three hundred and eighteen sokols in the Community Savings Bank. It had taken him twenty-five years to accumulate this ten dollars and ninety-seven cents. His well-wishers kept assuring him that his wife wouldn't be able to draw a penny of it without his consent. But Svoboda stuck to his guns. He would frequently cite the sad example of an engineer on the trunk-line local who had had four hundred and twenty sokols saved up and lost it all when his wife was taken ill.

"You no godda pay for sveetheart; you godda pay for vife. Dot's de law."

Yet Svoboda loved the old girl, in his fashion. He may have been deficient in gray matter, but he had a big heart. Nights in the darkened station, he played on a crude homemade flute, simple little ditties he had learned from "mahmmy," Slavic airs deep and despairing as the sigh of poverty.

This was his life for nearly a quarter of a century; and thus would he have gone on till his dying day had he not suddenly been promoted to the rank of political assassin.

It happened in the spring of 1939 while the German army was "conquering" Czechoslovakia without firing a shot. The weather in March that year was unspeakable. Spring lagged woefully. Towering drifts of snow covered the fields. On the night of the 14th a gale blew in from the hills. By morning the signs were gone from half the shops in town and uprooted trees by the dozens dotted the near-by woods.

No one appeared at the café that day. Even the one-armed colonel failed to come down, for he, like half the town, had caught cold and the doctor had ordered him to bed. The morning train failed to come in. Whether it was snowbound or the run had been canceled was anybody's guess, for the telephone lines were down. No papers arrived and the radio was worse than useless in the blizzard.

Five continents were holding their breath at the grim gangland melodrama which in another twenty-four hours was to overrun their lives. But here the old people huddled beside their tall porcelain stoves suspecting nothing. By nine that night the whole town was asleep. Darkened cottages cowered amid the snowdrifts like patient dromedaries in the desert. Toward nightfall the blizzard had subsided, but the wind still drove the snow down the deserted lanes. In the forest the giant pine trees groaned like old-time ghosts.

AT about two in the morning a huge truck rumbled into Masaryk Square and a detachment of storm troopers sprang to the ground, armed to the teeth. They proceeded to "disarm" the three genial, white-haired local gendarmes who were sleeping the sleep of the righteous, their hot-water bottles slowly cooling at the hem of their long nightgowns.

This occurred four hours before the "official" German invasion. The little town owed the early visit to its situation along the main line of the Prague-Berlin railway, which the storm troopers had been detailed to guard. Over it their Führer was to pass on his memorable ride to Prague.

From the police station the Germans went to the post office. Their orders were to seize all public buildings first. Unfortunately, the post office was deserted. The place closed regularly at six; it was also the local telephone exchange but after that hour you couldn't even put in a call. The loyal myrmidons broke in the door and "invested" the premises. One callow warrior stretched out on the postmaster's couch, hugging his automatic like a faithful mistress, and was soon fast asleep.

Three of the storm troopers stayed aboard the truck. One was the commander of the detail, a six-footer twenty-seven or -eight years old. He had straw-colored hair, an utterly expressionless countenance, and a tiny skull so round that his detractors generally referred to him as "Bullethead." With him were two lesser noncoms of twenty-four or -five, also with light hair, blue eyes, and utterly dead pans.

While their comrades "held" the public buildings, these three, on pretense of searching for arms, swooped down on the more prosperous citizens and divested their terrified victims of all cash, jewelry, and other valuables in sight. They apparently reasoned that if the Führer could steal all of Czechoslovakia just because there was no one to defend her, his loyal followers might just as well help themselves to the hard-won treasures of her equally defenseless citizens. They could scarcely have understood the devotion and industry with which these quiet country folk had scraped together their few treasures.

Next morning the town was like a patient waking hazily from an anesthetic. Before the main body of Germans had rumbled off in their truck, the storm troopers had hoisted the swastika over the town hall, and white cardboard signs saying *Adolph Hitler Platz* in big awkward letters had been pasted over the street signs in Masaryk Square. People on the street exchanged mute stares and many cried like babes.

To be sure, they knew nothing about politics. Their remoteness from the witches' caldron where the fate of nations is brewed, and their proximity to the graveyard on the hill, took the edge off words and ideas. Yet for centuries these quiet, middle-class folk had dreamed of the thing symbolized by the man whose name had just been pasted over. Masaryk meant freedom, humane living. When they saw that other name over his, they felt as though their fathers' graves had been polluted.

After this, nothing seemed impossible. The old gentlemen at the café spoke together in tense whispers and peered around anxiously after every sentence. Every few minutes the terrified proprietor came to the door with his finger to his lips.

At about half past eight Mr. Novotny, the town lawyer, walked into the café. An irascible little man with high blood pressure, he seemed ready to burst if any one so much as touched him. He forgot the usual greetings and went straight to the mayor, who was sitting with the idle old gentlemen because storm troopers barred the way to his office. Mr. Novotny handed the mayor some closely typed papers constituting a complaint against the nocturnal marauders. It was addressed to German military headquarters and intended to be signed by all those whose homes had been plundered.

Every one was delighted at the idea. It seemed that the trio had gone a-looting of their own initiative.

"In that case," the mayor comfortably declared, "the authorities are sure to make them return the stolen goods."

It occurred to the old gentlemen that by the time the complaint reached headquarters the three rogues might get away or dispose of their loot. They decided to chip in for a long-distance call to Prague, and Mr. Novotny repaired to the telephone exchange.

The storm trooper on duty fired question after question at him. "Whom do you want to call?" . . . "Why?" . . . "For what purpose?" There was nothing for the lawyer to do but lie his way to freedom. He was only too glad to find himself on the street again with his errand unaccomplished.

Unfortunately for the town, he had another idea. He recalled that there was a direct line running from the railroad station to a near-by manufacturing center, where, he felt certain, there must be some sort of German command. He let the Czech stationmaster in on the story and obtained his permission to make the call. The storm troopers detailed to the station were out inspecting the tracks, as the Führer's train was scheduled to pass that way in a few hours. Mr. Novotny put through his call without interference, instructing the stationmaster at the other end to enter the complaint.

IT was by then nine o'clock. Upstairs in the hotel the one-armed colonel was just hearing what had happened from the maid who brought his breakfast. His cold—though not severe in itself—had brought on an attack of the gout he had acquired in the trenches, and his joints plagued him inhumanly. Wretched with pain, he had taken a double dose of sedative at nine o'clock the night before and had slept through the entire commotion.

He went to the window and saw the swastika waving over the town hall. Instantly he grew so pale that the girl expected him to faint. But he was made of sterner stuff. He only stood there, white as a sheet in his old-fashioned braided dressing gown with its right sleeve hanging empty from the shoulder, and never said a word.

Colonel Fiala's right arm had been carried off by a German shell in 1917. Drafted by the Austro-Hungarian army at the outbreak of the war, he had deserted to the Russians in the fall of 1914 and, along with thousands of his countrymen, had fought against Austria and Germany for Czech independence. Four years later—when the old dream came true and the Czech flag waved over the Hradzin—he had come back a colonel, one arm gone but his chest covered with decorations.

He had at once retired to the sleepy little town and had never again spoken of the war. Even at patriotic celebrations he wore civilian clothes. He sat beside the mayor on all festive occasions, and speakers always referred to him as the "pride of our town." At that he would blink uneasily and signal the audience with awkward little gestures to stop applauding.

A square-shouldered, muscular little man, the colonel was the type that never grows fat. Whenever he stepped out the front door of God's Eye, as the first owner had for some unaccountable reason named the hotel, he looked like a man about to go courting. Summer and winter, he wore a stiff wing collar and a freshly pressed snow-white cravat set off by a tiny golden horseshoe inlaid with rubies. He always wore striped light gray trousers, a solid gray jacket, and a white silk waistcoat. His coarse short hair made the top of his head look like a great brush with silver bristles. His white handlebar mustache was always perfectly trimmed, his cheeks were always close-shaven.

His father had been a doorman at the porcelain works in the town near by. Young Fiala had enrolled in the commercial course at high school, and immediately after graduation had obtained a position in the accounting department. Without elbowing his way, he plugged along year after year until it seemed certain that he would be appointed head bookkeeper as soon as the incumbent should retire. He secretly planned to propose to Jarmilla, the head bookkeeper's daughter, as soon as he had his appointment. He had worshiped her as long as he could remember, and showed his adoration by growing gloomier and more taciturn than ever in her presence.

Jarmilla was a rather giddy creature. She hadn't the slightest inkling of his passion. If she thought of him at all, it was to find him rather boring. Yet the young man, accompanied by Mr. Vesely, his bosom friend, made frequent trips to the little town, where he looked longingly at a three-room cottage that was available on "reasonable terms." He hoped to buy the place on the installment plan, as soon as he received his appointment, and settle down there with Jarmilla and their two children. Yes—he had made up his mind there would be two, a boy and a girl.

But he never got to be head bookkeeper. The assistant chief clerk was appointed instead, because, as luck would have it, his right leg was an inch or so shorter than his left and that exempted him from the draft. Jarmilla married the new head bookkeeper in the first year of the war. By the time the colonel came back, minus an arm, they had two children, a boy and a girl, and were living in a three-room cottage. Passing by on summer days, the colonel sometimes saw them, the man in his shirt sleeves weeding, Jarmilla working at her embroidery, the children shrieking. Or else the whole family would be taking tea beneath the old walnut tree.

Then the colonel would drop in on his friend Mr. Vesely and, after prolonged silences, speak of getting married, after all. From time to time he looked at cottages and sometimes even entered a bid. He always looked upon his lodgings at the hotel as temporary. "Until I find something suitable," he told the hotelkeeper when he moved in. For secretly he hoped to meet *the woman fate held in store for him.* That was how he thought of her—in italics. He was always waiting for her, and that may have been why he took such meticulous care of his appearance.

ON this March morning, two hours after he had heard the maid's story and seen the evidence of its truth, the old gentleman appeared on Main Street in full uniform and service belt, his decorations gleaming on his chest. Beside him marched two youths carrying a wreath in the national colors—the largest wreath ever seen in those parts.

Passers-by stopped to stare as though he were a ghost. They expected the earth to open up and swallow him, but for the time being nothing happened. The storm troopers were still out patrolling the tracks. The sun had come out and the snow was melting rapidly.

More and more people joined the colonel. Silently they passed through the streets like a prodigious funeral procession. By the time they reached St. Wenceslas Square there must have been two hundred of them. At that time the memorial to the Unknown Soldier, since demolished by the Germans, dominated the square. The people crowded silently around the memorial. It was a poor statue, touching in its awkwardness. Yet in that instant it gained a compelling new significance. The inscription round its base ran: *He died that Czechoslovakia might be free.*

The two lads deposited the wreath at the foot of the memorial. In the silence you could hear the breeze rustling through the laurel leaves. The colonel froze to attention. Raising the arm which the German shell had overlooked, he saluted stiffly. All hats were doffed and the silent, bareheaded throng pressed around the saluting colonel. Then suddenly, though no one person seemed to start it, they were all singing the national anthem: *Gde domov muj?* . . . My country, where art thou?

A woman cried out. The sound released a hidden spring. Sobs welled up throughout the crowd. The men stared rigidly or blew their noses, but not a few of them tasted salt tears as they sang.

They were up to the third stanza when a heavy rumble of wheels was heard from the direction of the station. A moment later the storm troopers' truck was upon them. The Germans fired into the air before turning the corner. The crowd scattered. An instant later nothing remained but the colonel and a battered black hat that had been lost in the scuffle.

The storm troopers jumped down and rushed at the colonel with poised rifles, as though storming an enemy dugout. The old gentleman remained standing at the foot of the Unknown Soldier, his left hand raised in salute.

An hour later he was still unconscious in the lock-up. And then a sudden turn of events made him vitally important to the Germans.

THE stationmaster of the factory town, who had answered Lawyer Novotny's phone call, was courageous enough to lodge the complaint. Headquarters sprang into action at once. Nowhere are offenders against property so conscientiously prosecuted as in Nazi Germany. Burglars and robbers are held to be engaged in unlawful competition with the state. A sergeant was delegated to look into the matter.

The sergeant arrived toward noon. The storm troopers were still guarding the tracks, as the exact time of the Führer's arrival had not been announced. The sergeant could find no one in authority excepting the storm trooper at the police station. He told him what he was after, but the man had no information to offer. He had been on duty at the station all night and no complaint had reached him.

"The story sounds nuts to me," said the trooper. "The people here are all het up. They almost had a riot this morning."

The sergeant—a big bleary-eyed fellow—was enjoying his authority. He took copious notes, then sent the trooper after his commander.

This was not strictly regular. The patrol had been detailed to the railway, and the sergeant had no right to call the commander from his post. But the sergeant never thought of it in that light. He was hungry, he wanted his lunch; and he was delighted with his ephemeral power.

When Bullethead heard of the sergeant's arrival, he and his fellow marauders repaired to the baggage room and engaged in a heated council of war. The stationmaster, who happened to be outside under the window, overheard them.

After the conference Bullethead went to the hotel and reported to the sergeant; his companions hurried off toward the railroad bridge. The stationmaster looked out the window and saw them carrying something heavy. Later he noticed that a crate of dynamite sent from Prague the week before for use in road building had disappeared from the storeroom.

Bullethead reported to the sergeant. He had discovered during the night that the railway bridge had been mined, and had consequently ordered a house-to-house search. The complaint, he declared, was a hoax intended to distract attention from the real criminals. The sergeant, convinced that Bullethead was telling the truth, visited the scene of the crime, inspected the corpus delicti.

"And they have the crust to make complaints!" he cried, shaken by the bottomless corruption of the human species.

The bogus plot was working. But where there is an attempted assassination there must also be an assassin, an instigator, or at the very least a suspect. Bullethead couldn't have wished for a better culprit at short notice than the colonel. He was finally brought to by Dr. Burian, the local physician, and the Germans informed him that he had been attempting to blow up the bridge—or at any rate inciting others to blow it up.

Only the stationmaster could have saved him. He had heard the storm troopers cooking up their story, and he possessed documentary proof. For, with typical German thoroughness, the storm trooper who had relieved him of his responsibilities the night before had prepared an inventory. At that time the explosives were in the storeroom—in fact, that was the first they had heard of any explosives. At four in the morning, when the storm trooper completed his elaborate inventory, the crate was still in place. But Bullethead's story to the sergeant was that he had ordered the search at three, after having discovered explosives beneath the bridge. Errors were ruled out, for the conscientious storm trooper had recorded the number and description of the crate in the storeroom, and they tallied with those of the corpus delicti.

This bit of incontrovertible evidence lay in the stationmaster's desk. But he opened neither his mouth nor the desk. The poor fellow was already overwhelmed with his own troubles.

His eldest son, who had left school the previous summer, had been unable to find a job. He was loafing and flirting all day long and seemed headed straight for the dogs. The stationmaster's daughter, not yet sixteen, was another headache. He had recently caught her in the arms of a slimy express clerk who always reeked of barbershops and was ready to take up with any unkempt gypsy wench, provided her demands on his pocketbook were not excessive. The stationmaster's wife had just gone to Prague for more radium treatments. Her illness had run him up to his neck in debt, and he knew that she was incurable—the doctor had told him so a year before.

The stationmaster knew that the colonel was in jeopardy of his life and that he alone could save him; but how could he risk losing his job at such a time?

The doctor's conscience was less pliable. He reported for a hearing before the investigating committee, though the colonel's torn flesh which he had just bandaged might have warned him of the methods employed by the sons of Wotan. He himself had a bad heart and nearly collapsed under the strain. Yet he stood up to the glorified sergeant and spoke in quiet, measured tones.

"It is quite beyond the realm of the possible," he said. "The patient hadn't left his room for five days. Last night he was so ill he could scarcely move."

"How do you explain, then," Bullethead interrupted scathingly, with a side glance at the sergeant, "that this helpless patient of yours was well enough to stage a patriotic demonstration this morning?"

"Such phenomena may be accounted for by an unusual set of psychic and—"

In a voice that shook the windowpanes Bullethead cut him short:

"Do you or don't you know what happened this morning?"

"Yes, I know."

"Very well, then," Bullethead snapped. That ended the discussion.

IN the end the doctor was glad to get away unharmed. But his conscience gave him no rest. He was deeply religious. From the police station he hurried across the square to the church. The church was deserted. Breathless and giddy, the old man stopped in the half-light to feel his pulse. "Alarming," he mumbled softly, as though afraid the patient might overhear him. As a physician he harbored no doubts about the twitchings of his heart. With a curious professional detachment, he opened his worn bag, took out some pills, and swallowed them. Then, having rested his hat and bag near the altar rail, he knelt slowly down, like a man coming home at the end of a weighty task.

When he had recited the Lord's Prayer for the third time, he suddenly knew that, regardless of what happened, he would not desert the colonel. The realization filled him with unutterable peace. He made the sign of the cross and rose. Then, like a man intent on urgent business, he hurried across to the hotel.

The men who had signed the complaint were in the café, waiting to be called to the police station. But the doctor gave them a wide berth and went straight to the kitchen, where he told the help about the charge against the colonel. The servants were in despair. The hotel had few employees, and all were perfectly positive that the colonel had not left his room for five days previous to that very morning. They all loved the old man, who was always kind and considerate to the humblest of them.

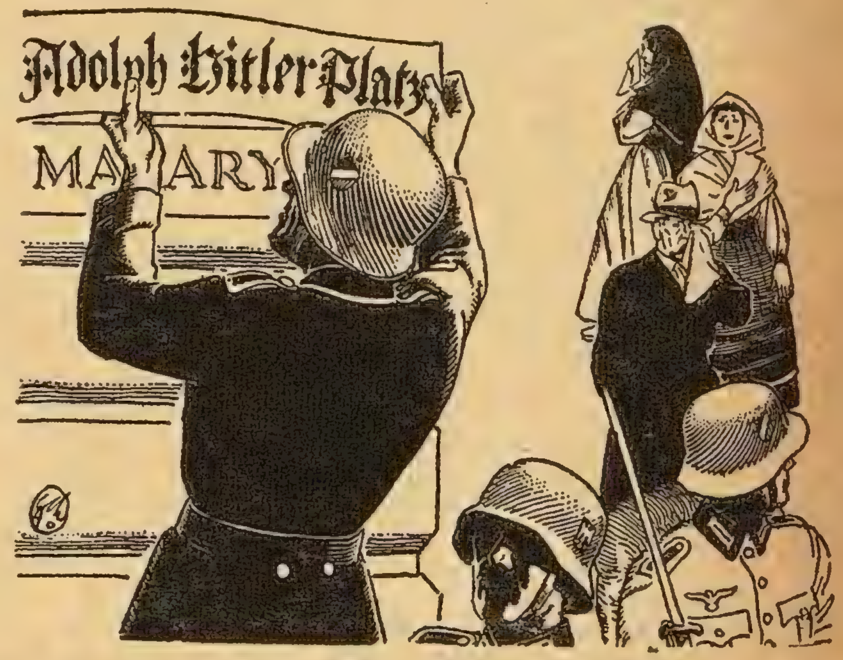
When the gentlemen in the café learned that the doctor was leading a delegation to the police, they decided to join him.

"See how quickly they have acted on our complaint," they said. "Maybe they believe in justice, after all."

The doctor deliberately neglected to mention how the luckless colonel had fared, and, full of confidence, the gathering set out.

"Eintritt verboten!" barked the storm trooper on guard at the door of the police station.

Only after lengthy negotiations did he even consent to announce them. Half an hour passed, then an hour. The delegation stood shivering in the gathering dusk. Passers-by began to join them. A crowd formed, all heatedly discussing the recent events. A sharp icy wind blew down from the hills. Snow began to fall.



Night came. Shops, offices, and stores closed. Homeward-bound clerks and salespeople joined the crowd on the square. The new arrivals were a tougher breed than the retired old men. Voices grew louder. The pulse of the crowd quickened dangerously. Some one shouted:

"Justice!"

The word found an echo in the hearts of the crowd—quiet and cautious at first, then loud and demanding. At length all were shouting it. The word gathered volume like an avalanche. The crowd no longer demanded justice for the colonel, but for the whole country, the whole world, for all the weary, broken, and oppressed.

"Justice!"

Bullethead looked out of the window at the black mass of seething humanity. He knew he had only to pick up the receiver and in fifteen minutes there would be so many soldiers in town that the citizens would be sorry they had ever even mentioned justice. But that was just what he didn't want to do. Headquarters might start an investigation and get to the bottom of the whole business.

The sergeant was still questioning the colonel, who by this time was half dead and nearly speechless. Bullethead was no fool. He took the sergeant to one side. After a whispered interchange between the two, the old man was led away. Bullethead then told the sentry to admit the delegation.

His reasoning proved correct. The crowd was at once appeased. They were cold and hungry, and little by little they dispersed. Only a few die-hards remained, determined to learn what the delegation had accomplished.

Bullethead heard the witnesses with a courtesy that amazed them. He pretended that their testimony was important. He assured them that the law would strike the guilty without mercy. Presently he got rid of the hotel personnel. Only the authors of the complaint remained in the room.

There was a momentary silence. Bullethead quietly perused his papers. And then he changed his tone.

"Is Mr. Novotny present?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir," the lawyer replied, his heart skipping a beat.

Bullethead looked him over from head to foot, like a butcher about to knock off a steer.

"So you're the one!" he roared. "I see by this report that you have lodged a complaint against the storm troopers under my command."

Mr. Novotny's few remaining strands of hair stuck to his perspiring scalp. His face was a portrait of terror.

"I was acting on behalf of my clients," he advanced at length.

Bullethead knew that this was not the truth—not the whole truth, at any rate. He himself had robbed the lawyer's lodgings.

"Do you mean," he asked, "that you were only following instructions?"

Now the others were panic-stricken. They saw that the lawyer was trying to wiggle out over their dead bodies. He could feel the impact of their stares.

"I am a lawyer, sir," he answered evasively.

Bullethead smiled amiably and offered Novotny a chair—a symbolic gesture ending all semblance of equality between the lawyer and his unfortunate clients, who stood shifting from foot to foot.

"I must," he said to the lawyer, "have the complaint in writing, including the names and addresses of all complainants. Because"—here he suddenly raised his voice, while his eyes darted lightnings at the terrified group—"because I propose to institute punitive measures against them. The grave and unwarranted charges against the squad under my command are an attack on the German defense forces—consequently an offense against constituted authority." He arose and shook hands with Mr. Novotny without a glance at the others.

"That is all, sir."

The old gentlemen went home and those who had any taste left for food ate supper. Such as were married talked the matter over with their wives. The ladies listened to the whole wretched story, then, as though by prearrangement, answered in almost identical words:

"We are not signing that complaint, my dear."

After supper the men met at Novotny's office for the supposed purpose of signing the complaint. What they actually did was instruct the lawyer to go to police headquarters the first thing in the morning and withdraw the complaint.

But Mr. Novotny didn't wait until morning. Half an hour later he was in Bullethead's presence, stammering, "You see—that is—I became convinced that the complaint was unfounded, and so—I have—er—induced my clients to withdraw it." After a moment's pause he continued solemnly: "And furthermore, to afford the maligned parties full satisfaction, I have prepared a review of the case, including an unconditional apology on the part of my clients."

OF course Mr. Novotny had received no instructions for an apology, but this made no great difference to him. Smiling modestly, he handed the paper to Bullethead, who in turn placed it on the table before the sergeant, much as a victorious general might place the key to a conquered city at his prince's feet.

After the lawyer departed, Bullethead went into a huddle with his two friends who were waiting for him in his room. They had overdone things. The complaint to cover which they had invented the plot had ceased to exist, but the plot went marching on. If headquarters should get wind of an attempt to blow up the Führer's train, the secret police would take things in hand, and that would be the end of the three musketeers.

They came to the conclusion that the colonel was not a fit assassin, because he attracted too much attention, and that another candidate must promptly be found. What they needed was a simple, reliable assassin with no friends or family; some one they could liquidate without undue excitement when the time came.

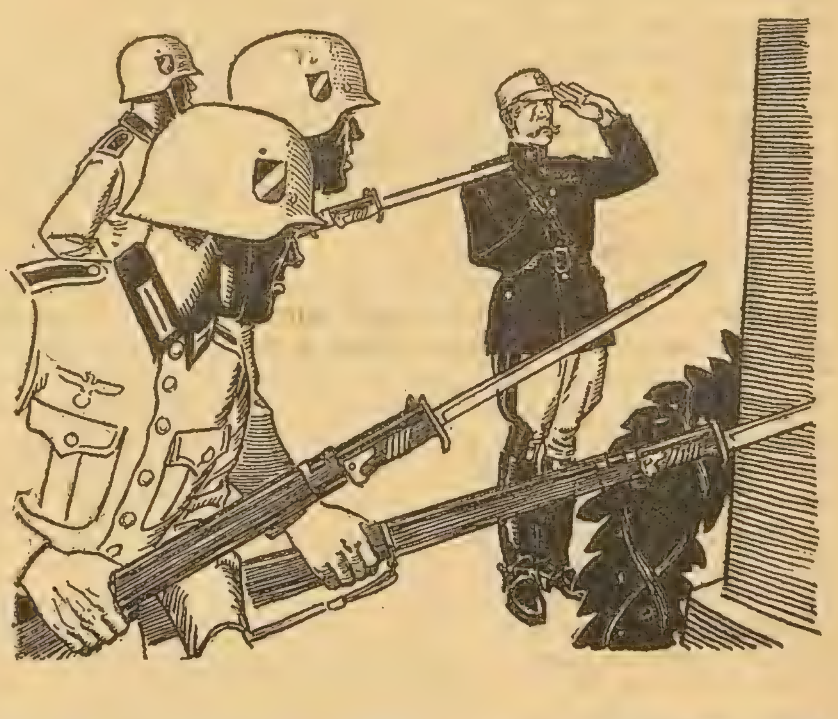
The storm troopers, while this conference was going on, were walking the tracks in the ungodly blizzard, on the lookout for the Führer's train. Hitler had arrived in Prague that afternoon—by automobile, at that—but no one had thought to let them know. Such are the precautions taken to safeguard the Führer's life.

Shortly before eleven a storm trooper named Schmatz, just relieved from duty, came upon Svoboda snoring in the waiting room, and shook him awake. It was the first time in twenty years that such a thing had happened to Svoboda. Everybody, including the stationmaster, knew that he slept there, and no one had ever thought of disturbing his slumbers. Taking this stranger for some sort of tourist who had lost his way, Svoboda sleepily directed him to the express office for information. The German, who knew no Czech, took Svoboda's words for an insult to his nation.

"Get the hell out of here!" he yelled, prodding him in the ribs with his muddy boot. That in itself was all right with Svoboda. His people had for centuries been prodded in the ribs with muddy boots. But suddenly he felt sharp bits of glass in his pocket on the side where he had been kicked. That was a graver matter.

The stationmaster's daughter had given Svoboda a nickel watch for Christmas, in recognition of his services as Cupid's postman between herself and the sweet-smelling express clerk. The watch was a worthless bauble, but Svoboda was in love with it. He used to sit listening to its loud tick for minutes on end, his eyes full of rapture.

"My vatch!" he yelped, and raised it unsteadily to his ear. It was ticking, but the crystal had been broken to smithereens. He leaped up, yelling at the storm trooper, "Vot for you kick my vatch? You pay—you pay quick! I get de law on you."



Schmatz understood not a word. "State your business at once!" he screamed in German.

Svoboda shouted back in Czech, and he waved the watch under the storm trooper's nose to show him what he had done. In the end, Schmatz was so provoked that he knocked the watch out of Svoboda's hand. Such was the porter's rage that an instant later the gallant son of the Nibelungs lay stretched out in the snow without so much as a "Heil Hitler."

If Svoboda didn't stop to kill him, it was only because his thoughts were on the watch. He knelt down and began to feel around the straw for his treasure. By the time he found it, the German had vanished in the darkness. And this was just as well for him. The watch had stopped. To Svoboda it was as though they had killed his child. He burst into tears.

Just then three storm troopers, led by Schmatz, rushed into the waiting room. So many of Svoboda's ancestors had been slapped and arrested for no cause that, though he had no idea what newfangled authority the men represented, he went along with them quietly, thinking of his watch. That was the only thing that really hurt.

The storm trooper in charge at the police station was a Sudeten and spoke Czech fluently. Even so, he couldn't make much sense out of Svoboda's story. He recognized that the poor fool had less harm in him than a sheep, but he decided to hold the fellow overnight.

AT the time of the colonel's arrest, his friend Mr. Vesely was in Prague. He returned that evening. After supper he remembered that he had stayed away some days longer than he had given the colonel to expect. Jan, his servant, had just come in to close the windows.

"Has the colonel been looking for me?" asked Mr. Vesely, suppressing a yawn.

And then Jan told him what had happened. For some moments Mr. Vesely stood speechless, frozen to the spot. Then he rushed into the foyer and put on his fur-lined greatcoat. Jan guessed his intention.

"No use going to the police, sir." And he described the evening's events on Masaryk Square.

"In that case," said Mr. Vesely, "go and tell Mr. Novotny I want to see him on urgent business."

Mr. Vesely was a fine figure of a man, tall and robust. At first glance no one would have taken him for a day over fifty, though actually he was well along in his sixties. He still rose early and rode horseback for four hours every morning all year round. The strong mountain air had beaten his handsome features ruddy. He had all his teeth except two or three at the back, and he had no need of glasses. A garland of snowy, slightly tousled hair wreathed his bald dome and continued in sideburns down to his jaw. He wore no mustache, and this—like his valet, his horseback riding, and the fact that he was divorced—was looked on as an eccentricity by the townspeople. He had little in common with his friend the colonel beyond his incurable loneliness and his economy of words.

Every one claimed to know some romantic and mildly indecent story about him, and these fictions were exchanged in awesome whispers. Actually no one knew anything. The mere fact that he used to go away three or four times a year "for no visible reason" smacked of romance. Actually the old fellow was just bored. His circumstances were comfortable and his pension gave him a certain freedom of movement, so he developed the habit of taking a brief vacation every summer and of running up to Prague two or three times a year.

Once the mayor and his wife, spending two weeks in Karlsbad, saw him, as they breathlessly related, in the company of a "painted young woman." The "painted young woman," in point of fact, was well over forty. "But she was some looker," the mayor would say, clicking his tongue mischievously as if his wife wasn't present. And the mayor's wife, if no men were about, would whisper to her friends: "Now, I ask you, what sort of woman would be seen with an old pervert like him?" What the mayor's wife meant by "pervert" is not quite clear.

Nonetheless, Mr. Vesely enjoyed the highest esteem in town. He had lived there since childhood.

The old gentleman paced up and down his study until Mr. Novotny arrived and was shown in. The lawyer strove to look solemn and overcome with emotion; but this was a mistake. Vesely was the gruff, masculine sort, and emotional displays positively made him see spots.

In ponderous circumlocutions the lawyer began explaining what had happened. Mr. Vesely was on his guard from the first. The man was too cautious.

"As a private individual," said Novotny, "I consider the charge without foundation. As an attorney, however, I am bound to observe that there is considerable evidence to support it."

All very true. All very objective. Mr. Vesely, for his part, didn't care in the least whether or not the colonel had tried to blow up Hitler's train. He was interested solely in the best way of freeing him. He found it altogether compatible with his moral and religious principles to blow up some one who, if not blown up, would sooner or later blow up the whole world. Yet, had the colonel been charged with attempting to murder his own mother, Mr. Vesely's only thought would still have been to find a way of clearing him.

The lawyer resorted to all sorts of legal subtleties. "The storm troopers, my dear man, are only an administrative arm of the government in power, not a legal tribunal. Paragraph 263(x) of the Penal Code specifically states that charges may be prosecuted only by the formally designated authorities. Sooner or later, therefore, the case will come up before the proper courts, and then we shall have ample opportunity to prove the colonel's innocence—provided, of course, that he really is innocent."

Mr. Novotny leaped from statute to statute like a boy playing tag in the park.

"No financial sacrifice is too great," said Mr. Vesely suddenly, for want of anything better to say.

"In that case," observed the lawyer, visibly relieved, "I suggest that you find a more prominent attorney, a man with greater experience in criminal cases. Of course—you understand—I feel heart and soul for the accused. However—you understand—I'm only an unknown small-town lawyer."

The old gentleman listened to all this in silence. He made no objections and asked no questions. He just sat back in his chair, puffing clouds of smoke and staring at the ceiling. When the sweating fat man finally ran out of words, Mr. Vesely turned to him gently.

"By the way," he asked, "are you of German descent?"

"German?" the lawyer echoed. "How can you ask that? I don't want to brag, but ours is one of the oldest families in Bohemia."

"On both sides?" the old gentleman inquired in the same strange tone.

"Certainly," said the lawyer proudly. "All my ancestors on both sides were full-blooded Czechs as far back as 1526."

Mr. Vesely was well aware of this. Every one in town knew all about every one else; and besides, there was scarcely a man, woman, or child in that section of the country to whom Novotny had not bragged about his family tree. But Mr. Vesely continued mercilessly:

"No Jews in the family?"

"Jews?" snorted the lawyer, cut to the quick. "In my family? Really, I don't understand—" he began. Then for a moment he stopped, speechless with excitement. "How can you ask such—such—extraordinary questions?"

"I was only wondering," the old gentleman replied whimsically. Then, flicking the ash from his cigar, he rose with a strange little smile. "Very well, Mr. Novotny. Thank you."

The lawyer also got up—there was nothing else for him to do—and headed for the foyer. Halfway to the door, he stopped as though he had thought of something to say. For one thing, he had sustained a grave insult, and he didn't mean to let it pass. As long as things had gone so far, he might as well give the old pervert a piece of his mind. At the same time he had another impulse, equally compelling, to mend what he had apparently bungled. After all, this might not be the end, and there was no point in making enemies. Torn by conflicting emotions, he stood in the center of the room, at a loss for words.

MR. VESELY had no interest whatever in this spiritual tug of war.

"Bring the gentleman's coat, Jan," he ordered curtly, and left the lawyer stranded.

He waited till his caller had left, then bundled up in his greatcoat and went out, intending to call a lawyer he knew in Prague. Knowing that the post office closed at six, he went straight to the postmaster's house for special permission to make the call, in view of its urgency. The postmaster, of course, had to inform him that this was out of the question, since even during office hours personal calls could be made only with the storm troopers' consent.

The old gentleman walked on through the night. He couldn't go home, for he felt that he had to do something. He realized that there was nothing he could do until morning, but his legs, refusing to take note, dragged him aimlessly through the deserted streets. In the palsied, frozen silence, his steps echoed unnaturally along the icy cobblestones. As he passed the little cottages, seemingly wrapped in slumber, he saw heads popping up behind darkened windows, staring after him. The town slept restlessly that night.

Presently he found himself on Masaryk Square, facing the police station. He rang the bell. The storm trooper, aroused from sleep, looked questioningly at the late visitor. When he learned the nature of Vesely's errand, he answered with an oath and slammed the door in his face. Mr. Vesely went across the street to the hotel, and sat down at a window opposite police headquarters, as though that could help his friend.

The hotel had closed for the night. A single yellow light burned in the lobby. But the hotelkeeper was still awake. Ever since the storm troopers had checked in at the Sign of God's Eye, the poor man had been too terrified to sleep. Mr. Vesely ordered two measures of mulled wine and a box of cigars. He drew aside the curtain and stared across the street at the police station until dawn. By that time both the wine and the cigars were gone.

The sky over Masaryk Square was like a furnace with the fire barely kindled. Smoky red clouds raced disconsolately across the wind-swept dawn. It was bitter cold. The snowy square shone with a roseate blue gleam. Then suddenly a shaft of light shot through a hole in the clouds and, falling on the steeple, flooded the cross with radiance.

The old man arose and crossed the square to the church. Later on he claimed that he was only looking for the doctor, but this cannot have been strictly true. At this hour Dr. Burian was sure to be asleep; and besides, if a consultation was all Mr. Vesely wanted, the doctor's house was just down the street. But why question a man's motives for going to church?

At the accustomed hour the doctor actually did turn up. He told Mr. Vesely what the Germans had done to the colonel. Mr. Vesely said nothing, but his lips narrowed to a thin line as he listened. When the doctor had finished, Mr. Vesely said an abrupt good-by and started to go. But the doctor held on to his hand.

"Where are you going?"

"To the police station."

"You're wasting your time; they won't let you in."

"I know," said Mr. Vesely dryly. "But I'm going in, if it's the last thing I do."

The doctor knew his man. If Mr. Vesely said he was going in, that settled it. But there was bound to be trouble, and he wanted to avoid it. The best way, Dr. Burian decided, would be for him to go to the police station and ask permission for Mr. Vesely to see the colonel. The instant he reached that decision, he became dreadfully agitated and felt the familiar twitching at his heart. Yet he became strangely calmer as soon as he said, in a quiet professional tone, "You go back to the hotel and have breakfast. I'll go to the police and get you a permit."

At the police station his first thought was that they were playing a cruel joke on him. Bullethead offered him a chair and cigarettes.

"Last night," he declared joyously, "we caught the real criminal. It gives me great pleasure to say that the colonel"—he suddenly emphasized his rank—"is free to go home."

Bullethead was genuinely pleased to let the colonel go. He had just decided, after questioning his prisoner, Svoboda, that Svoboda was the perfect answer to his problem, and it only remained to make the town forget the affair as quickly as possible. Releasing the "pride of the town" was the first step in this direction.

Mr. Vesely was waiting at the door. He was barely able to conceal his dismay at sight of the colonel when the doctor led him out of the gendarmerie. The colonel tried to smile at his friend, but gave it up as a bad job. Though held up on either side, he had to stop for rest every five paces. It took them fully half an hour to get him to his room. Then, not without difficulty, they undressed him and put him to bed.

The doctor left to order some medicine. Mr. Vesely sat down at the colonel's bedside. And then he did something which he had never done in the half century of their friendship: he stroked the colonel's head. The colonel made another effort to smile.

"It's nothing," he said unsteadily. "Did you have a good time in Prague?"

Then he lapsed into unconsciousness.

SVOBODA was at the moment forlornly twisting the long typewritten sheet Bullethead had handed him.

"No can read, yer lordship," he finally admitted, breaking into a silly grin.

"Can't you write, either?"

Svoboda shook his head. "No can write, yer lordship."

"Then just put a cross beside your name."

"Me no draw, yer lordship."

They were alone in the room. Bullethead dipped his pen in the inkwell, and slowly, circumspectly, as though teaching a small child, showed him how and where to place the cross. "Get the idea?"

"Yes, yer lordship."

Bullethead called in a storm trooper and a Czech constable to witness that the "aforesaid Svoboda" had put his hand and seal to the document in question.

Svoboda had signed a full confession relating how, on the night of March 14—a night he had actually spent with the widow—he had with malice aforethought mined the railroad bridge with explosives filched from the station storeroom, in order to blow up the train bearing the Führer, whom he passionately abhorred.

Bullethead understood that this did not officially close the case. He realized that even German courts sometimes give the accused a hearing. The very possibility was disconcerting in the extreme. On the other hand, he knew that the Reich courts were gravely overworked; he had no wish to add to their burden. His idea was to liquidate the case under his own jurisdiction without any fuss and bother. Even German laws, to be sure, gave him no such authority, but Bullethead had thought up a solution which would not violate the letter of the law. You cannot have a charge without a defendant or a prosecution without a charge. If the defendant, having signed a full confession, should be shot while trying to escape, the confession, duly witnessed, and the report of the investigating authorities would be forwarded to headquarters, there read, filed, and indexed with true German thoroughness, and the dossier would be marked *"Erledigt,"* meaning "Closed."

POOR Svoboda did not even suspect that he was *erledigt*. Thanks to the free breakfast they had given him, he was feeling fine. Since he stood to make nothing on the six-forty, he figured that so far his arrest had been pure gain. His only cause for complaint was the broken window in his cell. Not that he was cold, but he was afraid of being in a draft when they opened the door. Everything else was all right. A fellow got pushed around sometimes, or stuck in the army. You had to take it.

He only wondered why they were making so much fuss over a nickel watch. Of course he had taken a poke at a party that turned out to be an authority; but then, the authority had broken his watch and had better shut up. What kind of authority were they, anyway? The guy with the bullethead, for instance. He was supposed to be the chief, but he spoke Czech even worse than himself, Slovak and private citizen that he was. And the authority who slapped him didn't know a word of Czech. How in blazes can a man who knows no Czech be an authority in Czechoslovakia?

He vaguely remembered that before the war, and during the war too, a foreigner had been running the country. An Austrian or something, with whiskers like Santa Claus, a fellow called Francis Joseph. Svoboda had taken a soldier's oath to serve the old fellow faithfully. Well, he had done his duty by him. What else could he do? But then the old boy died and some relation got the job—a neat young fellow with a little mustache, whatever his name was. They made Svoboda swear an oath to him, too.

But the young fellow got into trouble. It seems he couldn't speak Czech. He couldn't understand the Czechs, and they couldn't understand him. So of course it ended in a fight. They fired the young fellow with the little mustache and Mr. Masaryk got to be the what-you-call-it—anyway, he got the king's job. That was all right with Svoboda; he took his oath to Mr. Masaryk, too.

But what were they up to now, chattering like magpies in German? You'd think the old crowd was back. But they weren't the same. Svoboda had asked the authority who questioned him the night before if he was the Austrian king's man. No, the fellow had told him, he was not an Austrian but a German, and his boss was some one called Hitler. That was all right. But then the authority told him that now the Austrians were Germans too. Try and make sense out of that!

(Continued on page 45)

RICHY WALKS ALONE

Blindness need not be tragic if courage, understanding, and love lend a hand

BY GEORGIA MAXWELL ROBERTSON

ILLUSTRATED BY PERRY PETERSON

IT happened on Richy's eighth birthday. Just after father, mother, Richy, and I banged the gate of our white picket fence behind us and started for a walk.

When Richy put up his hand for father to take, father said quietly, just as if that were not the turning point in all our lives, "No! You walk by yourself, Richard. You and Jean in front."

As clear as the song of today's meadow lark, I remember the flash of amazement on mother's face as she instantly reached for Richy's hand.

"No!" The one word came low in father's throat as he lightly struck her hand away. "Richy must learn to walk alone, Edith. He's eight today."

That was the first time, the very first. From that minute tension lived in our home. I was aware of the two wills beating against each other.

There was no pathos in his blindness for Richy. His soft and friendly dark held no menace. It did not check his running feet, so long as he was in our yard or house. Nor stop his small hands from beating on the door of each new experience. (When the experience was peopled by those he knew and loved.)

"Open up!" He seemed to shout in his clear laughing voice. "Open up! I'm Richard!"

He had the flaming temper that matched his flaming hair. And the sweet disposition that so often goes with it. He was the core of his home. We all took that for granted.

So when father pushed mother's hand aside and said, "Richy must learn to walk alone," I looked up, saw that father's lips were gray.

I grabbed his hand against my face for a second, shivered as the hairs on his hand tickled, then ran ahead to Richy. Little as I was, I understood that I might not take Richy's hand.

"But—how can I go by myself, Jean?" he whispered in bewilderment, "when I don't know the way?"

His hand confidently reached for mine. But father had said Richy was to walk alone. So I didn't take his hand.

"Here's the curb, Rich," I told him, my voice squeaking with anxiety, my hands fluttering out but not touching him. "Step wide! Here's a hump in the sidewalk!"

As he stumbled, mother darted forward, but father's hand shot out to her arm. "No, Edith! No!"

She looked at him, her lips parted in astonishment. "James!" Then, as if he couldn't see for himself, she pointed to Richy's searching hand.

"No," he repeated hoarsely. "Look at him, honey. He's doing just fine by himself." But father looked sort of sick. Just as mother did.

Watching hard, I called, "The sidewalk ends here, Rich. Step down!" He stepped down, and suddenly smiled at his success.

Father gave me a wan smile. "You know, Jeanie-girl," he said softly. "That's the stuff." But a bothered look stayed on his face when he glanced at mother.

"You're like a mother hen," he scolded affectionately. "You can't keep chicks under your wings forever. Up to now we have been Richy's orbit—we and our home and our yard. But now he must begin to learn to get along outside that narrow orbit."

"But, James!" She looked as astonished as if father, walking beside her, had turned into a stranger she suddenly feared.

He asked gently, "We can't keep him a baby always, can we?"

Mother's soft mouth set. "We must do everything we can for him. Always!"

OUR walk that day ended in unhappy silence. Father's and mother's faces became false faces. I could see in behind where there was pain and anger, though they pretended everything was the same.

After dinner and the birthday cake, Richy insisted on playing with my toy horse Toby, dearer to me than any doll. After a bitter struggle, he still wouldn't let me have it.

At last father said, "Rich, give it to Jean. She's the baby. Anyway, it's hers. You play with your train."

I remember how the color surged into mother's face as she looked reproachfully at me, then got up and hurried from the room, the ruffles of her changeable blue taffeta petticoat cracking. I knew she couldn't bear to see Richy have to give up the toy. She passionately wanted him to have anything he wanted.

Father and I knew. We knew that to make him happy was to make him feel that he was no different from any one else.

I looked uncomfortably at father. Having the horse was suddenly no fun. I shoved it back into Richy's hands. "Take it! Take it! I don't want it anyway." I was half crying.

"Let's play with it together, Jean," Richy said, looking uneasy because he did not understand the tension he felt in the room.

Father nodded at me, laid his hand caressingly on Richy's rough red hair as he hurried to mother.

We heard their voices in the next room: mother's filled with tears; father's, patient.

Hearing a whistle from Ed-from-next-door, Richy ran out, and I hurried into the dining room to get the shoe box that was Toby's stall. If I ran, I might catch Ed and Richy before they climbed into their clubhouse, the piano box. Once they got in, I was banished. I was only a girl.

IN the living room, I heard father protest, "But, Edith, he's such a swell little kid! He doesn't recognize any difference. We're not going to, either. Of course things will be hard for him. But he's got to learn to meet each hurdle and take it! I've been noticing a touch of self-pity in him of late. You've made him too dependent on you."

Mother said tensely, "But it's monstrous to act as if he could see, and expect of him—"

"It isn't! It's what he needs. I've decided, Edith, he's got to start to school now. He should have a year ago."

Mother was silent a long, terrible moment then she burst out, "To—school? You mean—away from here?"

Then father again, severe now: "Of course away from here! There's no school in this town for him. You know that! I've written to New York and to California."

Again that terrible silence as mother's face went white. "To New York! To California!" she whispered at last.

I knew he was trying to keep his voice natural and everyday as he hurried to tell her, "But from both places they answer that in our very own state is a school second to none. Aren't we lucky? Not a hundred miles from here, my dear."

"A hundred miles!" She let out her breath and it sounded like when my balloon collapsed.

I saw father's Adam's apple go up and down fast. But he went right on, "We can go see him once a month."

Mother sat down suddenly on the big red plush chair. Her eyes got bigger and darker than I'd ever seen them as I peered from behind a chair. "Once a month! Once a month!" she burst out. "And how will Richy get along on the days between once-a-month! Why, James, he can't even dress himself!"

"Then it's time he learned," father said quietly. "You'd better be about teaching him. You're the one that's keeping him dependent. And I won't have it! It isn't fair to him."

Mother's hands flew up in that gesture of helplessness that I was getting to know so well. And to dread.

Then she said in a voice I'd never heard before. "James, I won't let you! You can't do this to Richy and me. Richy is never going away from me! Never!"

I remember how my heart swelled with apprehension as I grabbed up Toby and ran out through the kitchen to kick hard on the piano box that stood against the woodhouse.

Then, as I heard the two boys inside talking about the "Foozer" and the "Rat-a-tat-tat" that would get them and me, too, when we'd gone to bed, I crept back to the kitchen, frightened and forlorn. And I got up in a chair to watch the hired girl iron.

There was unending fascination in seeing the iron slide over the starched clothes. Now, as I watched the girl rock the hot fluting iron back and forth over the ruffle of a petticoat, it helped to lull my anxiety about father and mother.

But father had said in there that Richy was going away! Mother said he wasn't! How could Richy go and not go, both at the same time?

I REALIZED that in this confusion I was somehow a part. I had not come as a blessed event. Arriving a year after Richy, my baby needs had taken up much of the precious time mother could otherwise have lavished on Richy.

So it was father who taught me to tie the bowknot under my chin when I put on my white pussy hood. It was father who held me in his arms those terrifying days and nights of the whooping cough.

"You and I are partners," he often said. "We are *simpatico*. Say *simpatico*, Jeanie." And he laughed when I tried the long word.

The warmth of his love flowed close around me. Just as the warmth of mother's love flowed close around Richy.

When Richy would call out, "Mother! Come see me practice my new piano piece," father often protested, "You go practice by yourself, Rich. We'll listen from in here."

As Richy's bright expectant look drained from his face and he turned despondently away, mother would shake her head at father and say, "Of course, Rich darling. I'm coming this minute!" And she'd run and

(*Continued on page 41*)

COMMAND PERFORMANCE

A sad-faced clown uses the last trick in his bag to foil the Nazis

THEY were waiting for him—Hendrik, the big quartermaster; old Willem, the second mate. Long before his footsteps sounded on the gangway leading to the ship from the Brielle quay they knew he was on his way. It wasn't the limping sound of his clogs along the wharf; it was the derisive shouting of the Nazi guards:

"Er kommt! Johan, der mächtige Grobian aus Rotterdam!"

The thick, cruel laughter echoing across the River Maas inside the Holland Hook told them that Johan, the Rotterdam clown turned coasting sailor in the labor draft, was returning from his command performance before the Gauleiter and von Rentler, chief of Gestapo for the Netherlands, who had to have their fun before they sailed for Ostende in the ship. So Hendrik and Willem waited at the little messroom table till the clown came clumping down the narrow ladderway and stopped.

Rocking there a little on his uneven legs, he said in flat and hollow bitterness: "They would not let me perform my best feat."

Willem did not look up. Hendrik turned his head toward the ridiculous figure in mottled pantaloons, grease-paint streaking the grotesque face above the absurd ruffled neckpiece of his trade.

"I am the best mummer in all Europe," the clown went dully on. "My act should end with a dive into a water tank. I can remain under water longer than any man alive. I am famous for it! And they will never permit me to—"

"Of course!" Hendrik's voice was a whipcrack. "We have heard all that before."

"But you do not understand. I am—"

Hendrik stood up with violence. "Piet," he said with alarming quiet, "Piet is dead. So is van der Broom and little Geist. Executed! I saw the firing squad myself!"

Johan, the clown, looked up at big Hendrik. His huge-painted mouth opened, closed. It uttered nothing. And Hendrik went on in that still voice of fury:

"Piet and Geist's hidden rifles were trained on the spot under the theater canopy where those two must pass to get into their car. Failing that, there was van der Broom's bomb at the turning to the quay road. Well, they are dead now. All three." Hendrik's voice curled. "Why is it whenever you are ordered to perform before these swine—you go! And every time—"

"Of course I go, Hendrik. I am an artist. An artist must perform."

Hendrik's blue eyes blazed. Old Willem stood up. "They are too thorough, these Germans," the second mate said wearily. "We must go on deck, Hendrik. The car will soon be here."

"Yes. There is no chance now. Because they will not get out. The bulletproof car will drive straight across the heavy stern gangway onto the ship, and that way we will take them to Ostende to save them petrol. . . . Do you know what happens to Dutchmen when von Rentler and his butcher reach Ostende? Do you, Johan? *Do you!"*

The little clown moved his grotesque head. His chin, scraping his ruffled neckpiece, made a most ridiculous sound as he looked from one to the other. "You do not understand," he said again, bewildered. "I am—"

"We understand enough!" barked Hendrik; and they left him.

JOHAN remained quite motionless. Under the impact of their hatred and suspicion, he seemed to shrink still smaller. They were seamen. How could they understand a mummer's code? The clown took a forward step, then stopped. He heard the sound of the bulletproof motorcar approaching. They would drive across the gangway without stepping out. There! The engine's roar ceased. It was idling now, moving slowly across the heavy planks leading to the deck. He heard the creak of straining wood. There was no chance to reach them now. No chance at all. The clown sighed. They were safe. Then Johan heard ropes suddenly parting. A loud sharp crack. A Nazi guardsman screamed shrilly from the quay. The next instant there was a tremendous splash. The clown pivoted, leaping for the ladderway.

The ship was surging, held clear by her offshore buoy moorings. The gangway hung down, banging against the wharf, broken ends of rope trailing, an upthrusting whirlpool in the water between the vessel and the dock marking where the car had plunged. The Nazis were bellowing. One of them tore at his uniform, another was racing for a boat hook. In the wild confusion no one noticed the clown climbing to the ship's rail

BY JACLAND MARMUR

ILLUSTRATED BY MAURICE BOWER

"Attention!' he screamed. "Observe, now! This is my greatest feat. I can remain under water longer than any man alive. I am famous for it. You will see!"

"Well, dive then, stupid fool! I command it!" The *Oberlieutenant* of guards flailed his fists in the air. "A thousand guilders, clown! A thousand—for their rescue!"

Johan posed grotesquely on the rail, surveying his audience for that proud and haughty instant only a performing artist knows. Then he dove. And the brutal German faces peered intently at the water where he disappeared. There were Dutch faces watching too, sullen with hate and opposition.

THE moments passed. The ripples stilled. It would have pleased the clown to hear the murmurs of amazement as time went on and he still remained submerged. But he did not hear them. Not even when at last he surfaced and they fished him out, half unconscious. He heard nothing—not even the officer of Nazi guards conceding that at least the ridiculous Dutch fool had tried. It was well for the whole ship's company that he had, the *Oberlieutenant* snarled, or he would never believe it was an accident.

But in the messroom they were waiting for him—Hendrik, the quartermaster; old Willem, the second mate—till the clown came clumping down the narrow ladderway and Hendrik towered fiercely over him. The little clown hung weakly to the handrail, swaying.

"Old Willem cut the gangway ropes," he said. "I know."

"So you dove in!" Hendrik's fist clenched. "Traitor! For their thousand guilders of blood money you—"

"You do not understand. I am an artist. An artist must perform."

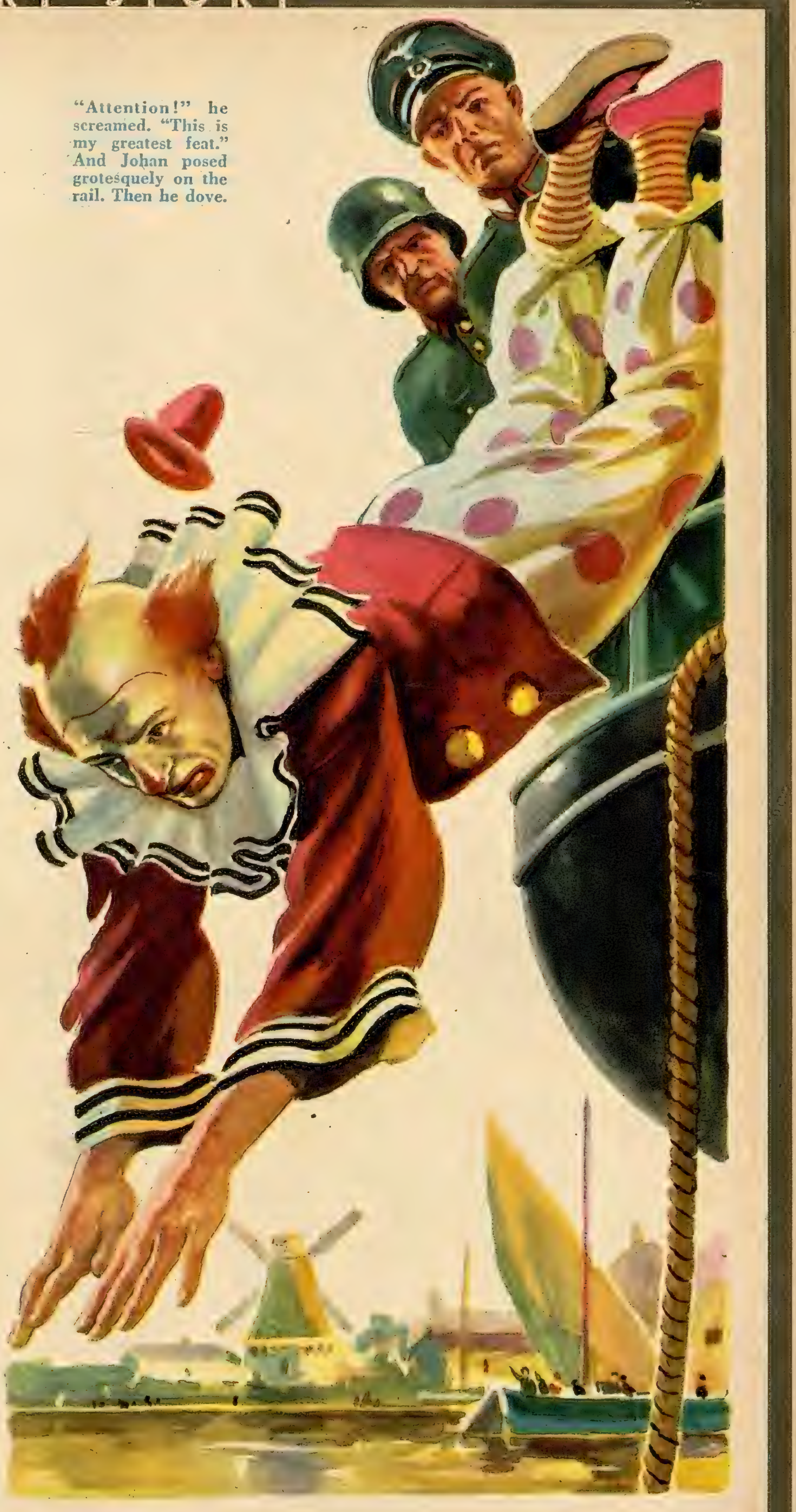
"Traitor! You would have rescued the Nazi butchers if you—"

"The car was lying on its side under water in the mud. There was only one door free." The clown rocked a little on his uneven legs. "The Germans are very thorough. The doors were built especially so they can be opened only from the inside."

Hendrik's fist came back, poised. "So *that* is why you could not—"

"It was my most difficult performance." Johan, the Rotterdam clown, began to sag. But he caught himself in time. "It was very difficult," he murmured, "to hold the door closed—for so long."

THE END



"Attention!" he screamed. "This is my greatest feat." And Johan posed grotesquely on the rail. Then he dove.

STALK THE HUNTER

—Continued from Page 24

her skin tingle, her heart stop with screaming horror.

"Hello!" Paul said. He was smiling, completely unruffled. His freshly shaven face had a pink gleam and there wasn't a hair out of place on his head. "You're about ten minutes late!"

THE ordinary human noises around Kit had died; the floating bubbles of conversation and laughter had drifted away, leaving only a stunning silence. To her, Paul's voice had a disembodied sound as though it came from a great distance away, a distance measured not in miles but in the time it takes to die.

"I said seven thirty." The purling sounds lapped at her reason like the tireless waves at the base of a rock. "I stood here for ten minutes, positive that you were going to stand me up."

His cold hand touched her arm and his fingers closed about it. The contact pitched her terror to a still higher key and she tried to draw away; but he held her, smiling his quiet insistence.

For a moment she was unable to speak. In spite of herself, she dreaded the moment when he would turn around, for fear that she would see the neat round hole in the back of his head.

It *must* be there: a peculiar little scar this dead man would wear for the rest of his life.

The sounds of the room came roaring back as though a radio had just been turned on. Paul leaned still closer, his face only a few inches from hers, but all his features seemed dissolved and concentrated in an enormous charming smile.

"However, I forgive you," Paul went on. "Let's have our drinks at a table."

Involuntarily she allowed him to take a step in advance of her, so that she could see the back of his head. His wavy hair ended smoothly in an even line, without the slightest sign of a bandage or even a tiny cut.

"Your sherry," a waiter said, hurrying up with a glass on a tray.

"We'll take it at that table over there," Paul said.

He set it down in front of Kit and the waiter withdrew.

"Perhaps you'd like something stronger?" Paul asked. "You look exhausted."

Kit glanced at him, searching for allusions. It suddenly occurred to her that she had taken it for granted that Paul was the man in the library. She knew she couldn't have missed at that distance. Besides, she had seen the man crumple. Slowly the whole problem came into focus. She *had* killed a man, and he was now lying on the floor in front of the crackling fire. Who was he? What if he were totally unconnected with Paul? Then it would *really* be murder!

"No," she found herself saying; "this will do."

Her hand trembled as she lifted her glass. The drink was tepid and utterly unrefreshing. She was aware of Paul's silence.

She looked up quickly, with a sharp little gasp, as one more possibility appeared. *Paul knew what she had done.* During that agonizing time he had been sitting in the dark living room, seeing every move she made!

She remembered the sudden feeling, at the time, that some one else was in the room.

She shook off the thought. If that were so, he would surely say something.

"I'm sorry you left so early," he said finally. Kit waited quietly for his next words, as though they were to be a sentence pronounced on her, but he said nothing more.

"Left where?" Her voice picked its way carefully over the hazards, tight and wary.

He smiled again, very suddenly, as though he were really amused, and then he called a waiter.

"Would you like another sherry?" Paul asked. "I'm having a whisky-and-water."

"Sherry will do," Kit replied. The murmur of talk rose and fell around them. "Left where?" she repeated, and this time she was unable to hide the urgency in her voice.

He lit a cigarette, making a lengthy business of it. "The exhibition, of course," he said.

A sudden inspiration dissolved the small conversation as though it were a morning mist.

"WHERE did you park your car?" Kit asked quietly.

"My car?" Paul glanced at her in surprise, and hesitated for a moment, exploring the possibilities of the question. "Why, I left it at home. I hate New York traffic at night."

He was frowning slightly as he spoke, watching her for some other cue to the odd question. He must have seen the relief in her eyes as she welcomed the possibility that Paul had left the house *before* she arrived. That meant that he didn't know; that she was safe and, as a matter of fact, Paul would be forced to supply an explanation and a solution for the dead body. Paul must have seen the relief, because he went on talking, hoping for a cue to what would destroy it.

"Yes," Paul was saying; "I intended to take it around to the garage myself before I left."

"Before you left?" Kit asked, caught off her guard in dismay.

"Yes," Paul said, without changing his expression. "But now that you mention it," he went on, "I don't remember whether I did or not. It's the damnedest thing, the way you can forget whether you did such-and-such a thing. The memory and the initial intention tend to get mixed up."

Kit said nothing. Her little ambush had failed; if anything, she had lost by it. Paul's last remark left her hanging between two uncertainties, the ultimate in mental torture. His face was absolutely bland, and everything he said took on the appearance of small talk.

"At least, I'll get a good press to-

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S

FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*

OWTING: Picnic under a wasps' nest.

NEPHEWGEE: Your sister's boy from across the sea.

HINDUPENDENCE: Home rule for India.

AMACHEWER: What you are when you get your "new plates."

SQUASHINGTON: It's rather crowded now.

PRESSADENT: Head man in a tailoring establishment.

DONTIFRICE: The brand of tooth paste the other fellow plugs.

TRANCEPORTATION: Riding in a car with four new tires and a full tank.

SPITCHER: A tobacco-chewing baseball hurler.

SHEDACHE: Aspirin.

"Nothing, thanks! I'm on the wagon and I just came in to test myself."

morrow. A number of interviews with magazines and papers were arranged; and, by and large, I've got a real success." He paused and smiled at her affectionately. "Aren't you proud of me?"

A shiver of revulsion destroyed the thin film of composure that lay over her anxiety.

"Please don't be charming for me," Kit said, and her voice was quiet with intensity. He had to lean closer to hear her. "I'm here because I have to do it. But between the two of us let's speak honestly!"

He answered her in kind. There wasn't the slightest change in his face, but his voice dropped slightly into a vicious monotone as he answered, "I prefer it this way."

Their glances met, and finally Kit looked down.

"Suppose we have dinner now and talk," Paul said, rising from the table. There was a brittle overtone to his manner. "If this conversation bores you, we'll get to the point at once."

He signaled to the waiter and paid the bill. In silence they left and took a cab. Nothing was said until they were seated in the restaurant and Paul had given the order without consulting her. When the waiter left, he looked up suddenly.

"I'll tell you exactly what I want from you," he said. "How well do you know Anna Mahler?"

"I don't know her at all," Kit answered at once—a trifle too quickly, she feared.

"Then I'll tell you who she is," Paul went on. His eyes had taken on a hard birdlike quality. "Anna Mahler is a Czech agent, an extremely clever operative, and one of the outside contacts for the bandit gangs who are ransacking the country."

"You mean the underground patriots," Kit managed to say.

"*You* mean the underground patriots," Paul corrected her in his turn with that cold, flat voice. "Such people as this Mahler are the scum, the garbage. Society has to be run by the better class of people. And the first step toward getting rid of the troublemakers is to cut off their contacts, like the legs of an octopus, one by one, and then take care of the helpless trunk at your leisure."

NEVER for a moment did Kit lower her gaze or move a facial muscle, yet the sound of his voice made her feel as though she were turning to warm water inside.

"What do you want me to do?" she asked.

"I want you to get to know her, even casually, then point her out to me, that's all."

"And then?"

He looked at her curiously for a moment to see whether she might be joking.

"And then—she'll be taken care of, one way or another."

"What does this Anna Mahler look like?"

"We don't know. We have no description of her—nothing. None of us has ever seen her. All we know is that she's here in New York."

"Really? How long has she been operating?"

"Three or four years, I suppose. Why?"

Kit managed a smile; it felt like no more than a grimace. "How does it happen, then, that you've never been able to get anything more on her than her name? I thought you people were omniscient."

He smiled. "Well, we *do* have more now—we have *you* to get her for us!"

Kit lowered her eyes as her gibe exploded in her face.

"But if I don't know her," she protested, "how can I meet her, or even ask to meet her, without exciting suspicion? I just can't go up and knock on her door. Nor can I ask to be taken there without giving a good reason. If I do anything against them, they'll be sure to discover it, and from then on they'll treat me as a Nazi—just as I'd deserve."

"Better not let that happen. We need you as a Czech, not as a Nazi. If you can't be a Czech you'd be more good to us dead. You have a fairly wide acquaintance among Czech circles; I know you do."

"They're the only people I know, for the most part; and yet I've never come across her."

"That's because you weren't looking. Use your friends and use your brains. I'll give you until tomorrow to get to her. That's the outside."

"One day?"

"You won't need any more than that," he replied quietly. "No more than that—now that you have a stimulus."

"And is that all you want from me?" She pulled her coat up about her. Paul watched her but made no effort to help.

"That's all for the present." He raised his eyebrows in a question. "Are you chilly?"

"No." Kit was standing now, and had her bag in her arm. "But since that's all you want to tell me, there's no reason for me to stay. I'd prefer to go."

"The dinner hasn't arrived yet, and I've ordered a very good one," he objected. He wasn't smiling now.

"And I prefer not to stay any longer than necessary."

His face grew red very slowly and there was a trace of grossness about him. But almost immediately the silent fury abated and he shrugged.

"Very well, then. Good night." She nodded coldly and turned, but his voice turned her around again. "Wait —I'll drive you home."

"YOU'LL *drive* me?" she asked slowly. "I thought you said—" Paul shook his head regretfully and his friendly eyes apologized. "That's right, I *did* tell you I didn't have the car." He spread his hands in an expansive dismissal. "Good night. See you tomorrow!"

Kit stood there uncertainly for a moment, dangling on the hook of his remark.

"I said good night," he repeated. "You may go now." Mechanically she turned and left. When she got home, she realized that the evening had ended anticlimactically. As soon as she had recovered from the shock of seeing Paul, the thing she desired most was some sign of her status. If Paul had said, "I didn't see you do the shooting," she actually would have felt a moment of relief. Now the thing to do was to wait. There would be no peace in her mind until she received a call from Paul saying that he had found a dead man in his library and would she please come out.

Illogically enough, she was convinced that Paul would call her as soon as he got home. The possibility that he *had* seen her, and had disposed of the body as soon as she left, didn't enter into it at all. Nor did she consider the equal possibility that if Paul didn't know, then the very last thing he would do when he found it would be to call her. For the first time she realized the sense of the phrase "return to the scene of the crime."

The desire to go back and see what would take place was something so real, so physically a compulsion that she couldn't rest. She paced up and down in her room, watching the clock's hands turn slowly to eleven, to twelve, to one. The telephone never rang at all.

Finally she undressed and went to bed, sleeping only between nightmares.

IN the morning, her anxiety took up where it had left off the night before. The first thing she did was to buy a paper when she went out for breakfast. She went through it column by column, item by item. There was no mention of the thing she wanted to see. No dead man had been found anywhere on Long Island. She was sitting in a drugstore, and her coffee was ice cold by the time she got around to it. She took two sips, and walked out leaving the paper behind her. The important question was still unanswered. Whom had she shot? What sort of person was he? Had she committed an unprovoked murder?

By sheer force of will Kit managed to get through the morning, but the only tasks which were completed were those that were thoroughly routine. At eleven she walked over to Madison Avenue for the early midday editions. Back at her office, she went through them methodically, but with the same lack of success. It began to dawn on her that the news was being withheld on purpose. The question was, whose purpose?

The sound of voices, muffled by her closed door, and the shuffle of footsteps on marble told her that the museum staff was going to lunch downstairs. She had no appetite at all, but the idea of being alone depressed her. Suddenly the high narrow walls of her office seemed to hem her in. Things were going on around her—things which affected her vitally—and these walls cut her off. Kit threw the newspapers to the floor and tore the door open. The corridor was empty. The rows of display cases stretched along the walls, and their glass doors reflected the light from the windows in so many frozen winks.

The cafeteria was crowded and noisy. Most of the people were visitors, for the greater part women, though scattered here and there like leaven were subordinate members of the staff or those superiors who were too busy to go elsewhere. Kit strolled nervously between the tables, hoping and at the same fearing to see Paul. Today he would certainly have something to say about her visit to his home, even if it were only a passing hint in the presence of others.

Kit nodded to a few people she knew, and paused for a moment by Dan Shay's table. He greeted her rather coolly, Kit thought, as a result of yesterday's rebuff when he had asked her to dinner.

"Hello," he said, his long, angular face brightening a bit as she stood there with her tray. "Did you have a nice time last night?"

Kit lowered her tray to the table and slid into the seat opposite.

"Last night?" Kit repeated slowly. "What about last night?"

Dan watched her constrained motions and heard her brittle voice with a growing frown.

"Did I say something wrong again?" he asked. "I simply asked if you enjoyed yourself with Paul last night." His voice went on the defensive. "I asked it in all good will. I really wanted to know." He glanced at her. "Or is that wrong, too?"

"I had a wonderful time," Kit replied mechanically. "I enjoyed myself very much."

"And I am very glad to hear it," Dan said, mimicking her preciseness. "I had dinner by myself, went to a movie by myself, went home by myself, slept by myself, and dreamed only of me. Those are the monotonous joys of bachelorhood."

Kit didn't reply. A parade of questions marched in circles through her mind. Who would be willing to help her? More than that, who was capable?

"Well?" Dan was asking. Kit became aware of his voice suddenly.

"Well, what?" said Kit, helpless and bewildered.

"I asked you why you sat down here with me at this table. I'm really curious. And I know that if you told me the truth I wouldn't find it flattering."

"I sat down here," Kit said, shrugging, "because I wanted to talk to you."

"Really? What did you want to say?"

"Well—" Kit floundered a bit. "Didn't I say it?"

"You've said absolutely nothing, and you looked at me the way you always look at me—as though you're trying to see the fellow who's standing right behind me. You didn't do that the first time we met."

"That was six years ago. Do you know how many times a person dies in six years?"

HIS brown eyes contracted slightly, as though for the first time something had been brought into sharp focus.

"Do you become a different person each time you're reborn?" he asked.

"Yes," Kit said very slowly. "Each time you change a little." Her voice was low and it was as though she were speaking to herself. "Until, finally, there's nothing soft left. Each time you die, you learn a lesson you always thought you knew. Perhaps that's the reason"—Kit looked up at him—"I always look at you and try to see what's behind you that might surprise me."

Dan put his cigarette out in the tiny glass tray.

"There's nothing behind me," he said, and got up. "I've been by myself for years, and I ought to know. Watch me as I go out. I'm just one person."

She watched him go with stubborn resentment. It was impossible for her to trust anybody except those she knew were absolutely reliable, and whatever temptation she might feel to turn to Dan for help had to be rejected as another trap.

A few minutes later Paul came in. He looked very fresh and young in a dark brown sports jacket and gray flannels with a tan sweater. He paused at the door, looking about, obviously searching for some one. Kit's heart pounded as his glance caught hers and he smiled. Paul waved to her and came over, standing by her chair.

"Hello," he said. "Did you get home all right?"

SHINE
Ted Key

"Mr. Nelson will see you now."

Here it is, she thought. This is it at last!

"Of course," she said almost in a sigh. She raised her eyes to his. "And you?"

"I went home as soon as I finished dinner. You missed it. You should have been there." His smile didn't change at all.

"Really?" She hated him for the stupid chattiness. "What happened?"

"The oysters were perfect, and the soup too."

"The oysters?" Kit asked, wondering what oysters could have to do with a dead man.

"Why, yes. I ordered oysters and onion soup. Didn't you hear me give the order?" He raised his eyebrows and laughed. "Is that the reason you ran away before dinner? I ordered everything you liked." He shrugged helplessly. "Well, I had to eat two portions of every course, and so I slept like a bear stuffed up for the winter. But I needed the rest."

He turned and walked away to another table where Dr. Lewes, the director, was sitting. Kit took a long breath and closed her eyes. She was exhausted. All her strength had been held for just the moment she would have to speak to Paul when there was absolutely no doubt that he had found the body. Now the moment was over, and her reserves were gone. And still nothing had happened!

KIT went upstairs slowly, but she didn't stop at her office. Instead she went past the music wing and continued on to another part of the building. Her mind was made up. Since there was no help forthcoming from the music shop, she had to be more direct and get in touch with the one person most vitally concerned. She went to a telephone booth in the American section, one she had never used before. Kit was always careful not to use the same booth twice in succession. The voice that answered this time was that of a tired old man: "The Roxy Restaurant." He said it in a mechanical singsong that was patterned after the standard telephone operator in the movies.

"Hello," Kit said. There was no prearranged conversation this time. She would have to keep talking until her voice was recognized. "Do you still serve that delicious pastry?"

The answer was puzzled but guarded: "Yes, we still do. What kind do you mean?"

"I mean the Viennese stuff. I don't remember the name of it, but it's small and round—" She went on, barely connecting one sentence with another, until the man interrupted her. She had been recognized.

"What is it?"

Kit glanced around. There was no one closer than a hundred feet, yet she whispered into the mouthpiece, "I have to see her—it's very important!"

There was a long pause. "When?"

"As soon as possible. Make the arrangements and call me back."

"At your office?"

"Yes; I'll be there in a few minutes. Just tell me when and where. It'll be all right."

She hung up and went downstairs. The number of people in the corridors hadn't changed substantially, and, as far as Kit could tell, they might have been the same ones who came every day. A small man stood staring at the collection of drums in front of her office, toying absently with a hearing aid that dangled from his lapel like a government decoration. He glanced at her with mild blue eyes, a little guiltily, as though he had been on the point of testing the drums himself. Kit made a mental note that the drums ought to be placed in a case.

SHE closed the door to her office and sat waiting by the telephone. It oughtn't to take long. The restaurant was in the same building as Anna's apartment. Anna's place had been selected for that very reason, and because she never would have to speak on a telephone. The restaurant owner was devoted, but he had no idea who Anna was, except that she was somebody important. He asked no questions, did what was required, and was a perfect blind. Kit knew that he had done fine work of the same kind in 1917. His errand would be just the length of time it would take him to leave his cash register and go upstairs for a few minutes.

Within a quarter of an hour the telephone rang. She picked it up at once.

"Hello?" She tried to keep the tension out of her voice.

"Hello." It was the man again. "What are you doing this evening?"

"Nothing much. Why?"

"Why don't you go to a movie? Did you see Ginger Rogers' new picture?"

"No; where is it playing?"

"At the Luxor Theater two blocks from here. It's rather a stuffy little place, but you can smoke in the last row. Make it at six."

"All right," Kit said. "I'll be there."

After a polite good-by he hung up.

The relief that spread over Kit was sedative. Her problem was in the hands of some one who could begin to cope with it.

Kit rested her head in the palms of her hands. It was as though she had just completed an arduous roundabout journey home and finally could shift her pack to somebody else. It was clear, for the first time, how exhausted and frightened she had been, now that the worst was behind her. The worst was over, because Kit had no doubts at all that Anna would get her out of it. Anna was the only person in the world who could.

Will Kit be able to meet Anna Mahler? Or is Paul too clever to let her get away with her plan to save the old woman? Excitement and surprises crowd next week's chapter.

RICHY WALKS ALONE

Continued from Page 36

watch him play as his short legs dangled from the red plush piano stool.

One day when this happened, father started walking up and down the room, as he did when he was troubled.

And I heard him mutter, "Apron strings!" Then, when Richy finished playing, father said to him, "Come along in my den, Rich. I want to teach you a new game. Checkers."

As they went off together, mother exclaimed in dismay, "Checkers! How can Richy possibly play checkers! Why can't he teach the child something that Richy can play? James has no more sensitiveness or understanding than—" Her voice trailed off as she saw me there, listening.

As a surprise, father had had a checkerboard made with the black squares raised. By running his sensitive fingers over the pieces, Richy memorized their locations.

But mother shook a positive and unhappy head. She turned to me.

"Jeanie, bring the Just-So Stories. And run downcellar and bring up some of those tart red apples in the farthest barrel."

The Just-So Stories were Richy's favorite. So were those special apples, but he couldn't eat them while playing checkers!

WHEN in unaccustomed ecstasy I curled up against mother on the horsehair sofa, she read aloud to me just out of earshot of the checkers game.

But constantly she glanced up from the book to Richy, and that closed look was on her face.

I ached inside as I snuggled hard against her to make her know I was there. But it was Richy she wanted, and he was over there laughing happily as he learned the new game.

But tension again tightened in our home as Richy wanted to play it all the time with father. And every time they played, mother's face was unhappy and anxious.

She and father never mentioned the letters that came about Richy's school. But we all knew that Richy was going away, and that his day of going was rushing toward us!

Each morning, the very first thing, mother tore a leaf off the kitchen calendar that pictured a baby and a St. Bernard dog. One morning, as she pulled off a leaf, her breath caught in a sob. She ran from the kitchen. "I can't stand it, James, any longer!" she cried. "I can't let Richy go. You know I can't!"

Father looked at her sorrowfully. "What else is there to do?" he asked gently. "Edith, we've got to face this thing. Richy has a brilliant mind. He's a musical genius. Who are we to put chains on him? What we've got to do is to set him free."

"But the chains are on him."

Mother's voice sounded smothered. "The chains are on him!"

Father drew her to the sofa. "Sit down here beside me and let's thrash this thing all the way out."

She looked scared, as she beat her hands together in panic. "There's nothing to thrash out! It's just this—" She didn't finish for a long time. And I sat still behind father's headache chair where I was playing. I hugged my horse Toby hard against me as I listened in that black uncomprehending fear of childhood.

"—is this!" Mother finished at last, and there was a blade in her usually soft voice. "I told you that Richy is never going away from me. If he goes, I'm going! I'll take Jean and live in that town where he is. I can't let him be there alone."

THERE was a long silence. Then father's voice went cold as the ice in our river in the winter. "You mean—you'll leave me?"

I heard mother's breath suck in hard; then she said slowly, "If Richy goes, I'm going to live where he can feel me near. You don't understand!" Her voice choked. "You aren't a mother!"

His voice was sad. "No, I'm only a father trying to do what I know to be best for my son. You are making him helpless, sorry for himself. I can't let you go on cramping his life and future."

As I peered out from behind the chair I could almost see the chasm between mother and father widen with a jerk as she retorted, "James, I can't forgive you for that." Again she waited a long time, then declared desperately, "I'm going with Richy. Jean and I both."

I crept from the room fast on hands and knees so they wouldn't know I had been listening. I was going too! On the train! I ran to find Richy.

"I'm going too! Mother and I are both going too! On the train. C'm'on up in the *attik*. I'm going to bring down a satchel an' pack my horse and my hair ribbons!"

As the day drew nearer, Richy was often silent for long stretches when we were playing outside. Never in the house.

One day I came on him lying under the apple tree on his stomach with his red iron train in front of him. But he wasn't touching it. He had been crying, his face buried in the soft grass.

"Richy," I protested in alarm, "you aren't whistling like a train, or chugging."

His little amused smile broke out and his hand found mine as I dropped down beside him. "It's going to be lonesome without you, Jeanie, at that school. I won't know anybody."

Then I knew that Richy was afraid! And my heart swelled shut with the awfulness of it. Because I'd never before seen him afraid!

So I gave him my Toby horse for his very own, and showed him exactly how I stabled Toby in the shoe box at night. "Toby won't ever let the Foozer get you. You just put him up beside your pillow at night. He stays awake and watches."

Each afternoon when father came home from business, Richy and I rushed for the gate. "Whatchagotforus?" we shouted. "Whatchagotforus?"

As we waited, swinging on the gate one day, Richy said, "Let's not rush at him yelling 'Whatchagotforus,' Jeanie." His face was troubled. "Let's just run out. We don't want him to think it's the candy and not him that we want, do we?"

I wasn't very sure of that. And I can remember yet the look on father's face when we ran and grabbed him. He hugged us hard against him.

I shouted up at him, "Richy don't want any candy, father. So give it all to me. Richy just wants you, not the candy."

"Does, eh?" Father's mustache sort of jerked. "We're going to miss you, son." They walked solemnly into the house together.

Those last days before Richy was to go, mother was silent and her eyes were big and scared. And many times father didn't go back to work in the afternoons.

Richy and I would come pounding into the house, then we'd skid to a stop. For the shades would be pulled down in the living room. Father's headache chair would be tipped way back and there he'd be, white and still. And there'd be the sharp tang of vinegar that was on the brown paper on his forehead.

At last the going-away morning came. Richy ate his oatmeal slowly, long waits between each spoonful. On his face that look of bewilderment and uncertainty that always caught at my heart.

Mother, in her place at the end of the table, had on a stiff white shirtwaist with a ribbon collar tight around her throat, the careful little bow in front. And her dark hair was soft and curly in its high pompadour, then tucked into the figure eight behind, with every little curly tendril pinned in tight. On her cheeks were the red spots that came when she was terribly excited.

Father sat there stirring his coffee around and around. Not tasting it.

Feeling the lonesomeness in him, my stomach suddenly didn't want the oatmeal. I put my head down on the table and began to cry. "I don't want to go without you, father. I won't. Sim-pad-ica."

Mother snatched me up and carried me into the living room, sat me down on the piano stool.

"Jean!" Her voice was shaky. "Stop crying, honey! Richy needs you! So you have to go where he does. Richy and you and I have to stay together always! Remember that! Always!"

"But I want father too!"

"He doesn't want to be with us," she said sadly. "He doesn't understand. Now run wash your face. The carriage is here for us. Hurry!"

THEN we were at the depot. And I was carrying my horse Toby that I'd given to Rich.

Father swung me to his shoulder, hugged my legs tight against him, then put me down when the train whistled, rounding the turn through the north cut. Then, as the engine swooped toward us, father took Richy's hand and hurried us all toward the last car.

I clambered aboard and hurried down the aisle of the stuffy-smelling coach with its odor of banana peels. I climbed onto the green plush seat.

Father put a hand on Richy's red head. "Good-by, son." His voice sounded rough and strange. "Good-by, Jeanie-girl. And Edith." He stooped and kissed mother hard on the mouth, and I heard her breath

MP
Eric Peters

"So, wise guy, you only wanna buy what they got in the baskets, eh?"

JEFFERSON MACHAMER

"Now remember—just say, 'Highball, please, in a cup,' and he'll bring you coffee in a tall glass."

draw in quick and sharp as he tilted her face up so she had to look at him. "Good-by, dear. I'll expect you and Jean back on the Monday-night train. I'll meet you. Remember!" His voice sharpened. "Monday night!"

Mother shook her head and her eyes were bright and shiny with tears. But she didn't say one word.

As father hurried down the aisle at the conductor's "A-ll aboard—d!" I scrambled down and ran after him. "Father! Wait for me!"

But he called sternly over his shoulder, "Go to mother, Jean!"

As I stood there in the aisle the train moved. The depot marched by, then a pile of boxes on a truck. Then the schoolhouse. As the engine whistled, I felt all empty inside, and as I climbed back on the seat beside Richy, I hugged Toby hard. The miles ran past. A bridge. Cows. Towns. Till it was all an unhappy blur and I went to sleep with my head on Richy's lap.

I woke when the conductor carried me down the aisle and stood me on my feet on the station platform.

Then mother and Richy and I got into a hack and the two black horses trotted off fast with us, clattered over a covered wooden bridge, then slowed for a long pull up a hill.

"Your school is on a bluff," mother told Richy in a strangled voice. "A bluff is a hill sort of chopped off along the edge. This one is across the river from the town."

I FELT Richy's hand close tight on a fold of my skirt as we stopped in front of a big red building made of bricks.

There were other buildings like it all around us. Sort of lonesome-looking they were; as if they didn't love the children in them.

Mother looked anxiously at Richy's half-frightened eager face as we all went up the steep wooden front steps. Then we sat in an office and mother wrote down things. After that a woman came and we went with her and looked into rooms. And as we went, mother's eyes got blacker and her face whiter.

One room with a line of smooth white beds; one would be Richy's. One room with a lot of tables all set. One chair there would be Richy's.

When mother and I at last left, a woman with a kind round face stood holding Richy's hand as they went as far as the porch with us. And I can recall so clearly just how Richy looked as he stood there, his small shoulders squared and on his face that listening look.

As our hack started and the driver cracked his whip, Mother looked back, then she dropped her face in her hands. "I can't do it," she whispered. "I just can't do it!"

The hotel would have been fun if Richy'd been there too. But it felt sort of empty with just mother and me.

"You can hold Toby," I told mother as she stood at the window looking up at the bluff across the river. "Richy gave him back to me to keep Foozer away. Here, you hold Toby."

She looked down as if she hadn't really seen me for a long time, and I could see the ribbon bow on her throat jump up and down.

"Jeanie!" She sat down in a big rocking chair and took me on her lap. "Jeanie, what will we do?"

"It's lonesome without Richy, isn't it?" I snuggled hard against her.

"It's impossible!" She told me tensely. "You and I will find rooms near his school. We'll stay. If it means leaving your father"—the rocker stopped moving and we sat there silent a long time, while she stared out the window—"well," she finished at last, "then it means that!"

After awhile, when I wandered forlornly about in the room, I found a piece of gum in the desk. It had been chewed some but not much. I didn't like the tobacco taste of it, so I dropped it in the wastebasket before mother should ask about it.

When we'd gone to bed, mother lay there as if she were asleep. But she wasn't. She jerked and made little moans, then got up and looked at the bluff across the river.

I swallowed and swallowed, but I couldn't loosen the steel band that was tight about my throat. Light from a transom over the door made a square pool of light on the floor by the bed. I watched it till it got bigger and bigger. And then all at once it was morning.

Mother made me dress fast. Her hands shook as she did my hair and the part was all crooked. She tied my hair ribbon so quick that it was in a string, not pulled out like a blue butterfly.

She didn't eat a bite of breakfast. Just some coffee that spilled over in the saucer every time she lifted her cup.

"Hurry, Jean, hurry," she kept saying. I swallowed the oatmeal as fast as I could. It wasn't smooth like our hired girl made it.

Mother hustled me downstairs. Outside, a horse and buggy was waiting for us. The clerk had ordered it from the livery stable.

The horse trotted fast when mother flicked it with the whip. Across the covered wooden bridge it hurried us past a field that brought the odor of sweet wet clover. And there was a soft wind that nudged at my hat with its flying blue streamers.

We swished up the graveled road and pulled in beside Richy's school. In the morning sun, the buildings didn't look cross any more. They looked sort of happy. They had Richy!

Mother tied the horse to the hitching post and her hands were trembling so she hardly could. Her smile was trembling at me, too. Then we ran up the steps and into the hall.

SOME one took mother into the office. After a long time she came out, her face white, and shook off the hand of the superintendent who leaned toward her, his face kind and worried.

"It's our rules. I'm sorry. I should have told you. I thought I had. But—we find it better if the family doesn't see the child for a few days. Usually a week. But—in your case—I'll say four days. Richy will be all right. I give you my word he will."

Mother did not answer. She took my hand and hurried me out and down to the buggy. Her lace jabot was jerking with her fast breaths. Her mouth was not soft any more.

"We'll go on the train to St. Paul for these four days," she said in a still, tight voice. "I couldn't stay here—and wait, and watch the windows of these buildings all night from the hotel. I—couldn't. We'll go to St. Paul, Jean. Rules! Idiots! They don't know! They don't even care!"

We went on the train again. And

in St. Paul there were streetcars, big stores. Mostly there was mother sitting in our hotel room, her eyes on the clock. Sometimes reading me stories. Sometimes writing to father with a fast angry pen. But mostly sitting with her eyes on the clock.

Then we were on the train again. We were drawing into the depot. We were in a hack with two black horses trotting fast. And mother sat on the edge of her seat, her lips parted, her eyes big. Not hearing when I talked. Not listening.

Again we flew up the steps of Richy's school. Some one sent for Richy.

We stood there waiting. Mother held my hand tighter and tighter. Her head tipped back as she watched up the stairs. And on her face was a sort of frightened little smile as she waited and listened.

Then we heard running feet and he came tearing down the stairs without once touching the banister. Already he knew those stairs as well as ours at home!

“Unbelievable!” Mother whispered as he pelted down to us. “Why—he has been here only a few days!”

RICHY'S face was shining as he ran straight to us and into mother's reaching arms.

“Look! I dressed myself all alone!” he shouted happily. “An' it's fun to sleep in the dormitory. And she read to us. An' my best friend's Dick.”

Mother buttoned up his shirt the way it should go. Her fingers were slow because they trembled hard. Her mouth trembled, too. “Isn't there any one to help you dress?” she asked. “Oh, Richy!” She hugged him hard. “Richy!”

“Sure,” he answered carelessly. “But I can do it good myself. And I sit next to Dick at the table. He knows where he can get a cat. It purrs when you hold it nice. Now I have to go to my class. I don't want to miss any of it.” He was important. “Watch me go!”

He raced off and his happy laugh came down the stairs to us. Mother's eyes loved Richy as she watched him out of sight.

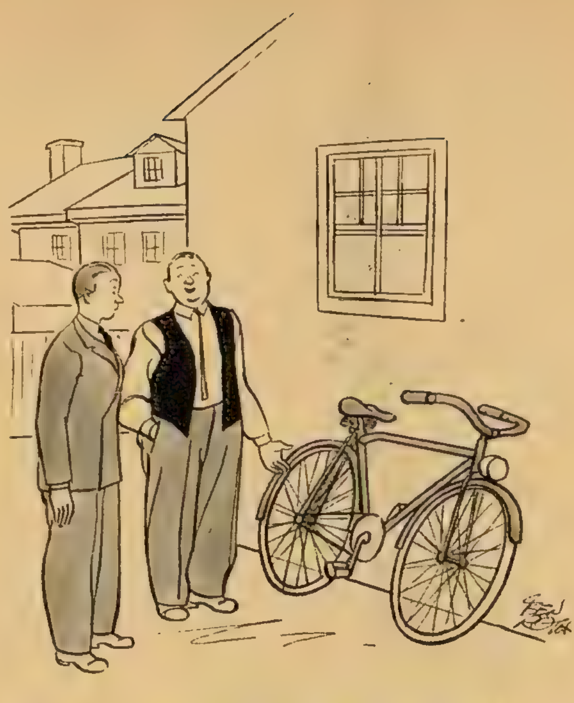
“I wouldn't have believed it,” she said. “He's—why, he's happy, Jeanie. Happy here. As if he belongs to all this.” She stood there as if listening to something way off. “It's like your father said it would be.”

After awhile we went down a hall. As we came near a room with an open door, mother pushed ahead and almost ran.

I caught up with her and we stood there looking in. At a kindergarten table were a lot of little boys. Each had beads in a box in front of him. They were stringing the beads on tiny wires.

We stood watching Richy's clever sensitive fingers that worked with amazing sureness, as if overjoyed to find this exciting thing to do.

As he heard mother's soft voice, he turned his eager listening face. “Come see!” he shouted, his voice spilling over with excitement. “This is going to be—what is it going to be?” he asked the young teacher bending over him.



“I ride it to catch the bus that I take to get the train.”

She smiled at his eagerness. “A basket,” she told him.

“A basket!” he shouted triumphantly. “It's going to be a basket!”

The teacher came over to us. “He's never done this before, he says. Yet look at him. Faster than any one else!”

“Of course!” Mother was impatient at any surprise over Richy's cleverness. “Richy will be your brightest pupil.”

The teacher chuckled. “With that red head and that smile, he got under my skin the minute I saw him.”

Mother shrugged that off, too, as too obvious to be mentioned. Her eyes studied each child's face about the table, then scrutinized closely the other small tables, the games, the tools these busy children worked with. Finally she admitted grudgingly, “There are probably things you can teach him here that I can't.”

“Yes. You see, we are trained specialists, with every tool to work with, while you—” she floundered to a stop.

“While I am only his mother,” mother finished dryly, trying to smile but not making a very good job of it.

“You see,” the teacher went on earnestly, “from kindergarten on, every step here is planned to send them out into self-reliant manhood. And,” she added firmly, “it's easier for them—for us too—when we have them entirely by themselves. You can understand how that is.”

“Richy—self-reliant manhood!” Mother's face sort of crumpled up as she looked down on Richy's bright head.

The teacher looked sympathetic. “I know it's hard for you. But, you see, mother love is not enough.”

Mother turned away, slowly repeated, the way she did when teaching me a piece, “Mother love is not enough. Not enough.”

I went to stand behind Richy and watch him do his beadwork. At a sound out in the hall, Richy's face lifted as if toward the sun.

“Why, it's father!” he shouted, pushing back his chair so hard it fell over. “It's my father!”

We reached him together, Richy and I. And as he hugged us against him, father did not say a word. Not one word. But his eyes leaped to find mother in the room beyond us.

She had a lost look as she came to father and slipped her hand through his arm as if she needed him dreadfully right then.

“He loves it here, James. And you wouldn't believe how quickly he's learned his way around. Richy, we will go now for a while, then come back later.”

Richy drew himself importantly away from father and took his hand. “You'd prob'ly get lost in the halls. Come on. I'll show you the way.”

Mother's eyes crinkled in a little smile. “You see?”

When we reached the end of the flight, father put a hand on Richy's shoulder. “Wait, son. Your shoe isn't laced up right. Here, let me fix it.”

The dimple at the corner of mother's mouth deepened. “Rich can do it himself. Richy, unlace it and do it right. We'll be up again before our train leaves tonight.”

Father stared incredulously from her to Richy, who was lacing up his shoe with impatient fingers.

“There!” Richy said with satisfaction. “There! Now I have to run back. Good-by!”

AS we went out on the porch, father patted mother's shoulder. “Why, Edith!” His voice sounded like the lowest bass notes when Richy practiced. “Why, dearest!”

“The teacher said,” mother repeated, “that it's better for them when we parents aren't near.”

I remember the very look that swept her face and the answering look on father's. It was as if the masks they had held over their faces so long had slid off.

They didn't know I was there at all. So as they started down the steep wooden steps I put up my hand for father to take.

But he didn't see it. It was mother's hand that nestled in his. And they went down the steps together pressing against each other, as if neither had seen the other for a long time.

The wooden steps were steep. So I hugged Toby hard against me and went down alone. One step at a time. Carefully.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The Star-Spangled Banner is the only flag in the world which is not dipped before the head of a state, whether king or president. It is dipped in courtesy to another nation but never to an individual.

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"YOU CAN'T DO THAT TO SVOBODA"

Continued from Page 32

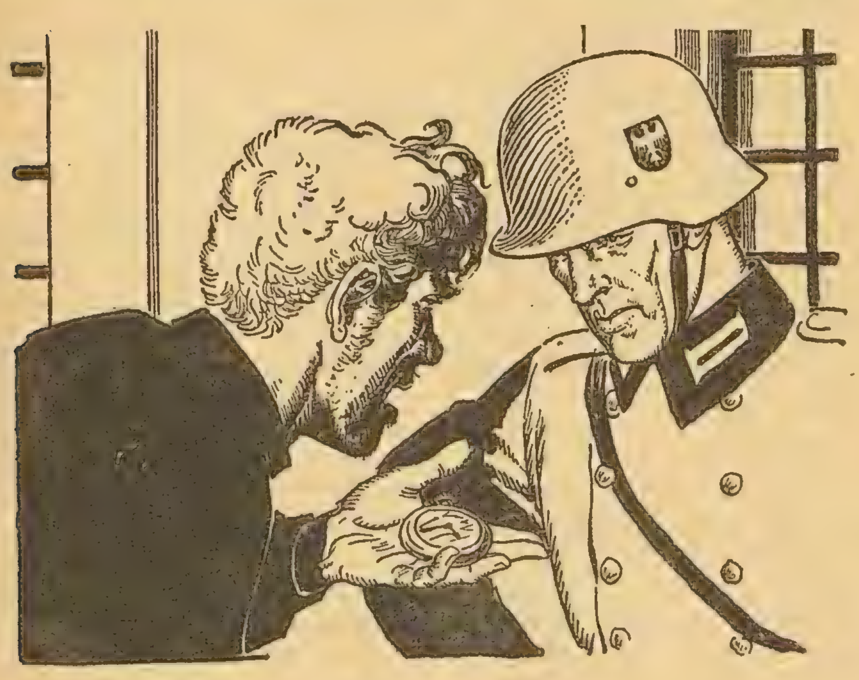
While Svoboda was reorganizing his world, Bullethead dropped in to see him. He sat down beside Svoboda and behaved more like an old friend than an authority.

"With me," he said, "you may speak freely. I want to help you. Tell me everything that's on your mind."

Moved by so much sympathy, Svoboda told him all about the watch.

Bullethead had a good reason for his kindness. The sergeant had just been ordered back to headquarters to report to his major. Bullethead, who hoped to close the case before the sergeant's departure, was suddenly pressed for time. He had come to take Svoboda to the "scene of the crime" for further questioning in the sergeant's presence.

This examination was intended as a precaution in case any one should question the dead malefactor's confession.



Bullethead would then be in a position to call on the sergeant, before whom the defendant would have admitted his guilt at the scene of the crime. The sergeant understood not a word of Czech. Knowing Svoboda, Bullethead was confident of the success of his scheme.

"You see this watch on my wrist?" he asked, having finally untangled the story of the watch from Svoboda.

"I see, yer lordship."

"Well, if you are good, you can have it."

Svoboda's heart leaped with joy. The watch was as good as his own. If only good behavior was needed, he would conduct himself like an angel. His great buttery heart dripped with gratitude. The watch, to be sure, was smaller and thinner than his own, and that frankly displeased him. But it could be worn on the wrist where every one would see it, and this seemed to compensate for its drawbacks. Svoboda fell on his knees and tried to kiss Bullethead's hand by main force. He grinned from ear to ear as they rode along in the truck.

When they came to the railway bridge, Bullethead explained in German exactly how the defendant had gone about mining it. From time to time he turned to Svoboda, pretending to repeat in Czech what he had just told the sergeant. Actually he asked Svoboda questions that had nothing whatever to do with the alleged plot. Svoboda answered yes or no. His thoughts were on the watch.

By the time they had returned to Masaryk Square the sergeant was ravenously hungry. He was all for going straight to the hotel, and he asked Bullethead to go with him. But Bullethead had urgent business on hand.

"Order your lunch," he told the sergeant. "I'll join you in a minute." And then, as an afterthought: "Let's sit by the window."

He instantly regretted this last inspiration. His plan had been to let Svoboda escape while the sergeant was eating, and to have him shot through an upper-story window the moment he stepped into the street. If the sergeant sat by the window, he would be forced to witness the scene. Should the necessity arise, he could be called to testify for Bullethead. But Bullethead should never have made it so obvious where he wanted the sergeant to sit. He realized that the remark might be highly incriminating. Oh, well, there was nothing he could do now. Damn it all! His nerves had run away with him.

He went into the station and told the storm troopers they could go to lunch. But they were painfully slow in getting started, and Schmatz didn't go at all. A frugal lad, he pulled a salami sandwich out of his pocket and began to eat right there. Bullethead was uneasy. Fortunately, the fellow's post was at the rear of the building, facing the courtyard. But, for safety's sake, Bullethead sent in one of his accomplices to keep an eye on him. The other accomplice gripped his automatic and took his stand in one of the front offices, near the main entrance. From there he could draw a good bead. Everything had been planned down to the smallest detail.

The church bell droned out noon. Bullethead made a last round of all the offices to make sure that the coast was clear, then he went to Svoboda's cell. While the prisoner had been out visiting the scene of the crime, one of Bullethead's comrades had put the lock out of commission to make it appear that the "fugitive" had picked it. When they brought Svoboda back, they only drove a peg in front of the door. Bullethead removed the peg and went in.

Svoboda leaped from his bunk with an ingratiating grin. He was in high good humor.

"Me good, yer lordship?" he asked coyly.

"Good as gold," Bullethead assured him, slapping him on the back.

"I get vatch?"

"You will get it."

"Ven I get, yer lordship?"

"Soon."

There was love and devotion in Svoboda's eyes. Bullethead feared that he was about to be kissed.

"Here, have a smoke," said the storm trooper impatiently.

Svoboda took a cigarette but declined the light. He tucked it behind his ear for future reference. He'd most likely sell it to one of the express clerks when he got around to it.

"Sit down," said Bullethead.

Svoboda obeyed. Bullethead's wrist was under his nose. What a watch! he reflected. He was wild with happiness.

"Is there anything you'd particularly like?" Bullethead asked.

Svoboda hesitated. He did have a wish, but he wasn't sure he ought to mention it, for fear of losing out on the watch. Anyway, it wasn't very important. But then, softened by Bullethead's kindness, he decided to tell him. After all, he had asked, hadn't he?

"Something I vant, yer lordship."

"Out with it!"

SVOBODA complied. He was worried, he said, because yesterday the junkmen had failed to make their quarterly visit to the widow. She and Svoboda had sorted the junk, and waited all day, unaware that the German army had suddenly occupied Czechoslovakia and blocked all the roads.

"I vonder vat happen," Svoboda concluded. "I like ask vidder."

"Is the widow your girl friend?" asked Bullethead, rather mystified by the whole story.

"Yes, yer lordship."

"And you wish to go and see her?"

"Me vish."

Bullethead scratched his head.

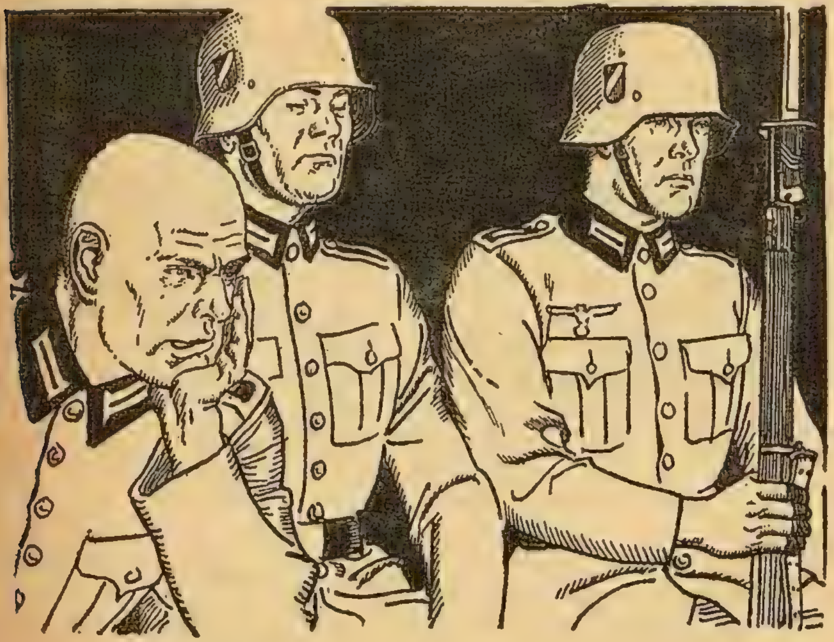
"I can't give you *official* permission," he said. "But, after all—" He rose and winked at Svoboda. "We're human, aren't we?"

"Yes, yer lordship," said Svoboda, his heart melting with gratitude. "Ve human."

Bullethead went out without replacing the peg in the door.

Svoboda was no spendthrift, but he lit the cigarette out of sheer excitement. Yet it was not Bullethead's suggestion that had so raised his blood pressure. Svoboda simply hadn't caught on. The sole reason for his excitement was that he supposed the watch would soon be his.

He sat there, dreaming like a lover, blowing clouds of smoke. Suddenly he experienced a peculiarly unpleasant sensation. No mistaking, it was a draft. He looked up and saw for the first time that the cell door was open. He got up and closed it, then returned to his bunk and his dreams. But the door opened again. He closed it once more, with a curse. It opened a third time. Svoboda was beginning to get jumpy.



In the end he went out into the corridor, hoping to find some one who could turn the lock of his cell. But there was no one in sight. He looked into the first office he came to. Empty! He tried all the rooms, one by one. Finally he came to the office at the rear where Schmatz was sitting with Bullethead and a third man he didn't know.

"Excuse," he advanced apologetically. "Sorry I make troubles. Maybe please, if you no mind, you lock cell door. Draft she blow hard; dot make me sick."

Bullethead was beside himself. He flew into a purple rage and gave Svoboda two terrific clouts on the ear. He pummeled him all the way back to his cell. But this was a waste of energy. His beautiful scheme had foundered beyond recall.

The sergeant came back from lunch. Schmatz told him between guffaws how the prisoner had asked them "maybe please" to lock his cell. The sergeant laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks. When a fool hears of a greater fool than himself, there is no holding him.

"Say," he moaned in a voice choked with laughter. "That guy is so dumb I can't even believe his confession."

Bullethead said nothing. He sauntered into the other room. His partners shortly followed him, and the three of them sat there like mourners. What were they going to do now? After what had happened, there wasn't a man alive who would believe that the big ape was plotting a jailbreak.

Bullethead got to his feet and crossed to the window. An unusual number of people were going to the hotel. He recognized their faces, one by one. They were much the same persons whom he had robbed two nights before.

He sent one of the men to see what was going on. The fellow came back a few minutes later, visibly relieved.

"Nothing serious," he announced. "Just farewell calls. The colonel is dying."

"You sure they weren't—handing you a line?" asked Bullethead uncertainly.

"I'm no fool," said the other in injured tones. "I saw the priests go in."

Bullethead paced the floor restlessly, deaf and blind to his surroundings, nearly swallowing his cigarette as he inhaled. The men couldn't make out why the news should have such an effect on him. Suddenly he stopped.

"Listen," he whispered. "If the colonel is really dying, we're safe."

The two subalterns understood nothing, but Bullethead had no time for explanations.

"We haven't a moment to lose," he said testily.

He had a typewriter brought in, and concentrated upon the creation of a masterpiece of fiction.

While he worked, the townspeople continued to arrive at the hotel. It had been Mr. Vesely's idea to summon them, when the doctor admitted that his old friend had only a few hours to go. At that moment the colonel was sleeping peacefully. His poor tortured body was hidden by the blankets; the bandage at the back of his head was concealed too; and there were no bruises on his face. He looked the same as ever. His breathing was strong and rhythmical. And yet, it was only a matter of hours—

Mr. Vesely took the sleeping man's hand in his own. Wasn't there something—anything—he could do to give the colonel a little happiness before it was too late?

Suddenly he rose to his feet. The idea seemed silly, childish. But once it occurred to him, he couldn't shake it off. There was something in the Bible— Vaguely the words formed in his mind: Blessed is he who may look upon his love before the sun setteth.

Yes, the colonel would have to see Jarmilla before . . . the sun set.

Though they had never talked about it, he knew the colonel was still in love with her. What brighter gift, thought Mr. Vesely, could he bestow on his old friend than a last look at her, before the sun set?

But how was he to bring her? Should he reveal to her now what the sad old man had concealed through a lifetime? No, that he could never do. But it struck him that if he invited the "best people" to the colonel's bedside, he could also ask the head bookkeeper's wife without further explanations.

"Could I have him shaved?" he asked the doctor.

The doctor looked at him in amazement. He could see no reason to shave the patient at such a time. But he was a wise man. He asked no questions, only nodded assent.

Mr. Vesely hurried downstairs, told the porter to admit no one until he came back, and sent up the barber. Then he ordered his carriage and made the rounds of the "best people." He asked them all to come in an hour, expecting that by that time Jarmilla would have completed her visit. Of course he had no intention of subjecting his sick friend to all these callers. Once Jarmilla was gone, he would find some excuse.

It took him only a few minutes to see the "best people." His last call was at the rectory. In dry, clipped tones, as though making a business appointment, he asked the priest, too, to come in an hour. But, as he was leaving, the priest put his arms around him. The three of them had been classmates.

He rushed back to the carriage.

"To the head bookkeeper's, and drive hard," he urged the coachman.

JARMILLA greeted him with surprise. When he explained his errand, she tried to appear sympathetic and deeply moved. She really did feel sorry for the colonel. But when she heard that all the best people, including the mayor and his wife, would be there, she was thrilled, and went to change her dress.

As they approached the hotel, Mr. Vesely felt certain that she was thinking of the mayor and his wife, whom she had long wanted to meet socially. He glanced at her with hatred. She was like a piece of wood draped in colored rags. Still, he reflected bitterly, what is a flag but a piece of wood and some colored rags, and see how many men give their lives for it!

When they reached the hotel, the priest and nearly all the guests were there. Mr. Vesely briefly apologized for the delay and hurried upstairs with Jarmilla. Leaving her on a chair in the hall, he went inside.

The colonel was sleeping again. The doctor sat on the edge of his bed, holding a stethoscope to his heart. Mr. Vesely asked to be left alone with his friend.

When the doctor had gone, Mr. Vesely awakened the colonel. "Who do you suppose is outside to see you?" he asked.

The colonel stared with glassy eyes.

Mr. Vesely leaned closer to him. "Jarmilla!" he said in an excited whisper.

The blood came back to the colonel's face. His eyes lit up. "But why?" he asked.

Mr. Vesely knew that he had to have the right answer. Otherwise his friend would be sure to understand.

"Can you imagine?" he whispered, startled at the sound of his own voice. "She's getting a divorce."

The lie was born that very instant, unpremeditated and immaculately conceived.

"A divorce?" The dying man's voice was suddenly full of life.

"That's right," said Mr. Vesely softly. "But don't let on that you know."

"Not on your life," whispered the colonel. "But why did she come here?" he added suddenly.

"She wants to see you."

All earthly bliss was concentrated in the colonel's face. But as Mr. Vesely arose he grasped his hand. "Wait a moment. Give me my shaving kit."

THE colonel had just been shaved, but Mr. Vesely understood. He brought him the set, and took out the brush, comb, and mirror. The colonel glanced up shyly, then smiled. He looked into the mirror with a roguish air, brushed and combed his hair, and twirled his great snowy mustache.

"Ready?" asked Mr. Vesely.

"Ready," said the colonel, confused and excited as a youth about to take his first step toward real life.

Mr. Vesely stepped into the hall and motioned to Jarmilla. Just then six storm troopers came running into the hall and barred their way.

"Stay where you are!" Bullethead commanded. "The colonel sent for us."

"Nobody sent for you," said Mr. Vesely curtly. "Don't disturb the patient."

Bullethead was in no mood for argument.

"Take him away," he ordered.

Three of the gang stepped up to Mr. Vesely.

"Don't come near me!" Mr. Vesely shouted. His fists flew up and all his repressed fury was unleashed. For a moment even the storm troopers were taken aback.

"For heaven's sake," Jarmilla implored, "let's not have a scandal!"

This brought him back to his senses. "All right," he said with forced calm.

Flanked by the three troopers, he and Jarmilla went down to the lobby. Bullethead and his companions went into the colonel's room.

Their call was over in about ten minutes. When Jarmilla and Mr. Vesely went back to the patient's room, the colonel was dead.

"Shut his eyes," Mr. Vesely said quietly, in a tone that was almost a command. Then he stood silent.

The agitation of his last moments had left no trace on the colonel's features. He lay on his bed like a man serenely sleeping at the end of his day's work. The points of his handsome white mustache were sharp as needles; he had secretly given them a last twist after his friend had stepped out.

Bullethead drew up an official report of the colonel's death, alleging that the colonel had, when dying, sent for him and dictated a full confession of guilt.

The confession was also in Bullethead's careful literary style:

"On the night of March 14, when every one in the hotel was asleep, I arose from my sickbed, went to the railroad station, and awakened the feeble-minded porter who habitually sleeps in the waiting room. I told him I wished to bury my valuables to prevent the Germans from stealing them. At my command, he took the crate of explosives (sent from Prague allegedly for road-building purposes a few days before) from the storeroom and carried it to the railroad bridge. As a former front-line fighter and ranking officer, I was, it goes without saying, familiar with the technique of mine laying and was able to give the unsuspecting porter suitable directions. My plan was to blow up the bridge on the following day as the Führer's train was approaching, thus giving the signal for a general uprising against the German occupation."

A further commentary was appended to the confession: "The following morning this man staged a monster demonstration at the memorial to the Unknown Soldier of Czechoslovakia, with a view to launching his patriotic movement. Investigation has established that he had no accomplices. On his deathbed the old man regretted his deed and expressed his repentance in moving words whose sincerity was not open to doubt—for, though a devout Catholic, he refused extreme unction until he had unburdened his conscience. He attributed his crime to the lying, unscrupulous anti-German propaganda which, abetted by the Jewish press, has for years deceived the Czech people. In the last hour of his life he expressed the deepest gratitude and admiration for the gallant German storm troopers whose unfailing vigilance had prevented the execution of his diabolical plan."

As to Svoboda, the report was downright laconic:

"Feeble-minded from birth, he can be considered in no sense accountable for his actions. His dim intellect led him at first to take full responsibility for a crime of which, as it afterward appeared, he had no knowledge. In point of fact, when the colonel's confession was read to him, he had no recollection of having been at the railroad bridge on March 14."

Svoboda's position was contradictory. Although innocent, he had taken part in the preparations for the crime. Bullethead decided that the final disposition of the case was beyond his own authority. He therefore arranged to ship Svoboda to Prague, escorted by a storm trooper, for "arraignment" before the proper authorities.

Actually that was only an excuse for sending a member of the triumvirate up to Prague with the stolen jewels, which Bullethead was reluctant to keep about any longer. He had no fear that Svoboda would get them into trouble, for five minutes with the big carrot-topped brute would convince any one that he was a hopeless idiot.

Svoboda was not particularly surprised when they told him he was in for another train ride. He supposed it was the idea of that Hitler fellow. They'd make him take an oath to somebody, and that was all right with Svoboda. He still had a passion for steam engines and he was glad of the ride.

A brief but respectful note and a copy of the report were sent in the sergeant's care to the commander of the engineering corps. The note disposed of Lawyer Novotny's complaint as "an example of the transparent and unscrupulous devices employed by Czech nationalists. As for the merits of the complaint, the complainant's apology furnishes the best answer."

BEFORE the sergeant left, the storm troopers gave a little stag party in his honor in the private dining room of God's Eye. The sergeant was soon roaring drunk. Fortunately, the storm trooper appointed to take Svoboda and the loot to Prague was leaving by the seven-ten. When the train pulled in, they loaded the sergeant aboard, and his motorcycle with him.

And so a correct regulation document started its voyage to Prague. Exactly how the colonel's signature was obtained is known only to Bullethead and his companions. In any case, it was no forgery. At Bullethead's own request, the mayor compared the signature with some of the colonel's letters on file in the town hall, and found it genuine. And Dr. Burian was able to attest with a clear conscience that the colonel had not died a violent death.

A few days after the sergeant's departure, Bullethead presented the colonel's confession and a sheaf of other papers regarding the case to the mayor for "review," hoping to win him over as he had won Mr. Novotny. The mayor was a candid, straightforward man, and, unlike the lawyer, he had at all times kept his hands scrupulously clean. Though he caught the drift of Bullethead's hints, he scorned to take any notice of them.

Among the documents on file he ran across Mr. Novotny's apology. At first he couldn't believe his eyes. Then he sent for the complainants and showed them the document. Their loss was still a raw wound and they winced at any mention of it. Still, they found it intolerable that the lawyer should have apologized to the robbers in their name.

About the same time, Mrs. Novotny's hired girl told the mayor's cook that her masters, "the dirty pigs," had invited the "lousy German crook" to dinner. The embittered townspeople decided on the silent treatment for the lawyer and his wife. From that day on, no one spoke to them. If they addressed any one, he would answer in curt monosyllables and leave them flat.

Bullethead now sent for the mayor.

"In the course of our brief acquaintance," he said in his most genial tones, "I have come to trust you—yes, even, if I may say so, to admire you." The mayor stood silently twisting his hat as Bullethead continued: "And so, my good friend, I would like to give you a piece of friendly advice. I think it might be a good idea for you to resign your position as mayor in favor of Mr. Novotny."

The mayor was more than startled.

"Thank you," he stammered, "it's very kind of you, but why do you advise me to do that?"

Bullethead was vague. "There are certain higher interests of state. Of course I am hardly in a position to disclose the exact—er—and of course you may do as you see fit. I'm only trying to do you a favor." He paused, and when he spoke again his genial tone had given way to an official crispness. "However, the matter will brook no delay. I must have an answer by eight in the morning."

There was a great stir when the town council heard what Bullethead required of them. The actual reason, of course, was Bullethead's preference for a mayor who would testify in his favor should the necessity arise. The council argued all evening but finally agreed that they would have to yield to force. And they did.

AT six o'clock one morning toward the end of the month, Mr. Vesely was riding past the hotel. Since the colonel's death he had not slept well, and had taken to rising early for his daily ride. The German truck, packed full of storm troopers with complete equipment, was standing at the door. Mr. Vesely called the porter.

"What's going on?" he inquired.

"The Germans are leaving," said the porter in a rapturous whisper.

The old gentleman became strangely excited.

"Where's the commander?" he inquired.

"He's still in his room. The boss just took the bill up to him."

Mr. Vesely dismounted. "I'll be back in a moment," he said, slipping the reins to the porter.

Bullethead was checking the bills with the hotelkeeper when the old gentleman walked in. He barely glanced up.

"I don't suppose any introductions will be necessary," said Mr. Vesely politely. "We have already met."

Bullethead raised his head once more.

"I don't recall," he said impatiently, going back to his bills.

"Permit me to remind you," said Mr. Vesely with the same quiet courtesy. "It was on the 16th of March. You were on your way to see the colonel to have a certain confession signed."

Bullethead dropped the bills with a menacing look.

"What do you mean?" he growled.

"I was only reminding you," said Mr. Vesely, with a strange smile. And then, very slowly, as though to drive home each word, "I was the colonel's closest friend."

"See here!" Bullethead was getting angry. "I'm a busy man. Say what you want or get out!"

"I think what I have to tell you had best be said in private," the old gentleman remarked. He turned to the hotelkeeper. "Would you mind leaving us a moment?"

The hotelkeeper went out, but crouched at the keyhole. The ensuing conversation consisted of only two words.

"What—" began Bullethead.

"This!" said Mr. Vesely, striking him twice with his riding crop.

Bullethead's face was a mass of blood. For a moment he sat petrified. Then he lunged furiously at the old gentleman. But the whip struck again, this time catching him in the eye and temporarily blinding him. Bullethead's left hand went up instinctively to his eye, while his right pawed the air to ward off another attack.

"Take your time; I can wait," said Mr. Vesely contemptuously. "In these parts we don't strike a man when he's down."

Bullethead resorted to trickery. Seeing that the old gentleman kept his word, he turned slowly, one hand over his eye as though still unable to see, meaning to tear the window open and call for help. But Mr. Vesely dropped the riding crop and struck him in the face with his bare fist. Bullethead fell against the wall.

"Take it easy!" roared Mr. Vesely, with a ghostly laugh. "We'll settle this between the two of us like a pair of Nibelungen heroes. A dual—you understand?"

At that, he made another lunge toward Bullethead, but Bullethead side-stepped him and he stumbled over a chair. Bullethead reached the table and grabbed his gun. Mr. Vesely picked up a chair and bounced it on his skull. Bullethead crumpled, and all six feet of him stretched limply on the floor. But still he clung to his gun and raised it to fire. Mr. Vesely dug his spurs into the storm trooper's hand and he dropped the gun. The old gentleman retrieved it and bounced the butt against Bullethead's round skull until he lapsed into unconsciousness.

Then the old gentleman dropped the gun, wiped the blood from his hands, and walked out. All so leisurely that no one in the hotel noticed that anything was wrong. He only let on that he was in a hurry after he had mounted his horse. He rode straight to the station, and alighted just in time for the six-forty.

All this was a matter of minutes. The storm troopers out in front had missed the whole show, for Bullethead's room faced the alley. The hotelkeeper, in mortal terror, went down and notified Bullethead's comrades. Between them they managed to stanch his bleeding, but they couldn't wake him from his stupor. They held a hurried council behind closed doors. Then one of them took the hotelkeeper aside.

"Listen," he said. "The *Herr Kommandant* tripped on the carpet as he was coming downstairs and bumped his head against a post. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

They fed the accident story to the rest of the storm troopers, and even tried it on the doctor. But Dr. Burian only pushed his glasses up on his forehead and gazed at the bullies with his mild blue eyes.

"Haven't you boys ever heard of professional secrecy?" he asked quietly. And without waiting for an answer he went back to his patient.

Reviving him was no mean job. Bullethead was in a bad way. He lay in bed all day, unable to stir. But orders are orders, and the detail had to leave town. They prepared a berth in the truck for the wounded man, and at midnight, when the town was fast asleep, they drove off.

MR. VESELY came through unscathed. The three bullies realized that dealing with him in Prague would not be as simple as dealing with the colonel in town. They couldn't denounce him to the authorities, for fear of reviving the whole affair, which was threatening to involve them in new complications as it was. For Prague sprang a most unpleasant surprise on the triumvirate. Instead of releasing Svoboda, the authorities held him for further examination, and the three lived in constant terror of being incriminated by the half-witted porter. All in all, Bullethead thought it best to lie low.

Mr. Vesely came back to town two weeks later, packed his things, and moved to Prague.

The town settled back in the old accustomed rut. The administration went back to the local authorities, and little by little the townspeople grew accustomed to the new order. The hillside was green, the pansies sown the year before blossomed in the garden, and housewives went about their usual spring cleaning.

The makeshift signs on Masaryk Square were taken down, and shiny new enamel ones proclaimed that this was Adolph Hitler Platz, once and for all. Of course everyone went on calling it Masaryk Square, and it would have been hard to find any man, woman, or child who would say he was bound for Adolph Hitler Platz. There was something about the renamed square that gave many of the townspeople racking coughs whenever they crossed it.

They couldn't help spitting copiously as they approached the new enamel markers.

It was these coughers, no doubt, who kept planting fresh flowers on the colonel's grave. Soon after his death it became known that, "because of his subversive activities," the German authorities had confiscated his modest fortune, which he had willed to disabled Czech war veterans. That same evening the coughers brought plants and flowers by the wagonload and worked by lamplight until dawn.

The next day was Sunday. The town awoke to see a hedge of living flowers leading from the cemetery gate to the colonel's grave. By noon there was a veritable stampede of pilgrims.

Yet all the men in town were not coughers. The stationmaster's elder son, for instance, profited appreciably by the new regime. Hitherto the young fellow had contented himself with killing time and stealing his father's cash. But now he was living in Prague with a personal checking account, having in some mysterious fashion risen overnight to a position of influence. He even figured in the Prague newspapers—most recently in connection with beating up some Jews—and the tone of the article was respectful in the extreme. But early in June, when he came back home for a visit, the postman brought him stacks of post cards mailed in town, each bearing one word in printed letters: TRAITOR.

The stationmaster was sick with shame. He gave his son a good talking to, but the lad replied scornfully:

"How can I be a traitor? I am a deputy leader of the Czech Fascist Party. Don't you know that Fascists are nationalists? How can a nationalist be a traitor?"

TOWARD the end of May, Svoboda came back to the village. He had spent two months in a German concentration camp—he had no idea what for and neither had the camp authorities—but he was like a man returning from his vacation. His color was excellent, he had put on weight, he was almost nattily turned out. He raised his right hand in the Nazi salute and greeted all comers with a crisp "Heil Hitler!"

Goggle-eyed townspeople surrounded him at the station, deluged him with questions. Before answering, Svoboda took a massive silver watch from his pocket, waved it aloft for every one to see, opened the double cover, and observed smugly, "Ve maked good time."

The South German camp where they had taken Svoboda was known far and wide as a fiendish torture chamber. Yet Svoboda was wild about the place. He had, in fact, been reluctant to go home; had begged to stay a little longer. But they said they were hard up for room. Perhaps some other time.

After listening to Svoboda pour forth his enthusiasm, one of the reception committee asked if it were true that prisoners were flogged within an inch of their lives. Yes, Svoboda admitted, there was a grain of truth in these reports, but it wasn't as bad as people thought. Anyway, it was all a matter of custom. That was the way they did things there. And if the Reverend Father—a Catholic priest from Prague and a very fine man—could stand it, why couldn't Svoboda? Beatings were the custom and you had to get used to it.

"But you get ever'thing for nuddings. Room and board. Poor feller can even pick up leedle money. Vare you gonna find place like dot?"

His admirers easily saw his point about the room and board, but they failed to see how a "poor feller" could earn money in a concentration camp. Svoboda finally explained, though not so simply as I put it here. The workings of his mind were exceedingly complex, and it took his friends days to piece together his account.

The camp harbored a number of notables. There were writers, scientists, artists, statesmen, a former newspaper editor, and the Catholic priest. The prisoners were all put to work building a road. The padre, not as young as he used to be, was unable to do his share of the work. He suffered many beatings. Svoboda felt sorry for him. And so, one day soon after his arrival, when no guard was near, he told the panting, exhausted old man to rest in the shade, he would do his work. There were tears of gratitude in the priest's eyes. That night at supper he slipped a mark into Svoboda's hand.

Ultimately he was doing the work of three men in addition to his own, and rapidly becoming a man of means. In time he declined the padre's money, for he observed that the old man had little enough for himself. But when the time came to say good-by, the padre took out his ancient silver watch and gave it to Svoboda, who had often told him the sad story of his nickel timepiece. Svoboda hesitated.

"You got no odder," he protested.

But the priest set his mind at rest: "My hour has already struck."

All the others gave him something, too. Every one liked the big carrot-topped fellow, and they outfitted him from head to foot. He had twenty-two marks left after paying for his ticket. Never before had Svoboda saved half that amount in two months. No wonder he was wild about the concentration camp.

When he paid his first call upon the widow, he did not kiss her at once. Heaving his right hand aloft, he bellowed martially:

"Heil Hitler!"

The effect was not what he expected. Instead of falling on his neck, the widow peered around fearfully, then almost growled:

"Stop fooling. Some one might think you meant it."

"Ya bet I mean it!" Svoboda shouted back even more loudly, angered by the coolness of her welcome. "If you no like, you know vot you kin do! Germuns say hello like dot now."

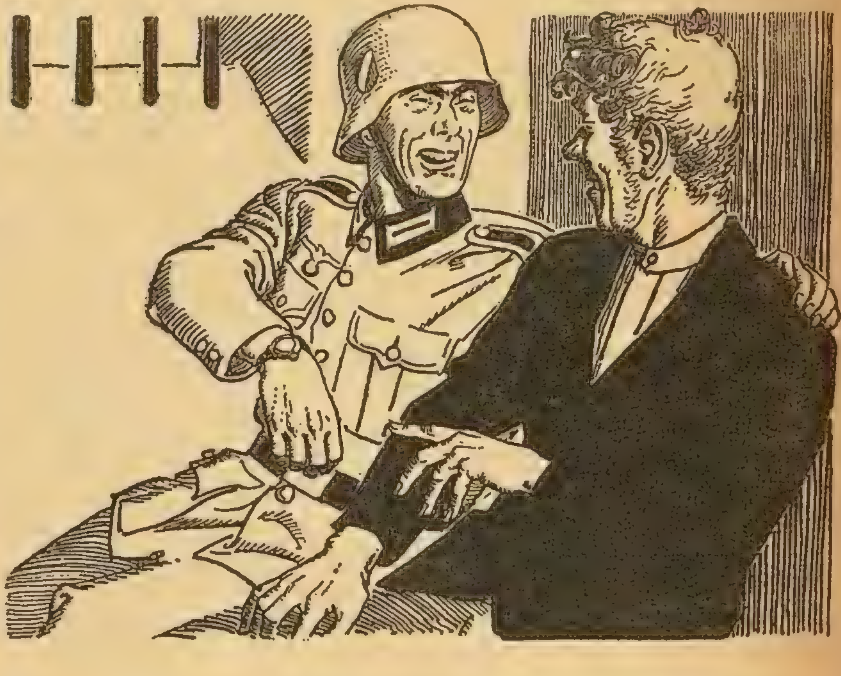
The widow grew angry in earnest. But when he turned to leave, she threw her arms about him and wept bitterly.

"Vossa merra vid you, Mary?" he asked, somewhat mollified, for he felt that she must have had her troubles to be acting so strangely.

And so she had. The poor woman was completely on the rocks. The German garbage statute had ruined her. None of the refuse which the scavengers had formerly bought from her was now permitted to be thrown away.

"They grab everything!" The eternal refrain broke from her lips like a mournful folk song.

Svoboda didn't mind that, but he failed to see why he couldn't heil if he wanted to. The widow tried to explain that the neighbors went wild whenever they heard that greeting. For one thing, people had a right to greet one another in their own language; for another, the various German regulations had brought ruin on the lot of them. The occupation had reduced every one's earnings by half; many, like the widow, had lost everything overnight.



"Folks are pretty sore," the widow explained. "Anybody caught heiling around here is going to get killed some dark night. I was only afraid for you, my little pigeon."

"Dot's different," said Svoboda, caressing her tear-stained cheeks with a bearlike clumsiness.

She was right, he reflected. It was too bad, what these Hitler men were doing. But the fact remained that he had made twenty-two marks, thanks to Hitler. A good thing he hadn't married the widow, or he'd have to support her now. But, though his mind was hard and calculating, his heart was overcome with pity. He decided to throw security to the winds and share this twenty-two marks with her.

"Sit down like good gerrrl," he said, taking her on his lap. "You no vorry, Mary. I make much money."

"Money? Where?"

"In 'tration camp."

The widow clasped her hands. "My big, smart man. Folks could learn from you!"

"Dey could!" Svoboda beamed. "How much you t'ink I bring home?"

"How much?"

Svoboda was silent for a moment.

"Ten marks," he said finally. "Listen, Mary. I give you half."

He stood up. He kept his money in a small bag hung around his neck. Turning away so she couldn't see how much he had in the bag, he took out five marks.

"Half vot I make," he said, solemnly handing her the note.

The woman wept tears of happiness.

"You're the best man in the world, my little pigeon!"

"Only de best?" he asked coyly. "Who de handsomest?"

He turned around slowly for the widow's benefit. In the excitement she had overlooked his finery, and now the wonder of it struck her with full force.

"You look like a prince, my little pigeon!"

After a while the widow got supper. She sang at her work. The fragrance of May was wafted in through the open window. Svoboda looked out. The moon was like a yellow cymbal. And so many, many stars! It was good to be at home.

That was Svoboda's last day of happiness.

IN the morning he took his seventeen remaining marks to the bank. The clerk who took his money informed him without preamble that the Reich treasury had confiscated his 318 sokols.

"Vot you said?" asked Svoboda, stumped by the big word.

"They took it away."

Svoboda grinned broadly. He knew the gentlemen liked to play jokes on him and he never spoiled their fun.

"Vot for dey take?" he asked merrily.

The clerk produced a letter. He was a jaundiced, little man, called Crackles because of his brittle dried-out look.

"It says here the money was confiscated in payment of two months' maintenance," he said in a businesslike tone. "It says you spent two months in a concentration camp. That's why they took the money. Two months' board and lodging. Now do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

The poor fellow didn't understand, but he began to suspect that Crackles wasn't joking. Or was he? A vague anxiety seized him.

"Ven de Germans give it back, please?"

"Never," the old man replied. "Didn't I tell you the treasury confiscated it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, then."

Svoboda fiddled with his passbook, holding it up to his nose, pretending that he could read it.

"I like know, sir, if I vant take out money, how much you give me?"

Crackles took the passbook and glanced at it.

"Seventeen marks," he said.

"And from t'ree hunnerd eighteen sokol how much?"

"Nothing!" shouted Crackles. "How often do I have to tell you that the money now belongs to the Reich treasury?"

Svoboda thought it over. Then he answered with unaccustomed firmness: "No can be, sir. I no give t'ree hunnerd eighteen sokol to treasury. I give t'ree hunnerd eighteen sokol to Community Savings Bank. Now I vant back."

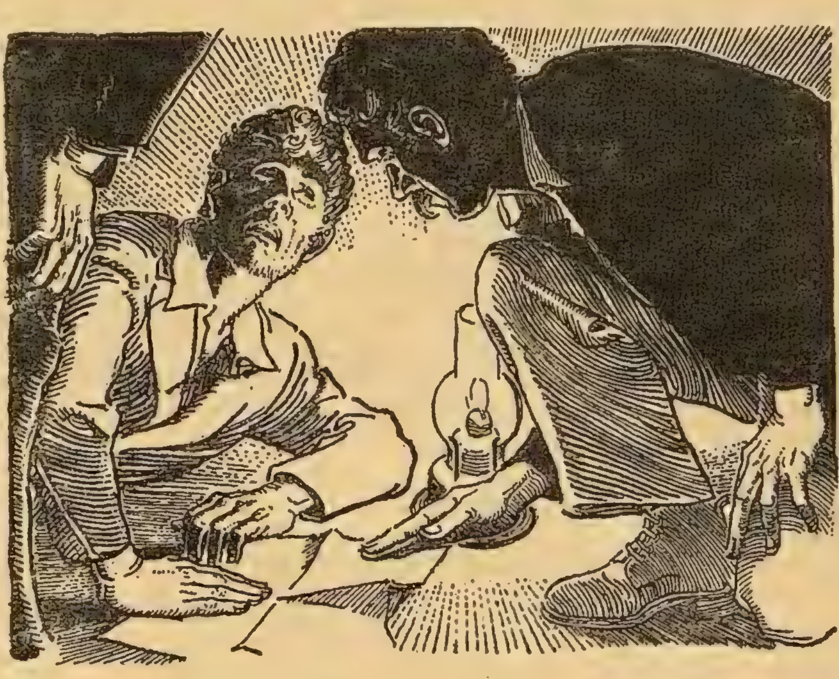
Crackles was fed up.

"Look here," he said irritably. "I'm sorry your money was confiscated. But if you have any complaints, take them to the Reich treasury. I'm busy." And he slammed the window in Svoboda's face.

For some minutes Svoboda looked after him uncertainly. Then he did something of which no one—least of all himself—would have thought him capable.

"Mister," he shouted, "you give back my money if you know vot good for you!"

At that instant the president of the bank walked in, puffing great clouds of smoke from his breakfast cigar. He slapped Svoboda on the back and signaled to Crackles that he would handle this.



He had been a young teller when Svoboda brought the first of his savings to the bank. The president felt as sorry for him as a well fed bank president can feel for a man like Svoboda.

He showed Svoboda into his office and began to explain what had happened. He spoke slowly and patiently, as a teacher might speak to good little boys. This was Svoboda's first glimmer of knowledge as to why they had sent him to the concentration camp and taken his money away. His agitation sent a rush of blood to his brain and speeded up his understanding far beyond normal. He remembered his strange sessions with Bullethead, the examination at the scene of the crime, the colonel's confession which they had read to him, and countless other events that had made no sense before. The vague wisps of memory fused into some sort of picture, and the poor wretch began to see what had happened to him. Plot—mine—railroad bridge whirled like storybook monsters through the thick fog of his brain.

"Dot ain't true!" he exclaimed indignantly. "Dot's dirty lie, yer lordship!"

His lordship didn't doubt it for a moment.

"Why didn't you tell that to the Germans?" he asked.

"How I tell ven I dunno vot dey vant? You t'ink dey tell me?"

At length the president came to the end of his patience and sent Svoboda on his way with some kind words and a sokol in his fist. He stopped in front of the bank.

"It break my heart," he muttered. He pressed his hands over his heavy heart and slowly his baby-blue eyes filled with tears. "It kill me."

Passers-by turned their heads and some laughed in his face. But Svoboda saw none of this. He stood there weeping in the middle of the sidewalk.

"It kill me!" he repeated.

At length he went away. His first thought was to tell the widow what had happened, but halfway to her house he had a better idea. He turned abruptly and ran to the rectory. He found the priest and told him his whole story.

"You jus' tell me, fader," Svoboda urged—"vot de Lord t'ink about dot?"

At first the priest could think of nothing to say. Then he brought forth some generalities about the mortifications of the flesh, the incalculable ways of God, and so on. But Svoboda wasn't satisfied.

"Fader," he said solemnly, "I make every leetle bit of t'ree hunnerd eighteen sokol by honest work like good Christian. I no steal, I no cheat. I alvays good man. I believe in God. I no hurt fly. God better do something quick, no, fader?"

"We must all of us answer in heaven for our sins, my son."

"For my t'ree hunnerd eighteen sokol too?"

"For everything."

Svoboda wanted something more concrete. "Only in heaven?"

"Our life here below is a succession of trials," the priest declared. "We must bear them with patience."

"Fader, please," Svoboda began after a prolonged period of thought. "In dis country ve got sokol. In Germany dey got mark. In odder country dey got different kind. Vot good in one country no good in odder country. Maybe you tell me vot kind money dey got in heaven."

"You won't need any money in heaven, son."

"You see!" Svoboda exclaimed, angrily clasping his hands. "If God give back t'ree hunnerd eighteen sokol in heaven, vot I gonna do vid? Iss dot fair? I save money on eart', vere money good. God take from Hitler in heaven, vere no good. Iss dot right?"

The padre was a man of angelic patience, but there is always a limit.

"What you say, my son, concerns the police more than a priest," he finally told him.

That was quite unlike the padre, but it seemed the only way of putting an end to the futile debate. He had no way of knowing that Svoboda would take him at his word.

Yet that is exactly what happened. After leaving the priest, Svoboda went straight to the police.

"Please, Mr. Sergeant," he said, "I vant make complaint."

The police sergeant was an amiable, paunchy Czech. He had known Svoboda for upwards of fifteen years.

"What's the trouble?" he asked. "Whom do you want to complain against?"

"Hitler," said Svoboda stanchly.

The sergeant thought he had misunderstood him.

"Hitler!" Svoboda repeated. "You no hear about him? He rob me, dot pig!"

The sergeant laughed until the tears rolled down his face. Svoboda looked at him suspiciously.

"Vy you so happy, Mr. Sergeant?" he asked diplomatically. He had learned it was best to treat authority with kid gloves.

"I was thinking it was high time somebody had the guts to complain," said the sergeant.

"YOU mad at him too?"

"I'll say!" said the sergeant, beginning to laugh again. This time Svoboda joined him.

"Den I come to right place," he concluded, with a mischievous wink at the sergeant. "Ve show him."

"We sure will," said the sergeant, rising. "I better bring in a couple of witnesses. Got to have witnesses for such an important complaint."

He went out, and a moment later there was a deafening roar of laughter in the adjoining room. All the gendarmes in the post came back with the sergeant. With a straight face, the sergeant spread a sheet of paper on the desk before him and picked up his pen. Svoboda recited his complaints.

"The investigation will proceed at once," said the sergeant. "The full weight of the law will be invoked against the guilty party."

Svoboda was feeling much better when he left the police station.

"I teach dot bum," he bragged to the widow. "Dis time he get vot he looking for."

The widow doubted that anything would come of it. She was not much brighter than Svoboda, but even a stupid woman is likely to have a better sense of reality than an intelligent man. But Svoboda dismissed her pessimism as woman's talk.

"I tell you vot, Mary," he said, with a superior air. "Trouble iss, people dumb. Dey cry, dey yell. Dey say Hitler grab dis, grab dot, but nobody do nuddings. I show vorld vot should do vid Hitler!"

Svoboda had complete confidence in the ultimate success of his complaint. He called at the police station two or three times a week to ask what progress had been made. The sergeant was always encouraging.

One day at the station a young gendarme's gun went off while he was cleaning it and wounded him in the arm. Dr. Burian was leaving just as Svoboda came in to inquire about his case.

"What are you doing here?" the doctor asked.

Before Svoboda could reply, one of the gendarmes took the doctor aside and, choking with laughter, told him. The doctor saw nothing funny about it. He laid one hand on Svoboda's shoulder and raised his gold-rimmed glasses to his forehead.

"You can't make a complaint against Hitler," he explained quietly. "The gentlemen were only playing jokes on you."

"No can complain?" he exclaimed in his bewilderment. "Him rob, him steal, him murder—no can complain?"

A world had crashed within him. He grew melancholy and could hardly be persuaded to speak to any one. He prowled the streets, sullen and suspicious, muttering incoherently. He stopped working. He drew the seventeen marks from his savings account. When the president asked him why, he answered gruffly:

"I spend. To hell vid!" Before his misfortune no one had ever heard him use bad language.

ONE day at the station Svoboda began to curse Hitler in a loud voice. The sweet-smelling express clerk playfully warned him:

"Better watch your step. Hitler is coming, and you'll catch it."

Svoboda glared at him. "Hitler is coming here?"

The young man winked at the two other clerks. "Certainly," he said.

"He stop here?"

"In Prague," the clerk told him. "His train is passing this way tomorrow night."

"Vot time?" asked Svoboda.

"One o'clock in the morning," said the express clerk.

Svoboda left without a word.

The road-building operations, suspended at the time of the invasion, had recently been resumed and some blasting was found necessary. Through carelessness, no doubt, a small amount of dynamite had been left beneath the railway bridge. At exactly one o'clock the following morning this charge exploded. Fortunately, no harm was done beyond a trifling crack in one of the bridge supports. The incident was attributed to carelessness—a live cigarette butt or a flying spark from the Prague Express. The road foreman was reprimanded and that ended the matter.

Next morning Svoboda appeared at the express office in a terrible fury.

"Vy for you lie?" he shouted at the clerk. "Hitler no come!"

There was a roar of laughter in the office.

"You trying to blow up Hitler again?" asked the express clerk unsuspectingly.

"Of course he was," said the telegraph operator. "Who do you suppose planned the explosion last night?" And, turning grimly to Svoboda, "Do you deny it?"

"I no deny nuddings!" shouted Svoboda.

The clerks were convinced that Svoboda was joking, while Svoboda firmly believed the gentlemen to be in earnest. He found it perfectly logical that he had not been arrested.

"If dey arrest me ven I no make plot, vy dey arrest me ven I make?"

Walking past the widow's house one night two weeks after the unsuccessful plot, Dr. Burian saw Svoboda and another man lying on their stomachs in the yard, studying a sheet of paper by the light of an oil lamp. The stranger was a peasant forty-five or fifty years old. He was explaining something to Svoboda, who listened tensely. The doctor saw the possessed look of Svoboda's eyes in the yellow lamplight, and began to think that the poor fellow had really gone mad. On an impulse, the doctor approached.

"What's that?" he asked.

"A plan," said Svoboda sulkily.

"What sort of plan?"

Svoboda said nothing, but his companion let the cat out of the bag.

"Well, sir, I was with the engineers in the war. I was telling my friend here how we used to blow up bridges when the enemy was after us. He wanted to know how we done it."

The doctor knew at once that Svoboda was planning another explosion, and told him as much when the engineer had gone. He made no attempt to deny it.

"As I live and breat', I blow up dot bum!"

The veins bulged on his forehead. He seized the engineer's sketch and held the lamp over it.

"Dis time I know how!"

"You'll get yourself in trouble," said the doctor. "They'll lock you up."

Svoboda waved away the suggestion.

"Not me! I been in 'tration camp. No can punish two times for same t'ing. Anyvay, dot bridge she mine now!"

"Yours?"

"Sure. I pay t'ree hunnerd eighteen sokol for. I do vot I like vid bridge."

Svoboda came closer, lest the widow hear him.

"If police no help and God no help, I help myself!" he said in a dull undertone. His eyes gleamed eerily.

"Don't be a fool, Svoboda," said the doctor. "You've only lost three hundred and eighteen sokols. Think of what they have taken from others—the lives of hundreds of thousands, the freedom of millions, the peace of the whole world."

"Dot different," said Svoboda with profound contempt. "Dot different."

"How do you mean?"

"Because whole world she not mine, but t'ree hunnerd eighteen sokol, dot mine. If whole vorld damn fool and let him, dot vorld's business. Me no let! See? Not me!"

He shook his massive calloused finger beneath the doctor's nose.

"Neverrr! Neverrr! Neverrr!"

There was something else he wanted to say, but he checked himself as the widow came out of the house.

"Guess it gonna rain tonight," he said aloud, and motioned the doctor not to speak before the woman.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

BROUGHT to this country brightly medaled with honors won in Australia, and blessed by H. G. Wells and Carl Van Doren, a novel of Australian frontier life called **Capricornia** by Xavier Herbert (D. Appleton-Century, New York, $3) is big, burly, full of action and color.

Its story runs somewhat confusingly in and out among many people, but it mostly concerns a half-caste, Norman Shillingsworth. His first name is an Anglicizing of Nawnim, which means no-name, a bush description of this son of an English renegade father and bush mother.

The locale is northern Australia in the years of its settling by white men and its emergence from frontier into civilized life. Capricornia's original population was black, and, like the Indians of our own North America, these people lived a sensible, easy life, well attuned to the country they inhabited.

Xavier Herbert

Into this equatorial land of huge dimensions and possibilities came white settlers, most of them hard men who had to be as tough as the country they planned to master and exploit. It was natural for them to take *lubra* mistresses as the fancy seized them, and not surprising that this easygoing mingling of the races should in time produce a color problem of which Norman is an example.

This never bothered Norman greatly, but it did materially affect the lives of many of his half-, quarter-, and strange-caste compatriots, such as Tocky, the half-white girl who displaced Norman's black mistress and was left with her baby to die in a water tower while Norman stood trial for his life.

M. M. Swartz

If this last sounds melodramatic, let me hurry to say that it is but one almost minor incident in a book crowded and supercharged with adventure, sex, robbery, bloodshed, and most of the violent actions known to mankind, including love, holy and profane.

ANOTHER book that comes quite heavily laden with advance critical praise concerns a subject that will become hotter and hotter as we approach nearer to victory. The question of what to do with the German people is answered in **Is Germany Incurable?** (J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia, $3) by a psychiatrist, Richard M. Brickner.

Dr. Brickner's thesis is that the Germans are victims of paranoia, a disease of the mind which drives those it possesses to the same kind of madness now manifest in Germany—the desire for more and more power, backed by ruthlessness to achieve it. In an individual this sometimes leads to suicide, murder, or both. In a nation, Dr. Brickner submits, this leads to the perennial waging of wars of aggression which is symptomatic of modern Germany.

Germany as a nation can be brought out of its paranoid tendencies by liquidating (that doesn't mean killing) its worst offenders from political life, by bringing to the fore those Germans who are not national paranoids, and by education.

MORE letters are being written these days than ever before in American history. Libraries are besieged by letter writers who seek examples of the best in that art so that they may make their own letters more interesting.

To any who want help (and whose letter-writing could stand a brushing up) I recommend **How to Write Better Letters**, by M. M. Swartz (Franklin Watts, New York, $1).

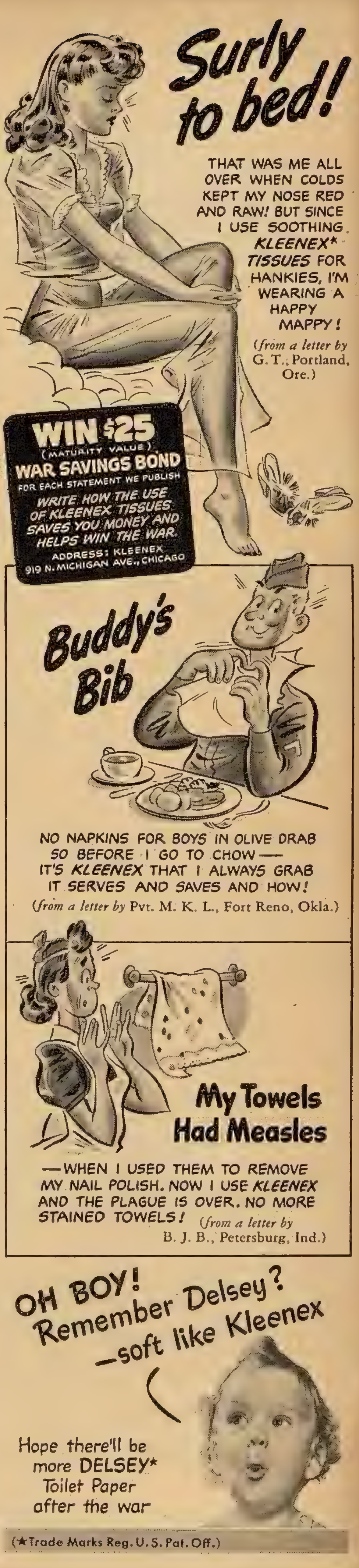
WOMAN-TALK

IT'S IN THE STARS: Practically everybody knows Vincent Lopez as an orchestra leader, but not so many are aware that he is also an astrologer and numerologist important enough to contribute articles to the magazine American Astrology. His predictions so far have been so accurate that he has been called "the modern Nostradamus." Here are some of his forecasts about the course of the war in Europe which it will be interesting to keep in mind throughout the summer and fall. By June 1, he says—which is round about now—invasion forces from Britain will be on the move toward Berlin, through France. By June 24 the United Nations will have pushed the enemy back far enough to bring the war to German soil. Meanwhile United States forces will have occupied Norway and Denmark. During July the Lowlands will become invasion headquarters for the United Nations. A large attack will succeed in clearing Belgium and Holland of Nazis. There will be revolutions in the occupied areas from the first of June on, and restlessness will spread to the Italian provinces of Lombardy. The beautiful friendship between Benito and Adolf will go *pouf!* when Italy, answering the demand of her people, seeks peace with the United Nations, concluding it in November. . . . This, according to Mr. Lopez, is in the stars. We only hope he's right!

HERE COMES THE NAVY! Remember how the Brazilian—or was it the Portuguese?—navy swarmed into the Greenwich Village basement flat of Ruth and Eileen in My Sister Eileen? Well, two New York girls are facing, with mixed emotions, the prospect of a somewhat similar invasion. It started when they spoke to a very young and lonely-looking sailor on a Fifth Avenue bus. He had a two-week furlough, he told them, and was going upstate that evening to be married. Then he and his bride would come to New York for a honeymoon before he went back to his ship. A do-something-for-the-boys impulse gripped one of the young women. "You and your wife must come and see us," she told him. "Bring your buddies, too, and we'll have a party. Just ring us up beforehand." "Gee," said the sailor, "that'll be great!" Then, as he wrote down the address and telephone number, he added, "There are six hundred and fifty men on my ship and every one's my buddy." So now the girls are haunted by a vision of the bride and groom, convoyed by 650 bluejackets, heading up Lexington Avenue toward their two rooms and kitchenette!

THE MIRROR OF TRUTH: New York's mayor has vetoed slacks as part of the official uniform for women air-raid wardens, but optimistic citizens who believed this might discourage the growing number of women who swagger along the streets in flapping pants are in for a disappointment. For the majority of the city's trousered females are not so attired for war work or for any other utilitarian purpose, so far as we can see. On a Saturday morning we counted five in a few blocks. One was wheeling a baby carriage, two were walking dogs, and two others were just slouching along, window-shopping. No, we're afraid that inveterate slack wearers of various sizes and shapes and degrees of curvature really believe they're rather fetching in the things—which, the female form being what it is, is a terrible mistake nine times out of ten. The only cure is a harsh one. Put each pants-clad lady on a turntable in a room entirely surrounded by full-length mirrors and make her look at herself from all angles until the awful truth sinks in.

THINGS A CONGRESSWOMAN HAS TO REMEMBER: Connecticut hat manufacturers didn't like it when Clare Boothe Luce appeared wearing a kerchief on her head. Bad for the hat industry, which is one of the state's largest. They presented her with a little number in blue felt, which she promptly donned. Thus politics enters a lady's wardrobe!



Surly to bed!

THAT WAS ME ALL OVER WHEN COLDS KEPT MY NOSE RED AND RAW! BUT SINCE I USE SOOTHING *KLEENEX* TISSUES* FOR HANKIES, I'M WEARING A HAPPY MAPPY!

(from a letter by G. T., Portland, Ore.)

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(from a letter by Pvt. M. K. L., Fort Reno, Okla.)

My Towels Had Measles

—WHEN I USED THEM TO REMOVE MY NAIL POLISH. NOW I USE *KLEENEX* AND THE PLAGUE IS OVER. NO MORE STAINED TOWELS! *(from a letter by* B. J. B., Petersburg, Ind.)

OH BOY! Remember Delsey? —soft like Kleenex

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HOLLYWOOD'S $4,000,000 HEADACHE

Continued from Page 19

did not need a "name" to carry the picture. They had Gary Cooper. Besides, Wood and Cooper were not working for peanuts exactly. (Cooper gets approximately $150,000 a picture.) It would be nice to have a Maria of their own whose salary did not resemble a new war tax.

The publicity department was notified by the front office to release the news that Zorina, under contract to Paramount, had been signed for Maria. Zorina cut her hair, made costume and make-up tests, and left for the Sonora Pass location in June of 1942. Immediately the columnists carried banner lines that Paramount and Sam Wood were feuding.

Zorina, who has studied ballet since she was a child, is tops in her field. In ballet a dancer is taught to strike poses, to acquire an artificial poise, to posture continually. You just can't turn a ballerina into a Maria. Zorina's kind of sex appeal is cool, suave, and as sophisticated as ballet itself, while Hemingway's Maria was a warm, friendly, affectionate girl, completely without affectation of any sort. Her very earthiness was her great attraction.

Paramount was convinced they needed a seasoned actress to play Maria, and not just a beautiful ballet dancer, when they saw the first day's rushes which had been sent down from Sonora Pass. They called Zorina back to the studio and put in a ring for David Selznick. Zorina was a good sport about the whole unfortunate episode. But it probably broke her heart. And if she's pretty bitter about Hollywood in the future, who can blame her?

NAZIMOVA made an excellent test and came within an eyelash of getting the part of Pilar. Pola Negri, eager to play a character part on the lot where once she ruled as queen, paid her way to Hollywood, hoping for a test. The studio gave tests to Flora Robson, Blanche Yurka, Rafaela Ottiano, Aline MacMahon, and Katina Paxinou. Paxinou—like Garbo, she prefers to be called by her last name—was signed for the part. Paxinou is the First Lady of the Royal Greek Theater. With her actor husband, Alexander Minotis, she escaped to England and later came to America. A strikingly beautiful woman with blue-black hair and a trim figure, her friends in Europe will never recognize her as the fat, gross, middle-aged Pilar.

Maria wears only one outfit during the entire picture, so naturally you'd think the studio would have got off without a headache in the wardrobe department. Well, what you don't know about the movies! Months were spent figuring out the problem of dressing Maria. She mustn't look too masculine or too drab. On the other hand, she mustn't look like a Hollywood glamour girl. The costume Hemingway described for Maria wasn't at all photogenic. After testing every color combination and every material imaginable, the studio finally decided on a green wool jersey shirt because green stands out in a group and jersey drapes rather fascinatingly around the female form. After Maria's pants had been carefully tailored by Hollywood's best tailors, the wardrobe department dunked them in a tub of water, beat them with boards, and knocked them around a bit to give them that old well worn look. And to keep Maria from looking too boyish the wardrobe girl who accompanied Bergman on location was told to keep Maria's form-fitting shirt pinned down just so.

MARIA'S hair, according to Hemingway, had been shaved off by the Fascists three months before she was befriended by her Loyalist friends in the mountains. At the time Robert Jordan arrived to dynamite the bridge it had grown one and a half inches. "It was cut short all over her head so that it was little longer than the fur on a beaver pelt." Hair that short is far from glamorous. When David Selznick realized that his star could not wear a wig for Maria but would have to have her hair actually cut off, he rushed to Paramount with Sydney Guilaroff, M-G-M's high-priced hair designer. Guilaroff originated the famous three-way Victory bob, which he gave to such glamorous stars as Norma Shearer, Lana Turner, and Ann Sothern, and he proceeded to give Ingrid one. When he finished she looked beautiful—like a movie star about to set out for an evening at Ciro's. The studio executives became a little white around the gills. That would never do for Maria—Maria who lived in a cave, ate rabbit stew, and scrambled over rocks. Ingrid, an intelligent actress, agreed with them. Paramount's Wally Westmore was called in and, while Mr. Selznick winced, he gave the Swedish star the first Maria haircut. On Bergman it looked good.

When Sam Wood started directing the Bell he thought there would be only one location jaunt—for the battle sequence in Sonora Pass. All other scenes, he thought, would be shot comfortably on an air-conditioned stage at the Paramount studios where the austere mountain scenery of Spain could be easily reproduced by the property department—and the dynamiting of a bridge was all in the day's work. But in the summer of 1942 the government imposed a $5,000 ceiling on new outlays for stage sets. That was a brand-new and quite unexpected headache. So back to Sonora Pass and nature's settings went Director Wood—this time accompanied by his four leads and his entire technical crew.

The winter location had been so cold that electric pads had to be used on the cameras to get them warm enough to turn over. In the summer it was so hot they had to use electric fans to make the actors turn over. At an altitude of 10,000 feet they were puffing and blowing between lines of dialogue like the Santa Fe coming over Cajon Pass. The city-folk actors had a time of it getting acclimated, but for Cooper and Bergman it was old home week. Cooper, an outdoors guy, and Bergman, who had gone in for mountain climbing in her native Sweden, were completely at ease scrambling over the cliffs surrounding Pablo's cave.

Technicolor has a way of prettying up both nature and human beings. Director Wood was determined that the color photography should not glamorize Spain's bleak Sierra de Guadarrama mountains and throw the entire Hemingway story off key. Because of the quartz and metallic contents of the rocks in California's Sierras, painters had to "spray down" the backgrounds of almost all exteriors. Wild flowers and shrubs were uprooted, young trees were moved and gnarled trunks substituted. "We had to paint rocks and trees," said Wood, "and tint the sky [with filters] and spray a whole mountainside a deeper, softer color. But we got what we wanted."

BOB McCRALLIS, a real superman with the props, had his own special Technicolor headaches. "When a river turns from bright blue to dirty brown right before your eyes, you got a right to get mad," said McCrallis. "Here's what happened: Wood was shooting a scene in which Cooper and Bergman were crossing the Stanislaus River in the Sierras. The water was a beautiful bright blue, perfect for color. The first few takes were ruined by a swarm of insects that sounded like dive bombers. When we got them shooed off, Wood started shooting the scene again. Suddenly, right before my eyes, I see that river turn a nasty brown. I found out that the farmers had opened the dam to irrigate their land and the silt had colored the once clear water. If it hadn't been for color photography we could have gone ahead. We had to wait two weeks for the water to clear to finish that one scene!"

By the middle of September, 1942, the Bell kissed Sonora Pass good-by, and returned to the home lot. Miss Bergman looked like a girl who had been out picking blackberries in her bare legs, and not like David Selznick's most glamorous star.

By October 31 the camera work was completed and official filming of the Bell was over. Then began the biggest single technical task Paramount has ever faced: the task of dubbing, scoring, editing, cutting, etc., the better than 15,000 feet of film. When the picture is ready for release it will be nineteen reels long, and run approximately three and a half hours. It will have cost in the neighborhood of $4,000,000.

The famous Hemingway "obscenities" did not become a problem. Paramount did not think them at all necessary to the story. Which was smart thinking on their part.

Paramount has always known that the sleeping-bag episodes would be censorable. But the Bell without sleeping bags would be like Lana Turner without a sweater. According to the Hays office code, two people in a picture cannot get in bed together even though they are married. In the cinema a man and wife always have to sleep in twin beds—even on their wedding night. The sleeping bag used in the Bell is canvas with a lining of wool. The studio had two sleeping bags made originally—a single one and a double one. But the single one proved too small when both Cooper and Bergman tried to get in it. And the double one was so bulky it took up most of the screen. So they zipped in an extra piece on the underside of the single one. In their little bag, Maria and her Roberto are as snug as a bug in a rug. It is fervently hoped that the Hays office will let sleeping bags lie.

Is Franco, Spain's dictator, the real headache of For Whom the Bell Tolls? As every one knows who read the book, Franco and his Fascist followers did not come off so well at the hands of Mr. Hemingway. Drew Pearson, Washington correspondent, periodically carries statements in his Washington Merry-Go-Round column to the effect that the picture will probably never be released because of objections from Dictator Franco and the State Department.

Paramount claims that Drew Pearson is uninformed.

It is true, Paramount states, that the plan originally was to première the picture in New York in April. But the reason for the delay was purely technical. A great many of the studio's top technicians have joined the armed forces since the first of the year and that has held up and complicated considerably the dubbing, scoring, and editing. The New York première, they insist, will take place in July.

It would have to be enormous pressure indeed to get Paramount to let an investment of from $3,500,000 to $4,000,000 sit idly on its shelf.

THE END

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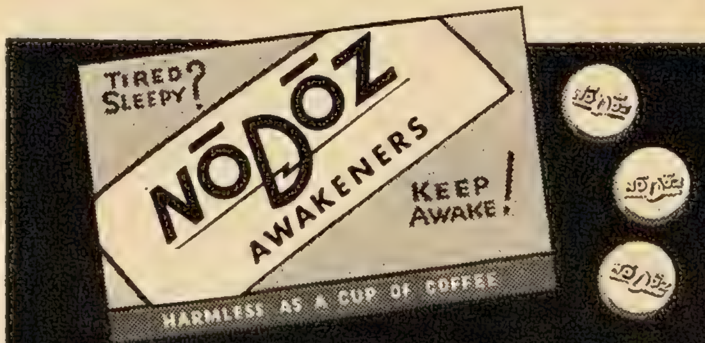
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THE TOWN WITH NO LABOR TROUBLE

Continued from Page 13

port's example, so that we can go and do likewise?

I put that question to every one I talked to. Without exception, they told me that there are two chief reasons for the city's superlative performance. One is the extraordinary use Bridgeport has made of the labor-management device promulgated by WPB Boss Donald Nelson, which provides for joint committees, representing labor and management, in each plant to stimulate production.

The other is the quality of the town's journalistic, civic, industrial, labor, and political leadership.

THE longer you stay in town, the stronger becomes your impression that here are people who have learned to keep their shirts on, to roll with a punch, and to confront controversial matters without permitting their minds to be shaken by lurid suspicions of one another.

There is, for example, Joe Julianelle, the CIO chief with whom I talked in his cheerful little home on Seaview Avenue, where he lives with his wife and children.

Joe is forty-two, black-haired and on the chubby side. He chooses his words with the painstaking care of one who has acquired his knowledge of the language through long hours of self-education.

Like Benard, he is the son of a man who was the victim of union-hating employers. Joe's father was on the black list too. Keep in mind the bitter memories of a man raised in surroundings like this, then listen to what Joe says about W. Stewart Clark, head of Bridgeport's General Electric plant, who was the first employer he faced as a union leader.

"Clark is a man of very fine character," Joe told us. "He has compassion and sympathy for the unfortunate."

Joe's angle is that a union should help to keep a community in working order, instead of trying to tear it apart. He doesn't like to have to call a strike.

"It's the responsibility of a labor union to keep employees on the job," he says. "We should avail ourselves of every means to settle differences with employers, whether the country's at war or not. A strike is a waste of time, money, and energy. It causes difficulties in the strikers' families and widens the breach between employer and employee. If you lick the boss through force in a strike, he never forgets.

"We've learned to get together here in Bridgeport—labor, management, and government. And when I say labor, I don't mean only the CIO and the A. F. of L. I mean the independent unions as well."

A short while ago Joe came to the conclusion that the CIO was in good enough shape to take care of itself while at the same time every pair of hands in Bridgeport was needed to aid production. So he retired from the union leadership and took a job in the Bridgeport Brass Company for the duration. Now he's working for President Herman Steinkraus, who is another of the reasons why Bridgeport is doing such a bang-up job.

I talked to Steinkraus in his office overlooking the Pequannock River, with gulls flying by the window. It has the warmth and friendliness of a man's den at home, and I suspect he planned it that way for the effect it would have on the people with whom he did business. Steinkraus is a shrewd operator who tries to practice that code of enlightened self-interest known as the Golden Rule.

He rose to the presidency of the company via the sales department, and built his entire policy around the simple idea that *brass is made by people.* A salesman, who is trained to think always in terms of people, is more likely to cook up something like this than is an engineer, who thinks in terms of blueprints, quotas, and machinery—human or otherwise. Salesmen executives, they tell me, have fewer labor troubles than the engineering type.

"So much of recent industrial warfare," he said, "has been a matter of misunderstanding. The average industrialist is probably not as imaginative as he should be, but there are just enough of them in this town to get things done. We made up our minds here that labor and management are on the same side of the fence. And if either one gets more than it's entitled to, you have an economy that isn't sound."

I SAID he was a shrewd operator. Here's an illustration: When the labor-management idea was circulated by Donald Nelson, Steinkraus was immediately interested. He called a meeting of workers to discuss it.

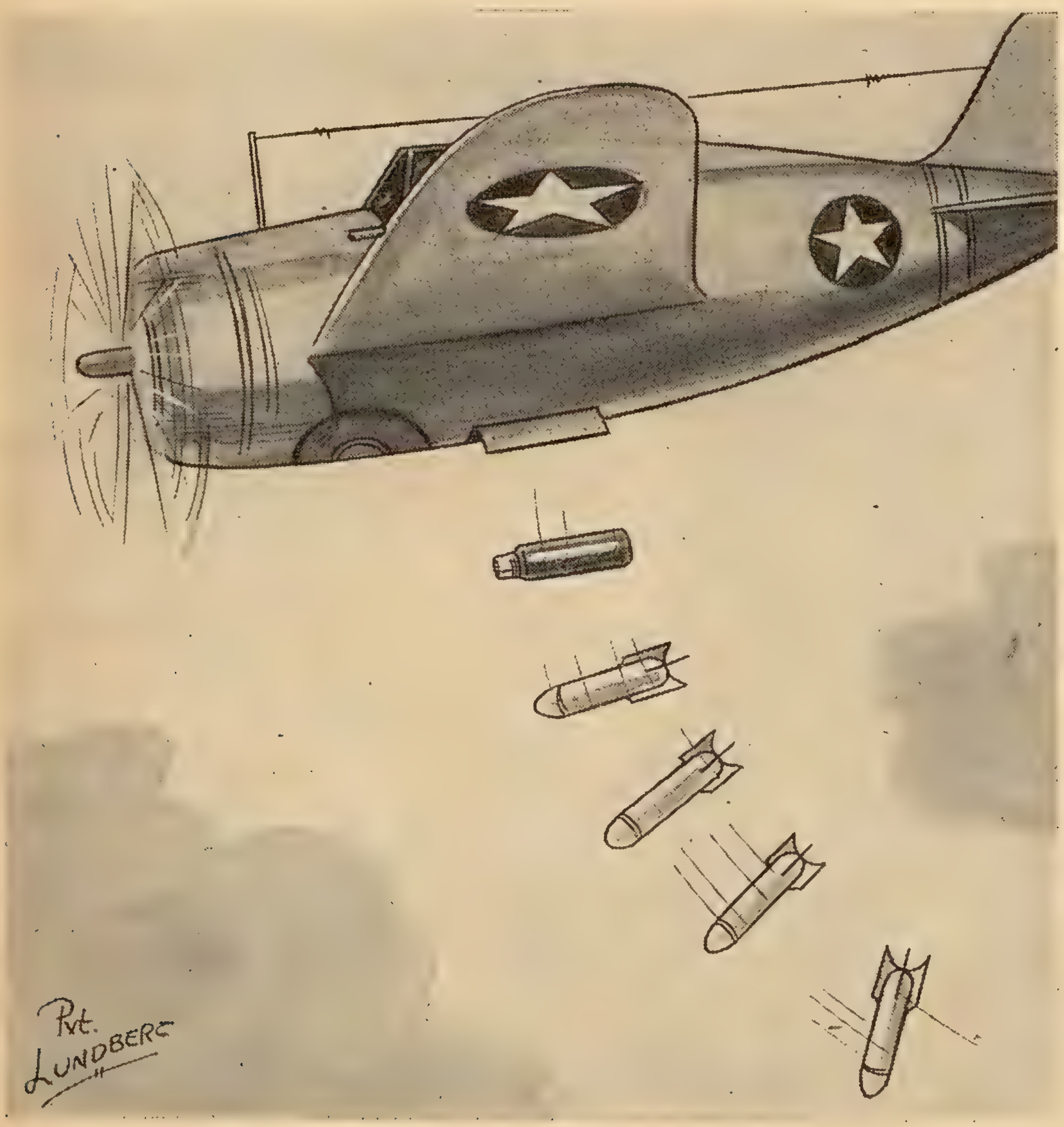
"Do we hold meetings on the company's time or on our own?" they asked him.

He knew that if he told them to meet on the company's time, they would suspect the whole plan of being a paternalistic, flossy proposition run by the boss. He knew also that if he told them to meet on their own, the order would go down hard. So he answered that it was up to them to make their own decision.

They decided to do it on their own. Having voluntarily accepted the burden, they assumed the responsibility for making the plan work. In contrast to this, I've heard that in some of the Midwest automobile plants, bosses and workers argued over this company time-own time question for six fruitless months.

Bridgeport is *different.*

Listen to what Editor George Waldo of the Post says about absenteeism, that bogey that has caused his colleagues in other parts of the



"That last one you dropped happened to be our coffee."

country to break out with the tizzie-wizzies:

"This talk about absenteeism is a lot of ranting. Absenteeism is something like this: A woman with four children can't get to her job at the factory because one of them wakes up with the whooping cough. I'd like to see some of these complaining editors submit themselves to the discipline of a factory. I'd like to see 'em separated from their families and packed into a hole-and-corner roominghouse, or forced to commute God knows how many miles at God knows what hours of the day and night. Maybe they'd know a little more then about what absenteeism means."

Steinkraus expressed similar opinions. So did Bob Crosby, the wise-looking humorous secretary of the Chamber of Commerce. As a matter of fact, every representative of the employers whom I talked to emphasized his belief that absenteeism is a badly overused word.

The honor roll of Bridgeport's home-front fighters is a long one. Besides those already mentioned, there is Leigh Danenberg of the Bridgeport Herald, and Howard Comstock who leads the War Bond and Red Cross drives.

There is Father Panik, foreign-born priest who heads the housing council.

There is Harold Dow, superenthusiastic Connecticut Yankee press agent, now head of public relations at Bridgeport Brass, who sparked the community's famous "I Am an American" Committee, which hires a hall, enlists a band, and brings the governor down from Hartford every time a new batch of the foreign-born is ready for citizenship in the land of the free.

And there is Jasper McLevy, the ex-roofer and perennial "Socialist" mayor. They told me that Jasper is head of the J. McLevy wing of the Socialist Party, which has no other members. "He doesn't wear the collar of any man or organization," chuckled Bob Crosby.

I had to chase the mayor to a rooftop in order to interview him. He was up there making sure that the city got its money's worth on a repair job.

SO in Bridgeport the door was already open and the "Skates" of both sides were on good terms when WPB Boss Nelson came forward with his labor-management proposal. Here's what he said about it when he asked the nation's industries to put it into practice:

"The plan calls for greater plant efficiency through co-operation. That means if any one has a suggestion as to how we can do our job faster and smoother, that suggestion must be passed along to where it will do the most good—the most good for our country and for free men and women everywhere."

Do you get it?

For instance, Allan Morrison, overalled employee of the Bullard Company, figures a new method of making timing disks out of scrap. He "passes it along to where it will do the most good." The company is saved thousands of dollars. As a reward for the part he played, Allan goes home to Mrs. Morrison with a fistful of War Bonds, $500 worth in fact.

How does Bridgeport like labor-management?

The most interesting reaction I picked up was out at the Bullard Machine Tool factory. Bullard's is one of those rock-ribbed New England institutions; it has been in the hands of one family since it was founded back in the 1870s. On the walls of the plant reception room there are pictures of the Bullard boys of three generations.

Shopworker Vinnie Hughes gave me the company's angle. According to him, his bosses had always operated according to the labor-management method, though they'd never had time to think up a highfalutin name for it. Vinnie seemed to think that the whole business was nothing but a nation-wide revival of the old-fashioned relationship between boss and benchman, which was lost when American industry burst its early-nineteenth-century buttons.

And when I asked a Remington official if he wanted the labor-management plant to continue when peace arrives, he answered emphatically:

"Oh, Lord, yes!"

IT'S done something to the workers that all the pay rises and pension schemes, the company picnics and free showerbaths could never accomplish in this world. It's made them feel that they *belong;* that they are individuals contributing to their country's deepest welfare, instead of faceless robots lost in the soul-stamping uniformity of the machine age.

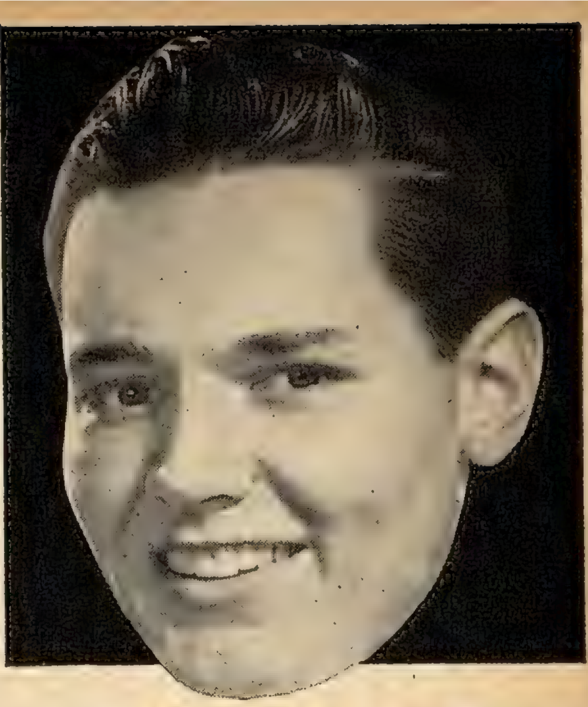
It helps to explain the stories of home-front heroism that you hear: The Negro from Great Neck, Long Island, who commutes two hours and fifteen minutes twice a day to his twelve-hour stint in a Bridgeport plant; the fifty workers who, in mittens and ear muffs, did an *indoor* job *outdoors* for ten zero-cold days while a building was erected around them.

All day, every day, the town murmurs like a dynamo with the sounds of industrial creation and the coming and going of sober, serious, patriotic men and women. All night, every night, the murmur goes on, amid the eternal dimout that stuffs darkness into once bright streets and hangs over the city like a spangled shroud.

You can feel Uncle Sam's hand on your shoulder in Bridgeport. You can hear him saying to the rest of America:

"How about you, too?"

THE END



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TRICKS of TRADES

Luminous Tape

THE U. S. Coast Guard has officially approved the use of luminous adhesive tape. It is designed for application to doorways, passages, ladders, holds, engine and boiler rooms, etc., furnishing an emergency source of light. The tape is a heavy oilcloth-type fabric with an adhesive back. Usable both outdoors and indoors, the tape acts as a storage battery, absorbing light and giving it off in darkness.

Hot-Corn Hot-Water Bag

DURING the last war, when there was a shortage of hot-water bottles in a large Eastern hospital, somebody thought of substituting ears of corn. Large ears of seed corn were boiled for five minutes, drained a few seconds, and wrapped in outing flannel or wool. They stayed hot much longer than hot-water bottles and there was no danger of blistering.

When the ears of corn cooled they were set to dry in a good circulation of air. Kept thus from souring, they could be boiled and used over and over.

Invisible-Ink Tests

HOW can the censor's office be sure that between the lines of an apparently harmless letter there is no secret writing? The paper is exposed to ultraviolet rays. If there is no glow there is either no secret writing or distilled water has been used. Distilled water is the only invisible "ink" yet devised that defies chemical treatment.

British censors have overcome even this difficulty. A letter is placed in a colored solution. The dye is retained to a higher degree by the secret writing than by the rest of the paper and the characters remain permanently legible after drying.

Most commonly used but most easily detected of all invisible inks is that made with cobalt salts. The censor has only to heat the paper to bring out the writing in a strong blue. After cooling, the cobalt writing disappears.

Skunk Odor in Mines

THE pungent odor of skunk is used to warn miners of fire in many Western mines. The minute this smell floods the diggings, the miners drop their picks and shovels and make for the surface. It takes only a few seconds to spread the alarm after a chemical called butyl mercaptan is piped through the ventilation systems. Many major mining disasters have been avoided in this manner.

Renewing Typewriter Ribbon

STENOGRAPHERS, do you want to make a hit with your boss? Well, when next you notice your typewriter ribbon going dry, provide yourself with a little kerosene or range oil in a small bottle along with a bit of cotton. Just before leaving the office at night, run the ribbon from one roll to the other as you dab the oiled cotton on the ribbon. The next morning show the boss your swell new ribbon. Don't mind the slight odor these war-saving days.

Absenteeism "Pay"

THE Permold Company, Medina, Ohio, has decreased "absenteeism" by paying workers who are needlessly absent for lost time in German currency. "The extra money," says a note in the pay envelope, "is your reward for failing to report for work. It comes from a country that is glad to pay you not to make supplies for our soldiers. When you don't work, you work for the enemy."

Cutting Glass with Fire

HANDY men who sometimes need to cut a pane of glass and do not have a glass cutter do this: They take a string, dip it in gasoline (when they can get it!), and run it through their fingers to take off the surplus. They then stretch it in the desired position and light it. Presto! The glass is broken without a jagged edge. Fancy shapes such as stars, circles, etc., can also be made by placing string in the desired positions.

Safe Helps Jewel Sale

A JEWELER who hardly ever misses making a sale keeps an extra tray or two of items in his safe. If unable to make a sale from the showcase, he says, "I may have something in the safe that you will like." He then returns the trays to the showcase and gets those from the safe. Immediately the customer shows fresh interest and usually chooses something, probably under the impression that the goods in the safe are not shown to everybody and are therefore more desirable.

Readers are invited to send us any good trick of the trade they know—involving either trade or profession—and Liberty will pay $5 each for those accepted. Keep the item short, from 50 to 150 words. Address your contribution to Tricks of Trades Editor, Liberty Magazine, 205 East 42d Street, New York.

TOMORROW'S DRUDGERY-FREE HOMES

Continued from Page 21

a dozen miles away. The new refrigerators will take care of that with compartments of graduated temperatures, so that we can keep these foods frozen until we are ready to use them, and at the same time can chill salad vegetables and fruits without freezing them at all.

Most of us have always felt that we either had too many ice cubes or too few. A device has been perfected (for manufacture when peace comes) which will instantaneously freeze a block or a ball of ice. We shall press a button, and at each pressure, with machine-gun speed if necessary, a cube will come tumbling out of the slot.

Electric cooking units will comprise not only the familiar burners and broilers and ovens but built-in pressure cookers with precise automatic heat controls. And even if we prefer still to cook with gas or wood or coal, we can have in our kitchen unit a compact portable electric roaster, in which we can cook a full meal for six in one operation—meats and vegetables and all.

At one end of the complete kitchen unit will be the full-sized automatic laundry. Within its tight compartments the family linen will be washed and rinsed, dried and sprinkled, and finally brought to the automatic ironer, which will finish everything except the most frilly affairs—and all done while the housewife sits darning socks, or playing bridge, or preparing vegetables for dinner, or attending to her personal make-up.

ELECTRIC dishwashers, already on the market until their production was stopped by the conversion of factories to war need, will be immensely improved in the postwar models, and also will be built in as part of the general kitchen assembly. Dishwashing is really the most deadly of kitchen chores, chiefly because it is the one that somebody must do right after a good and satisfying meal. In the postwar kitchen it will be necessary only to scrape the plates, arrange them properly in the machine, and turn on the hot-water faucet.

Scrape the plates? Certainly, but not into the garbage can. You will scrape them into a built-in "Dis-posall"—a machine that will macerate the leavings and flash them away, grease and all, before they have time to become garbage.

Electric irons, too, will be built into the permanent kitchen arrangement. And waffle makers. And coffee makers. And toasters. Each having its permanent place.

Does all this sound very expensive? Well, a great deal of research in such matters has been carried on by the Consumers Institute of the

General Electric Company. And the Institute has provided me with some rather remarkable figures.

For example, let's take a brand-new house, one of the 13,000,000 we shall build, which will cost the buyer $6,000. Its cost will be amortized under the plan of the Federal Housing Administration. A complete automatic kitchen may be installed in that house. Its cost may be paid off along with the mortgage payments. And that charge may be as low as $4.45 a month for the term of the mortgage itself.

Before we leave the kitchen, suppose we look at one or two other things. Glass manufacturers have perfected heatproof ware that is efficient and easy to clean. They have devised glass ovens, so that the housewife can watch the progress of her roasts or loaves without opening the hot door. Kitchen implements will be provided with plastic handles in bright colors. And the air-conditioning system of the whole house will take off the odors of cooking.

Built-in fluorescent lighting with invisible fixtures will provide daylight illumination for every room in our postwar home. The doctors who specialize in vision have known for a long time that the chief cause of eyestrain is simply insufficient light. We shall have sufficient light—and have it without glare and without shadowy corners. We shall have, in short, nighttime illumination which will be almost, if not quite, the full equivalent of daytime light.

We shall have ultraviolet-ray lamps to give us sunshine vitamins during the winter months. And automatically heated blankets to keep us warm at night: blankets of very light weight which can be adjusted by thermostat at bedtime, to keep us at an even temperature throughout the night regardless of sudden changes in the temperature of the room. We shall have bathtubs made of plastic wood—as hard as iron but warm to the touch of the body. And we shall have electrically warmed towel rods to dry our bath towels.

So much for the interior of the postwar home in which we shall live. How about the home itself, the building? Authorities are agreed upon four prime rules:

Permanence of construction is one. Privacy is another. Nothing particularly new about either of them. The third rule accepts the fact that postwar life for most of us must be lived without domestic servants, that the house must be designed to give space for all those electrical operating devices which we have already considered. They must be integrated with home building, not added later as an afterthought.

The fourth rule is flexibility.

The vast majority of American people live in houses designed and built for somebody else. The family is committed to a certain number of rooms of fixed size. But families shift and change, both in number and in the needs of their members.

A large number of designs have been laid down to provide the flexibility—the quick adjustment of the number of rooms needed which is so important. One that is quite interesting to me is provided by the architect, D. Allen Wright.

THIS is a one-story house in the shape of a horseshoe, with the open end closed by a roofed porch and the empty space in the center a grass plot with borders of flowers. Within the body of the house—the body of the horseshoe, so to speak—the only permanent partitioning walls are those enclosing the master bedroom, the two bathrooms, and the kitchen. All the rest of the house can be divided by the use of movable partitions into rooms of any size that may be desired. The partitions may be of temporary though solid construction. They may be folding screens. They may be ceiling-height cabinets, with bookshelves or cupboards, as may be desired.

Each room of this house gets sunlight at some hour of the day. And it may be divided into six or seven large rooms, eight or ten small ones.

The cost? Depends entirely on the materials used. The house can be built of almost any available material from plain wood to translucent glass bricks. One of the real wonders of our postwar world will be the almost incredible variety of materials with which to build and to decorate.

Agreeing with a great many other architects, Mr. Wright believes in building a house that you "can turn the hose on." Concrete, brick, composition blocks, wood plastics and chemical plastics are materials that meet this specification. But they are by no means the whole list.

One of the most remarkable results of our war effort has been the fabulous increase in the production of aluminum. By the end of this year the United States will be producing *60 per cent more aluminum than the whole world produced in 1938.* Aluminum alloys have been devised that are astonishingly adaptable. We shall, of course, use much of this great wealth of metal in rebuilding our whole transportation system—cars, planes, railroad cars. But enough will be left over. And it is not unlikely that we may have houses, streamlined houses, covered with an aluminum shell.

****

Getting ready for the collapse: Out of Holland via the Underground comes the story that individual Germans there are now going to the Netherlanders with whom they have had dealings and asking for certificates that they have behaved "correctly." Passports to safety after the war—they hope!

****

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SAYMAN SALVE

Our steel production, too, has been stepped up, though to no such prodigious extent. And we have trained in our war factories hundreds of thousands of expert welders, men and women. It is inevitable that we shall at least try out the feasibility of the welded house.

Now let's get inside the door and see what our future home looks like.

That means plastics again—chemical and wood plastics. I have been privileged to see what some of the big laboratories—those of Du Pont and Monsanto and General Electric in particular—are doing with these materials. The infinite variety in color effect, form, and texture is literally dizzying.

Indeed, there is no reason why the postwar home should not be, inside as well as out, something you can turn the hose on—why spring cleaning should not be a simple matter of taking all the furniture and books, drapes and rugs out on the lawn for an airing while father showers every nook and cranny. For walls may be of plastic or wood or plaster so applied that a coat of wax will be as effective as many coats of paint. The floors may be of brick or tile, asphalt or linoleum.

OF course these materials and methods of construction can be used with houses of more conventional design. Walls will be soundproofed. Window screens of nylon have been perfected and are in use by the army already. They are almost as durable as copper, yet so flexible that they can be rolled up like a window shade. And they come in all the colors of the rainbow.

The prefabrication of houses has been an alluring subject for some years. Such dwellings have proved successful in the war emergency, for suddenly expanding populations in the vicinity of factories. Most authorities believe that a certain degree of prefabrication will be used even in the permanent homes that must be built after the victory.

Altogether an alluring prospect of comfort and convenience!

It is not too early for us to begin thinking now—we who have washed the dishes and scrubbed the floors and stoked the furnace and beat the rugs—what we are going to do with the new hours and days of freedom which the postwar wonderland will give us.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

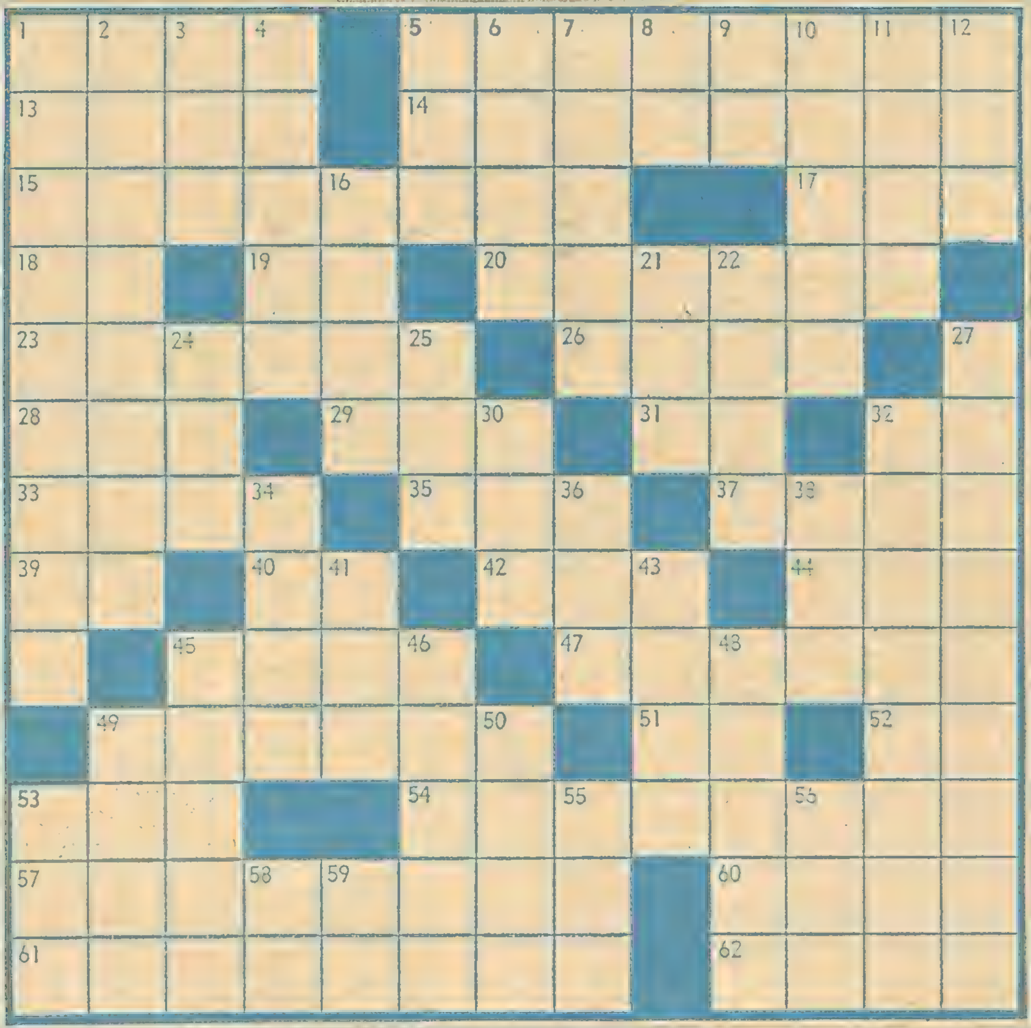
When I look back on the processes of history, when I survey the genesis of America, I see this written over every page: That the nations are renewed from the bottom, not from the top. . . . A nation is as great, and only as great, as her rank and file.

—*Woodrow Wilson.*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

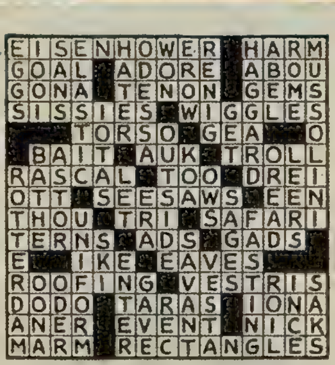
QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 What does the army call "torture boards"?
5 In the army, who's known as your "mother and father"?
13 What's marine for "Monday turkey"?
14 What did Joan Davis call the "double-talk vegetable"?
15 Tetanus shots do what? (var.)
17 Name the third person in the famed transaction between Peter and Paul
18 What direction is Seattle from San Francisco? (abbr.)
19 What's the Biblical name for Thebes?
20 In the classic question, "Who dragged whom around the walls of what how many times?" who is whom?
23 What's a merman called?
26 What lovely bird's said to drag babies into ponds and drown them?
28 What was the first propeller?
29 This before good is bad
31 Who started a Republican New Deal in the 1900s? (abbr.)
32 20 lbs. of bran or 70 lbs. of husked corn make one what?
33 What's the 8th day after the nones?
35 Sawbones (abbr.)
37 The cigarette haze in night clubs is called what?
39 What troops are the (sour) apple of Hitler's eye? (abbr.)
40 What starts company coming?
42 Scratch paper
44 Office of Thundering Industrialists (like Jeffers) (abbr.)
45 Disney's Pluto's just plain what?
47 What base Japan stole do we plan to steal right back?
49 Where will MacArthur soon pay a return visit?
51 Preposition
52 At the Battle of what (abbr.) did the British shellack us?
53 Fill in: "And he would ---, ---, ---; way up the river he would ---, ---, ---!"
54 Name the island Utopia
57 What Texas border town means "garrison"?
60 A viper and a bird have what in common?
61 A female of authority
62 What vegetables have the largest all-around vitamin content?



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EISENHOWER■HARM
GOAL■ADORE■ABOU
GONA■TENON■GEMS
SISSIES■WIGGLES
■■■TORSO■GEA■■O
■BAIT■AUK■TROLL
RASCAL■TOO■DREI
OTT■SEESAWS■EEN
THOU■TRI■SAFARI
TERNS■ADS■GADS■
E■■IKE■EAVES■■■
ROOFING■VESTRIS
DODO■TARAS■IONA
ANER■EVENT■NICK
MARM■RECTANGLES
```

Last week's answer

VERTICAL

1 What religion condones Japan's barbarism?
2 Late in 1918, all German soldiers wanted to be whats?
3 What makes a crusade out of an ordinary word?
4 Push around
5 Le dernier ---
6 When British soldiers yell "Put a sock in it!" they mean what?
7 East Indian febrifuge
8 Jupiter was Minerva's what?
9 One thing a woman would gladly lose every day (abbr.)
10 Who changed his rod into a serpent, budded it?
11 Opera prince by Borodin
12 Pinch
16 At the North Pole, when would you cast no shadow?
21 What weighs 112 lbs. in England, 100 here? (abbr.)
22 England's jolliest defenders
24 "Burn'd Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire, And shook his very frame for . . ." Scott
25 Name Wynken and Blynken's pal
27 Jem Mace, Joe Gans, and Kid McCoy were all what?
30 When you get here you can't go any higher
32 What terrible poison results from bad canning?
34 Look-see
36 You can now buy your postwar what in installments?
38 What ex-flyer had three toes, was 10 ft. high, is no more?
41 Elmer Davis runs what? (abbr.)
43 What's the dope? (pl.)
45 Who rode with Paul Revere; got no credit?
46 What Glen's not a Miller?
48 What lies dead overseas, its return mourned by singers?
49 Assassinated Jap statesman, unfortunately not Tojo
50 What's another form of Vertical 7 ?
53 How're motor turnovers recorded? (abbr.)
55 What's Spanish for thes?
56 Maté isn't French for married. What is it?
58 Just a little way (abbr.)
59 Isolationist Republicans (What, again?) (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

TORPEDOED

Continued from Page 17

bing helplessly in the water of the South Atlantic.

My first thought was how glad I was just to be alive. Then I wondered if the starboard lifeboat had gotten safely away, and if they would go off and leave us. I grabbed the whistle around my neck and blew. A gurgle was all I got. I saw the boat then, dead ahead of me. Nothing had ever looked better to me in my whole life. But as I hauled the deck cadet up alongside and the lieutenant helped us in, I said rather disgustedly—I don't know why:

"I never thought I'd have to swim for it!"

Something of our plight struck home, though, when I saw the number of men crowded into our one lifeboat. More were still in the water. Astern of us floated one of our four rafts. I dove overboard and hauled myself up on that. Soon there were fourteen of us there, all gasping and dripping wet.

I had hardly stood up when somebody gave a yell. The submarine had surfaced on the horizon. She turned in a big arc and, threading her way through a mass of debris, she bore down on us.

The captain went on unconcernedly looking for survivors. I remember the lifeboat drew alongside a gray box, and he called to a sailor: "Sink that box—it has important papers in it. Don't let them get it!" The sailor lifted the lid and the box filled slowly and sank.

The sub came on. She looked about 240 feet long. She was a light grayish brown and glistened with fresh paint, as though she had been newly launched. There wasn't a scratch on her. About thirty sun-tanned men lined the deck around the conning tower.

The men on our raft took up the paddles—they always go with a raft—and started to push away; but the submarine commander motioned with his megaphone for us to come nearer.

HE looked not more than twenty-three. He wore an open shirt, shorts, and boots, and brown hair showed under his gold-encrusted cap. He certainly had bearing and good looks.

"Is there an officer here?" he asked in fairly good English.

Our second mate answered, "I'm the bos'n. The officers are killed or in the lifeboat."

The German pursed his lips. "What is the name of this ship?" he asked after a minute.

The second mate shouted twice: "Narcissus! Narcissus!" And I repeated it: "The Narcissus."

The commander glared at us, then looked at his aide, who was holding a notebook and a Lloyd's list.

"Ja," the aide said. He checked the name off in his book and flipped up his mustaches. I could have bashed his face in.

"What cargo?" was the next question.

"General cargo," I said.

"General cargo?" he repeated, frowning down at me.

"I don't know," I stammered. "It was in boxes." We weren't going to give any more information than we had to.

"What were the guns you had?"

The second mate said, half to me, "We don't know."

"You don't know?" the German shouted, getting all red in the face.

"I don't know," I insisted.

The sub commander gave a signal, and the two submachine guns were turned and pointed at my chest.

Some one behind me shouted, "Four twenty-millimeters and one four-inch gun!"

That broke the tension. The machine guns were pointed skyward. "For what company are you sailing?" the commander asked quietly.

"The United States government."

"Government? Government? What company, I asked you?"

"The United States government," I repeated. "The Shipping Board, as in the last war."

"Where did you come from? Where are you bound for?"

"From New York, bound for Trinidad," I told him.

"And what was the cargo on your decks—dumping trucks?"

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It was no use lying too much: trucks and gas tanks were floating all around us. So I answered yes.

He nodded and, in a different tone, asked: "Is there anything I can do for you? Is any one hurt?"

"Not that I know of," I answered; then, on an impulse, "How near is land?"

An Italian in the crew answered in good English, "St. Thomas!" And when I asked the course, he said, "Due west four hundred miles."

The second mate mumbled something about water, but I knew they wouldn't give us any. Trouble enough getting their own. But I did ask for cigarettes, and an officer tossed us a package wrapped in silver paper.

"Good luck, gentlemen," the commander said as he saluted us.

We returned the salute. As they moved away, they began using their deck guns to sink trucks—and, Lord, how they missed!

The lifeboat was still hunting for survivors. It moved up to us and Sparks, who was on our raft, jumped up promptly and reported to our captain:

"I got the message off, sir, but I couldn't give our position. You never told me."

"That's all right," our captain replied. "I know where we are."

The lifeboat had picked up our three other rafts and had them in tow. The four were hooked together and the captain checked us over. There were nineteen men in the lifeboat, including the captain, the navy lieutenant, and the third mate. Many had minor injuries, but poor Al, the deck engineer, had a broken leg. Harriston, the carpenter, had a severe gash over the left eye, and the captain was badly bruised, with a wrenched back and probably a broken rib. We remembered the submarine commander's offer of medical help—but no one wanted anything more to do with that submarine.

TWO of the rafts had seven men each on them, and the other two, eight each. That made forty-nine men present and six missing. We sat in silence for a moment, making a prayer and thinking of our dead and their folks back home. We were almost ashamed to be the lucky ones. The submarine, still surfaced, was moving into the last of a beautiful sunset and a bright moon was rising.

The lifeboat raised its red distress sail and jib. They hoisted an oil lamp on an oar lashed aft, so that we could see them in the night. We seemed to be moving a little. None of us doubted that we would be picked up. We unrolled the paper from the German cigarettes and passed some up through the rafts to the lifeboat. The Germans got a second cussing when we found that those cigarettes were ersatz and no good.

We were seven on my raft: Sorenson, the second mate; Stinky Miller, a seaman; Jonah, the little navy gunner; Kennedy, a water tender; Fritz Matson, a Danish A. B.; Kimes another A. B.; and myself

"You know—you lead a fascinating life."

After our nerves had settled down, we began talking about the meal we had missed. Having been ship's pantry man, I had seen it being prepared. I slowly recited the menu: "Breaded veal cutlets, mashed potatoes, candied sweet potatoes, carrots, spinach, and peas." I paused for their groans to subside, and continued: "A salad of lettuce and tomatoes with little red radishes and cold beets—all covered with French dressing. Fresh white and corn bread. And a dessert of Queen Anne cherries, with coffee and tea. Second helpings when you want them," I concluded.

Some one splashed water in my face.

We were in an easy running sea. The oil lamp on the oar brought out the color of the red sail, and cast a big shadow on it of the head of the steersman sitting in the stern sheets. I lay along the port float with my head on my arm, humming, "Red sails in the sunset, I'm trusting in you," till I fell asleep.

A wave plopped over into the raft and awakened me. I opened my eyes to a bright new day. The men were sound asleep. A fresh breeze was blowing and choppy whitecaps were running over the blue water like playing dolphins. When I sat on the edge of the raft and swung my feet overboard, I noticed that a piece of flying metal had plowed a groove across both my knees. When I stretched my arms, I felt a pain, and found that I had another long cut on the underside of my left forearm. A piece of metal was embedded in the flesh. I picked it out with my knife and washed the wound with salt water. The sun was warming my back now and I half dozed.

The next thing I knew, I was under water and turning over and over. I must have fallen asleep and rolled off the raft. When I came up, the raft was well ahead of me, the lifeboat drawing it smartly away. The choppy sea hit me in the face. I tried to yell, but the shock of the water had taken my breath. Every one on the four rafts and the lifeboat ahead was either sound asleep or paying no attention to me. I swam and swam. It seemed like half an hour before my hand touched the raft and I drew myself slowly aboard, panting.

The second mate sat up, yawned, and stretched.

"Hullo—what happened?" he drawled. "Did ya get wet?"

"Yes," I answered gruffly, "I got wet!"

The men on the four rafts and in the lifeboat came awake as if on signal. They stretched, washed themselves, and grinned at each other encouragingly.

"Sure, sure, we'll be picked up," Kimes said cheerily, "Sparks got off his S O S, didn't he?"

"There ought to be a destroyer or a plane out looking for us," some one else chipped in.

SPARKS and I said nothing. Sparks might have thrown his transmitter on automatic S O S, but we were under in three minutes and I knew no position was given. Our only hope was for some ship out of St. Thomas—four hundred miles away.

Our next thought was to take stock. The raft had compartments below the deck. We lifted the covers and took everything out. There were a canvas sea anchor, a first-aid kit, some flares, a piece of canvas eight by four feet, and a can of sunburn oil, an eighteen-gallon barrel of water, and some food sealed in a square tin. The second suggested that I, being of the mess, should be put in charge of the food. So I became steward of the raft.

First I had to cut a hole in the water barrel for a spigot. That took until nearly noon. Next I opened the food tin and found some cans of pemmican, about an inch and a half thick and the size of a silver dollar, and some crackers and chocolate. I gave each man a cracker, a half bar of chocolate, and two ounces of water. That was the biggest meal I ever served on the raft; yet we all felt satisfied with it and we were considerably heartened.

The lifeboat's sail and jib were filled with the stiff breeze now and Larsen was making the most of it. There was about thirty-five feet of towline between the rafts. In the afternoon I decided to go for a swim between our raft and the next ahead. Stinky Miller and the second mate, Sorenson, came in with me.

The second worked his way up to the lifeboat by the towlines and asked the captain for orders about rationing. "Do as you feel," the captain answered.

Figuring on a thirty-day basis, we found we could have per man, each day, a breakfast of one half can of pemmican, a cracker, and two ounces of water; for lunch a small square of chocolate, a cracker, and three ounces of water. We decided on the extra ounce at noon because it would be hot then. It didn't occur to us that the water would sweat out and not do the body much good. Our supper was to be the other half of the can of pemmican, two ounces of water, and another cracker.

The breeze died in the late afternoon and slowed our speed down. No one showed any low spirit, however. We sat and listened to each man's version of abandoning ship.

Kimes had been at the wheel when the torpedo struck. The whole wheelhouse had shuddered and then twisted over out of shape. "The Old Man was standing there with his sextant in his hand," Kimes said, "and I asked him, 'Shall I take a crack at 'em, sir?' The captain hesitated and then shot out: 'Go ahead and try!' "

Immediately Kimes ran to the starboard midships .20-millimeter gun. Up there he found Ruggles, a navy gunner, on watch. Ruggles jumped to take the canvas cover from the gun handle while Kimes opened the magazine box, loaded the gun, and got into firing position. There was no submarine. Ruggles pointed aft to where the whole stern of the Potlatch was going under. The four-inch gun was already covered. For some reason that Kimes couldn't explain, he unmounted the magazine, restored it to the box, battened it down, and then looked around to see if everything was shipshape. He had just time to dive overboard, and Ruggles followed him.

KENNEDY, the water tender, told us he'd been standing by the boilers when the torpedo came in and "blasted the guts out of the place."

He stayed to turn steam off and, not being able to swim, took time to put on his life jacket before coming up to the main deck. The first thing he saw was a gunner just standing there looking around. Kennedy put his life preserver on the kid, tossed him overboard, and rushed aft to his own quarters and got on another jacket. Then he was trapped by a wall of water rushing in on him as the whole stern settled. He remembered the escape ladder leading to the poop deck that had been cut in to let the navy crew reach their gun in a hurry, but by the time he had his hands on the ladder a torrent was pouring down from above. He fought his way up, rung by rung, and at last drew himself out to the poop deck that was all awash. Even then he stopped to pull off his shoes and adjust his life jacket before he jumped. Immediately the suction drew him toward a whirlpool around the propellers. But though he couldn't swim, he clawed his way clear of the sinking ship by sheer mad strength.

We sat in silence for a long time after his story. The sun was going down. Our cigarettes were gone, but we could see a glow here and there ahead of us. The men in the lifeboat and on the forward rafts were calling cheerfully back and forth to each other.

Our little water caravan rode on through the night.

Daytimes, now, we found things to occupy ourselves, such as rigging the four paddles and the square of canvas over us for a sunshade. We talked about our relatives and we talked about our past, but most of all we jabbered about food and water.

Our three meals, the doling out of the crackers, pemmican, chocolate, and water, made the peak moments of the day. Every afternoon, when the sun became unbearably hot, I took my swim. After the first day I could seldom coax any of my raft mates to come in with me.

They said that they were wet enough every night with the water that came beating up through the slats in the deck.

IN THE afternoon of the second day the number one raft, next to the lifeboat, had to be abandoned. It was damaged and the stuffing had become water-logged. After it was adrift I swam out to it, and came back with a canvas sea anchor and the ends of two broken paddles. "You never know what will come in handy," Fritz said encouragingly as he helped me get aboard.

Down to three rafts, the captain redistributed the men and we got some new "guests"—two navy gunners, Smitty and Tex, and an A. B. named Joe.

We were eager for news from the lifeboat, and our mouths dropped when we heard that the captain had neither sextant nor charts. He had made a dash to his cabin for the papers from the slop chest and the ship's $20,000 bond to be used in an emergency. By this time the Potlatch was pretty well under. He jumped from the top of the gangway, was caught in a suction, and came afoul of the smokestack stays. He went down with lumber from the catwalk, hatch covers, and crates banging over his head; came up, got caught in the wireless aerial and the jumbo stay, and was dragged down again to a great depth.

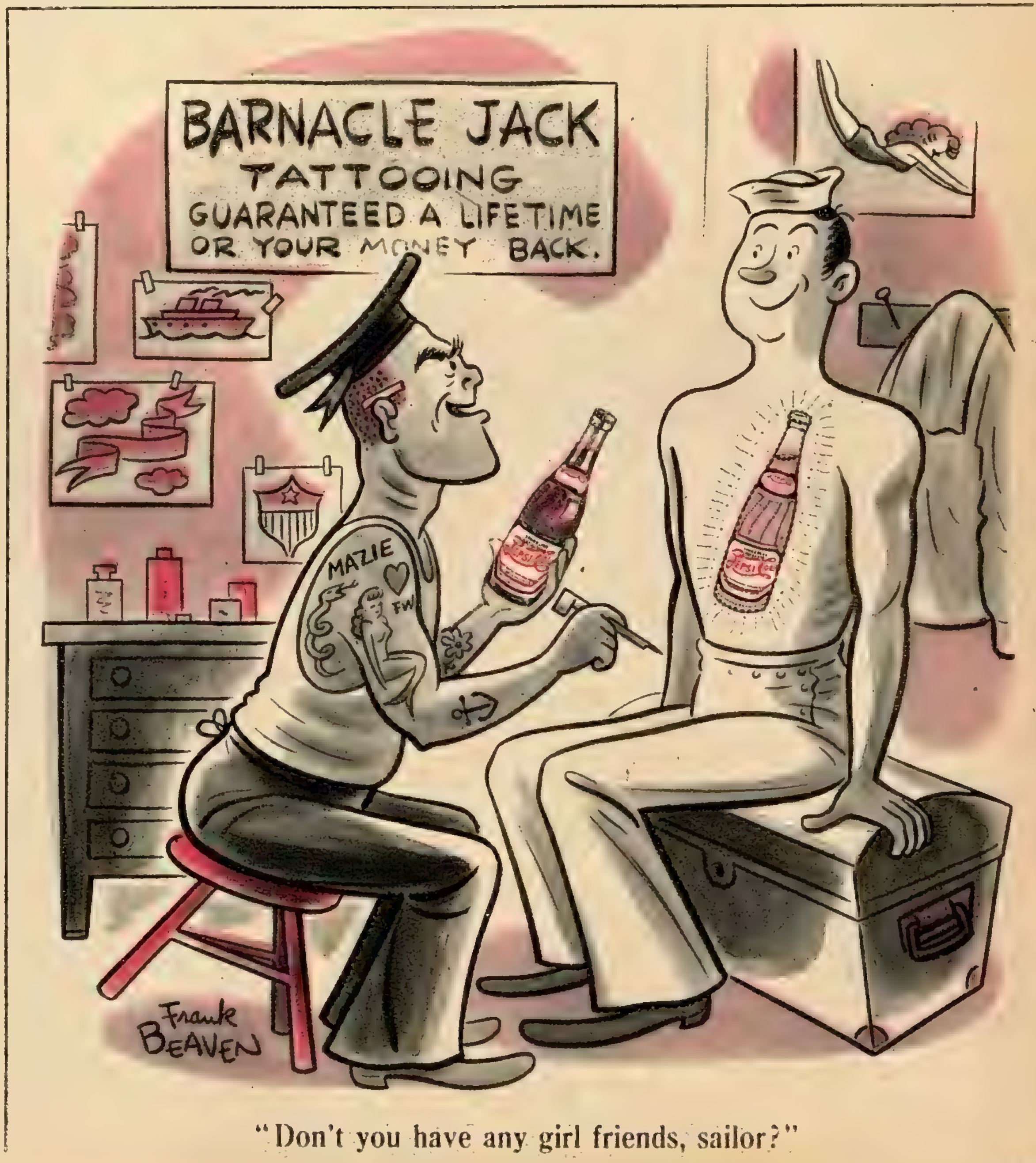
His life jacket floated him to the surface, where he was picked up half conscious and bleeding from the mouth.

All he had saved were the papers showing what money we had drawn in advance and the list of the clothing we had requisitioned, but no sextant or charts.

We looked at one another in dismay.

"Don't worry, we'll get in," Fritz reiterated for the hundredth time. It was only our second day.

Though in the end nearly every one of these survivors did "get in"—in to life-saving food and water and kindly care—it was not until their thirty-first day that they so much as sighted an inhabited island. Meanwhile. . . . But this epic story is young seaman Henry Jensen's! He'll tell you the rest of it in Liberty next week.



"Don't you have any girl friends, sailor?"

THE CORPORAL AND THE CARPENTER

Continued from Page 15

"Carry on—for the day," Case had said. Judy still didn't like the sound of it. She felt she had only this day in which to show him that they were nailing carpenters—even though she wasn't.

If she failed on this job! She knew the depths of conservatism in Bascomb's and what they felt about a girl running a carpentry and painting business—even Sam Perry's girl. If she didn't please Case Taylor, born native of Bascomb's, Sam Perry would come home to find no Perry handling the work in the valley. It wouldn't be too good for the younger Perrys, either. When her genteel secretarial salary was divided between her own expenses in town and the Perry family's in Bascomb's it didn't cover very well in either place. Her heart thumped as loudly as her hammer. The clinkings from down in the cellar were most noncommittal.

Thump! Thump! Thump! It all depended on today and on that disagreeable Air Corps corporal down below. Thump! Thump! Thump! Old Benjy was plainly emerging from his retirement. He hadn't lost a tool for an hour. Thump! Whack! Ouch! Thump! Not bad for a business-college failure like Ernestine. Her lipstick remained in her pocket—except for the liberal allowance that widened her lips.

Judy's brown curls clung damply to her forehead. She'd show him! She touched the big spike in her overalls pocket. Somehow it gave her strength. Her dad could have driven that spike right up to the head with this hammer. It was heavy enough, and getting heavier. She thrust the tip of her tongue out between her lips and hammered on.

At three thirty Case Taylor, unbecomingly begrimed, emerged from the cellar. He had changed to dungarees, and with reason; soot and khaki aren't harmonious. He surveyed the progress in the living room with remote interest.

At quitting time Case was only a remote metallic sound coming from one of the old steam radiators in the front bedroom upstairs.

"Certainly not!" Judy said, when Ernestine suggested she call him down. "He knows when quitting time is. And he knows we'll be back tomorrow morning at eight o'clock."

"It would be such fun, honey, if he'd enter into the spirit of it," Ernestine said plaintively. Her lipstick had emerged once more. Her voice was loud enough to carry up that broad stairway.

"Don't want any kibitzers underfoot when I'm working," Judy said. "They're apt to get hurt."

"Roach food is what I call it!" Benjy said, clearing up the scraps of insulating board. "Cockroach breakfast! 'Tain't any good. Newfangled stuff."

"Carry on—for the day." The words haunted Judy's sleep. She had a couple of other jobs to look at next morning. People were insulation-minded this war winter of fuel scares. But in spite of promised estimates Judy first collected Benjy and Ernestine from the village and drove the truck across the bridge and up the hill in the raw gray light of that fateful day.

Benjy was terribly stiff. Ernestine had topped her overalls with a coy silk blouse. Her speech was limp with Southernisms.

It really did look like snow. And Judy's feet felt like snow.

Case had had a whole night to inspect their work. And they had done a day's work, all three of them. It was a contract job, not by the hour, anyhow. In all fairness he couldn't kick. But was he fair?

The old Taylor house had a deserted look about it. Although it had stood idle now for many winters, Judy had never seen it look so deserted before. Had Case Taylor given it up—made other plans for his dad? There were places where old Mr. Taylor could board in the village.

Hollow inside, she drove the truck in and along to the kitchen wing. And then she caught momentary sight of Case's face at the kitchen window. It vanished so swiftly it might almost have been a trick of fantasy. But nailing carpenters, she told herself, aren't given to fantasy. Much more at ease, she swung down off the truck.

The kitchen door was locked. No answer to much knocking. The side door was locked. So was the front door. And no answer—none at all—knock as she would. Her white fist was beating a drum of despair now.

Ernestine and Benjy had frozen into a compact statue of detachment—employees watching the boss handle one. This wasn't their grief. It was up to the boss.

Hopelessly Judy circled the house. She was licked. They knew it; she knew it. The whole Perry family was licked. Sam Perry was licked—through her. Sergeant Sam Perry licked? And by a corporal? No! She cast a swift calculating look at the house. A dim memory of a village tale was becoming vivid in her mind—a tale of the old Taylor house during the Indian days. She looked toward the woodpile, with log ends weathered gray. There were some long thick logs there—six-footers for the main fireplace in the central Taylor chimney.

Sergeant Sam Perry wouldn't want her to quit.

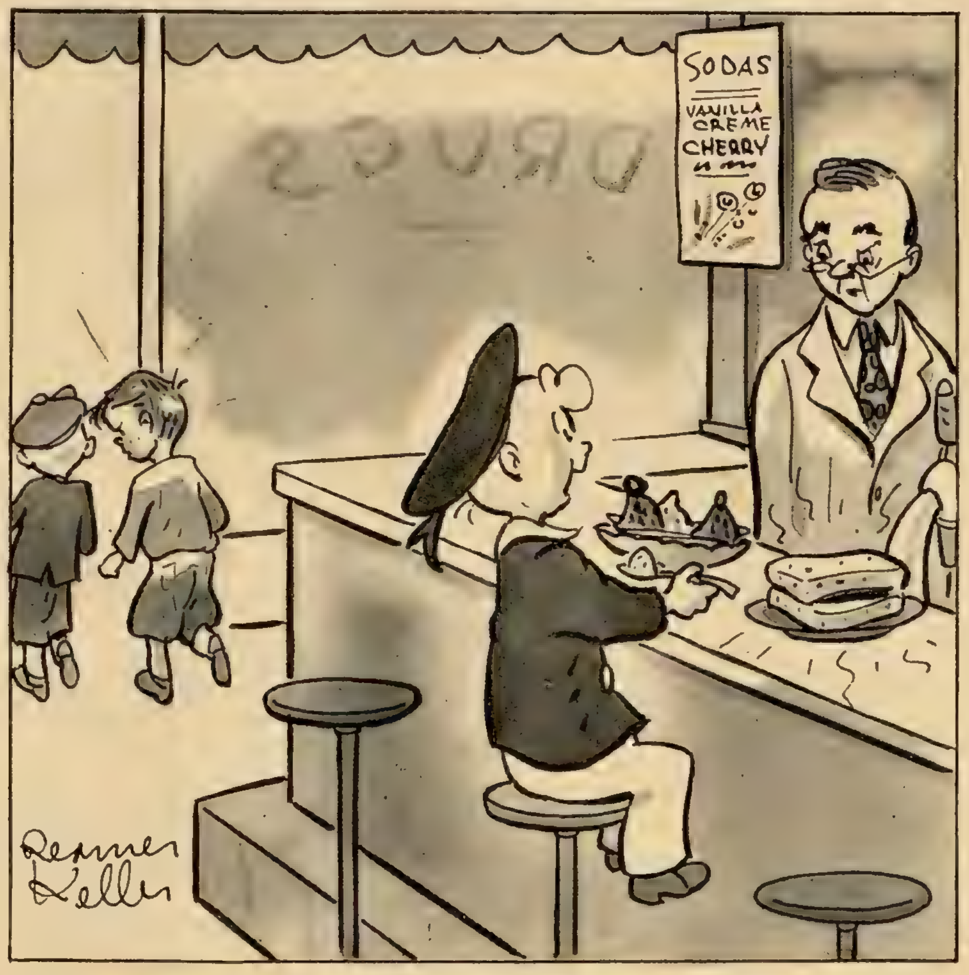
"Come on!" she said abruptly. "What are you standing there for? We've got to get to work."

She led them to the woodpile. She picked the log—a thick one. They lifted it, all three. She could fairly hear Benjy's back creak. Ernestine's eyes were big with fright.

"Honey, I think you're—"

"Come on! Swing it!" Judy commanded crisply. They obeyed. The butt end of the big log hit the kitchen door. It was a modern door, not built to withstand barbaric methods. The first smashing blow knocked it wide open, with lock and bolt askew.

HARDTACK



"You can take this limburger sandwich away now—I only ordered it to get rid of my friends while I'm eating this banana split."

"Drop it!" she said stoutly to her paralyzed fellow criminals. She strode into the house. Case Taylor, his face dark with anger, confronted her in the kitchen.

"Morning," she said. "Somebody locked the back door."

He towered over her, his fingers crooked at the end of his bending arms. Was he going to pick her up and carry her out? She drew a quick breath.

"Fixing the door will be in the contract," she said. Her voice was still brisk but, traitorously, it sounded very thin. "I've got too many jobs to fool around."

Slowly he relaxed. "Sorry to have delayed you," he said. "I should have known you'd have no respect for good carpentry like a well hung door."

She hid her emotion with an abrupt nod. She walked past him toward the living room. In the privacy of a dark corner she smiled happily at the pile of insulating boards.

The Indians hadn't gotten away with it. She had. Nevertheless she knew she had been frightfully close to being carried right out of that splintered door and dumped into her truck. He'd take handling.

Ernestine and Benjy followed her into the room. Their manner was subdued—also respectful.

IT snowed that day. Small, businesslike flakes out of the northeast. The first few flakes melted; the others did not. Winter, in a single leap of howling whiteness, had massacred the last of autumn. It snowed.

Judy worked till ten o'clock. Then, mindful of those other jobs, she decided to go estimating. The driving would be better.

"Tired?" Case Taylor asked as she put on her coat.

"Don't lock anything," she retorted.

With misgivings she saw that Ernestine had already paused, hammer in left hand, to toy with the locks of hair over her right eye. Dash that girl!

Fearful of another lipstick crisis, she hurried her survey of the other jobs. She scattered a lot of snow on her way back. It was unnecessary. When she stepped into the Taylor parlor, Case was showing Ernestine how to hammer by grasping the end of the hammer rather than by holding it close to the head.

"Leverage, Ernestine," he said.

"Sho' 'nough!" Ernestine said. Her eyes were wide with wonder as they fixed on this man who knew everything.

No; Judy needn't have hurried.

"Look!" she said to him. "I've got this work on contract. If you're going to teach Ernestine new methods of hammering on my time, I'd like to switch it to days'-work basis."

"Suit yourself," he said. "I'm stuck anyhow."

She had to think hard about all

"I hope you'll like the chow, major!"

the Perrys before she could start work again. Just let him try to show her how to handle a hammer! He didn't.

The job went on. So did the skirmishing. That night he took Ernestine to the movies, Judy heard them planning to walk there through the snow. Of course Ernestine had mentioned the picture half a dozen times that day, on the slightest provocation. Perhaps he was just being polite. Polite? That—lug? More likely he was feeble-minded. He'd fallen on his head often enough while playing end on the high-school team.

He didn't try to lock Judy out next day. He had a good fire dancing on the dining-room hearth. Judy's battering-ram topped the pile he'd brought in. A fire wasn't a bad idea. A blue northwester, cold as crystal, had succeeded the snow. All this insulation was holding the cold in the house.

Judy kept an eye on the roof, for the contract called for repairing leaks and the insulating job was almost done. It wasn't until noon that the snow began to melt on the south side of the roof.

That afternoon Case reported drops in the big front bedroom. He told her, with repressed amusement, "A bad leak, Miss Perry."

Up in the attic, Judy contemplated in silence the wet underside of the roof. Case sat on a trunk and sardonically contemplated her.

Judy's fingers slipped toward that talisman in her breast pocket, Sam Perry's spike. She had listened to her dad describing the almost Japanese cunning and treachery of a shingle roof gone bad. The water would enter from some sound and innocent-appearing spot, and then spread up, down, and sideways through the shingles. Sherlock Holmes with a divining rod, a laboratory, and a bloodhound couldn't track it back on the topside again.

"SKIP it," Case said suddenly. "I'll get up there and tackle the roof myself. It's got a dirty slant to it."

"The roof's in the contract," Judy said. "And I don't want any amateur angels from the Air Corps messing up my roofing work."

"You're no professional angel yourself," Case said. "The roof is out."

She clenched her fists, turned hot eyes on him.

"Judy, the girl volcano, will now hurl tons of molten lava and flaming sulphur into the air," he declaimed. "She can't do the roof job herself, but, by heck, nobody else is going to get a shot at it."

"As soon as the snow is off that roof I'll be on it," she said. "And if you have any bright ideas about stopping me—"

"Try being honest," Case said mildly. He got up off the trunk. That was so he could look down on her.

"Do you really think you can locate those leaks by yourself? Come on, now, Judy—make with the truth!"

He paused expectantly. Judy didn't speak at once.

"I'll believe you," he promised.

I'll find those leaks because I've got to find them, Judy said to herself. She looked up at Corporal Case Taylor. "If you'll just let me alone, I'll find them and fix them," she said. "That's the truth!"

"Right!" he said calmly. "I'll hold you to that. Have fun!"

He sauntered to the steep attic stairs and clumped down. It was very quiet in the attic. Judy stared up at the broad wet patch above her head. She was in for it now. Benjy and Ernestine weren't any use. . . . He needn't have been so infernally casual about it. He acted just as if a load was off his mind. Just pretending—that momentary solicitude.

In the old days the Taylor men had mended their own roof. "That's probably what's wrong with it now!" she said viciously. "Well, a Perry girl will put it right—somehow."

There was something secretively smug about Case Taylor all the rest of that day.

THE northwester lost some of its edge that night. Instead of an iron dawn, a mild southerly greeted Judy next morning. There was nothing for it but the roof. The snow would be off it. She collected Benjy and had a talk with him on roofs. He was discursive but informative. Together they loaded Sam Perry's tall extension ladder onto the truck. Then, with a couple of shorter ladders, a bundle of shingles, some flashings, a roofer's iron, and some other stuff on board, Judy picked up Ernestine and drove to Taylor's. As they crawled up the hill, the high, steep slanting roof of the old house towered like the battlements of a castle.

Inside Judy's sneakers her toes curled up.

"Pooh!" she said.

"'Tain't's cold as all that," Benjy quavered. "It's milder."

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Ernestine was worried about that ladder. "I haven't the head for heights, honey lamb," she said tentatively.

"I have," Judy said. "That's why I'm going up on the roof. I'll need you both below."

Ernestine relaxed. She had a new tint of lipstick on, not so widely spread. A pretty enough girl if she'd just quit pushing her face around so much.

After cautiously asking permission, Case Taylor helped to get the extension ladder set up. It was a forty-foot ladder. It just reached to the ridgepole of the Taylor roof.

Judy tucked her tongue between her teeth and put her hands on the ladder rails. She looked challengingly at Case Taylor. He didn't try to stop her. He knew better than that.

"Soft landings," Case said.

"Stand out from under if you're worried," she said.

She started climbing. The roof was a long way up. The ladder swayed playfully near the top. Judy didn't want to play. I've been up higher trees than this, she told herself. But trees had more handles than that bare roof. And it would be undignified to crawl.

She stood up. With her sneakers gripping either side of the ridge, she tottered toward the big old chimney. The wind was puffy—maliciously puffy. It let you go when you leaned into it. You could see 'way down the valley—if you wanted to. She clung to the chimney, ignored the view and stared at the uniform expanse of shingles. Somewhere, on the south side near that end, there was a piece of cedar not up to its job. But how—

A HEAD appeared over the ridgepole. Case Taylor shoved a short ladder he was carrying onto the roof, and followed it himself.

"Where's the ladder hook—the dohickey—I mean dohookey—that secures this to the ridge?" he called.

He was very casual. He picked up the ladder and carried it over to her, walking with a sort of bowlegged ease.

A ladder hook was one thing she had forgotten. But she wasn't thinking of that. She let go her hold on the chimney and faced him.

"You said—"

"*You* said, 'If you'll just let me alone, I'll find them and fix them,'" Case said. "Well, I'm not going to leave you alone. I'm not going to! So you don't need to find 'em and fix 'em."

He looked at her face and spoke again, quickly. "We'll do it together, Judy," he said. "You can boss the job—I'll do the roof crawling. Sheer brain and mere brawn. Right?"

Judy shook her head. "If I can't f-fix this roof, I'll comb this valley—this state—for a roofer. It's in the contract. I'll find one somehow, and he'll do it. F-for goodness' sakes, put down that ladder!"

He grinned and gave the ladder a contemptuous twitch. Very masculine. But the wind didn't like it. The wind had lulled before Case reached the roof. And now a reproving gust hit him and the ladder. His long arm made a grab for the ridgepole. He missed. He slid, feet first, down the slope.

Swiftly he spread-eagled, flattening every bit of his body against the shingles. His fingernails clawed the roof. His sneakers, with ankles twisted, dug against the wood. His slide slowed. Fifteen feet down the slant he brought himself to a stop. He turned a white, strained smile to her. He didn't speak. All his energy was devoted to holding. Even his chin was pressed against the shingles.

The ladder had fallen with one side rail over the ridgepole. Now it started to slip down onto Case.

Judy caught hold of it. She shoved one end around and lowered it toward him. She flattened out on the other side of the ridge.

"Grab it!" she cried. "I can hold this end!"

"No!" he said. "No, Judy!"

HE wouldn't shift his grip to it; he wouldn't. His face told her. It was sweet—bittersweet—that he would not risk even the slight chance of pulling her off the ridge.

Desperately she looked for help. Those two on the ground—not a chance. Was there any way— She felt Sam Perry's spike pressing against her breast. She pulled it out.

"Hang on!" she said. She reached for the hammer in the loop of her overalls and drew it out. She hooked a leg over the ladder to hold it. With shaky haste she set the big nail upright below the upper rung of the ladder and pounded it into the shingles. She pounded hard, swinging the hammer high to make up for her lack of weight. She mustn't miss that head or send it flying with a glancing blow. She must not! She drove it into the roof.

"Hang on!" she cried again.

"Should have brought—my chute," he said.

Out of the corner of her eye she saw a slight movement. He was sliding again.

"Now!" she called.

He grabbed at the ladder—one hand, then the other. Then he lay unmoving, still flat against the roof.

"You said I couldn't drive it!" she said breathlessly. "Come on up!"

He was looking at the spike and the splintered shingles. Then he looked at her.

"Judy," he said, "just in—just before I start to come up—I want to tell you. I locked you out of my house because I thought that way I could lock you out—of my heart."

She stared down at him over the ridge.

"You— Why, Case?"

"An Air Corps corporal's in no spot to marry—not in this war. But—I love you." Again that strained grin. "Darned if I know why."

He was tiring. She could see that, and it was even more important than his words.

"I've got to start up," he said, and again his eyes were on the spike. "As I remarked before, 'Soft landings!'"

Gripping the bottom rung of the ladder with both hands, he started squirming upward. Judy clutched at the ladder to take some strain off the spike. The roof was steep. But, shifting hand grips, he pulled himself up shoulder-high on the ladder. All at once he spoke:

"Judy, let go! Let go!"

Judy's eyes darted from his face. The spike was being torn through the old shingles—inclining downward. The rung was slipping free.

"Let go!"

Judy flung herself on the ladder, holding it. She felt it stir under her. She clawed at the ridgepole, too. But the ladder slid.

THINGS happened in dizzy, lightning succession. Case had flung himself sideways off the ladder, trying for another hold of flattened body against the roof. The ladder clattered down. Judy, sliding, let it go. Case grabbed at her. They both slid. Faster! His arm was over her, pressing her against the roof. But they slid on.

His feet hit the copper gutter at the edge of the roof an instant before hers struck it. Momentarily it stopped them. Then, slowly, it began to tear away from the edge of the roof. One fastening after another ripped loose. The gutter buckled. They went down amid crackling, splitting wood. The gutter went with them, reluctantly, then faster.

More crackling. Vaguely she realized they were plunging into the overgrown lilacs near the front door. The lilacs suffered. Then, with a final splintering thud, they landed, gutter and all, in the thin layer of snow that remained under the bushes.

They stared at each other.

"Hurt?"

"N-no," said Judy. "Don't ask me why."

"I've walked away from worse crack-ups," Case said, and then he pulled her over to him. "Sure?"

"Sure. But—don't go 'way. The spike—it didn't hold."

"I will!" said Case.

Benjy came hobbling around the corner. He inspected them earnestly. Then he jerked a thumb backward.

"Girl's fainted," he said to Judy. "I'll get a bucket o' water."

"Well—" Judy tried to get up, not very hard.

"No!" Case held her. "You've battered your way in, Judy. What are you going to do about it?"

"Stay in. Though why I should love— But I do, Case."

Case kissed her. "Look!" he said. "I'll go to this little war. But when I come back we'll have battles—big ones. Right?"

"Right!"

THE END

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

SELDOM, WE THINK, have two such adventure-minded men combined in telling a story as those represented in The Wreck of the Potlatch in this issue. Henry Jensen is a teen-age American seaman of Danish ancestry, whose terrific experience found an especially attuned ear and heart in Earl Schenck, who had spent fourteen years roving the South Seas after an equally long career in the theater and Hollywood. Earl played leads opposite Mae Marsh, Norma Talmadge, Marion Davies, Nazimova, Ruth Roland, and others, but when it came to real romance he chose a Tahitian beauty for his life partner.

BORN IN NEW YORK, Richard Howells Watkins "escaped" to Connecticut thirty years later. While there, he discovered his winter coal bill would pay the rent in Florida during the frozen months, so thither he hies each year to write under the coco palms. His wife says he is an enthusiastic gardener until the bugs and weeds get busy, a feeling most Victory gardeners will duplicate this summer.

STALK THE HUNTER is Mitchell Wilson's third novel and the second of his to appear in Liberty. That's a high batting average for a young fictioneer, but the boy is good. His former serial with us, Footsteps Behind Her, was bought by Twentieth Century-Fox.

ALL RIGHT, LADIES, here's the information you want: That chic little lid on the girl on our Easter cover was the creation of John-Frederics, Inc., New York. Oh, you're welcome!

THE EDITORS

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Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

The mystery increases when Dixie finds a second murder victim secreted in her "gazeeka box."

Dixie and the Princess Nirvena start a hair-tearing session during the police questioning.

Dixie and Biff decide to become a team in real life and Gee Gee cheers them for the fadeout.

BY HARRIET GOULD

LADY OF BURLESQUE

(United Artists)
Barbara Stanwyck, Michael O'Shea,
J. Edward Bromberg, Iris Adrian

LADY OF BURLESQUE, adapted (and purified) from The G-String Murders, the maiden literary effort of America's number one burlesque queen, Gypsy Rose Lee, may not give you an accurate picture of backstage life at your neighborhood burleycue, but it will certainly give you the general idea.

The wildly confused story of a series of mysterious backstage murders (the girls get strangled with their own G strings) leaves much to be desired. But the casual plot is excuse enough for a peep-show glance into the strange lives of the artists in this unique profession.

Of course there were limits to being completely realistic. The sharply defined moral code for the movies laid down and enforced by the Hays office made it necessary to eliminate a great deal of the background material that was so humorously delightful in the book. The "Girls—Girls—Girls—This Is *Family* Entertainment" signs are off the walls, and the dressing-room dialogue is considerably tidier. When Barbara Stanwyck essays that peculiar anatomical gyration known as the "bump," the camera chooses that moment to do an artistic close-up of her face.

But the flavor of a burlesque-house company gets over in spite of restrictions. Many of the routines—traditional in burlesque but whitewashed for the censor—make their screen debut. The "pickle persuader," the "gazeeka box," and the "courtroom scene" appear briefly. Barbara Stanwyck as the star stripper, Dixie Daisy, renders Take It Off the E String and Play It On the G String with the required swaying strut.

Getting these authentic bits of burlesquiana into the script was Producer Hunt Stromberg's major problem. After turning down scripts by Ben Hecht and Herman Mankiewicz, Stromberg finally hired James Gunn, a twenty-three-year-old novelist (Deadlier Than the Male), and sent him on a fast tour of the country's burlesque houses. Members of the rather unorthodox cast Stromberg collected—some of them ex-Minsky-ites—volunteered further information on burlesque.

Barbara Stanwyck and newcomer Michael O'Shea carry the major acting load (which isn't heavy) and do what they can with the hackneyed whodunit plot. As a murder mystery Lady of Burlesque is a fizzle—but it's entertaining nevertheless.

PRESENTING LILY MARS

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)
Judy Garland, Van Heflin, Fay Bainter

ALTHOUGH this particular grease-paint-Cinderella story was adapted from the Booth Tarkington novel, it also strongly resembles several other screen musicals that have found the same formula pleasing to the cash customers. But even though the plot is old hat (small-town girl wants to go on the stage and, after much tribulation, gets the producer as well as the career), it does afford a pleasant background for grown-up Judy Garland's very definite talents. She emotes, she mimics, and she tears off a right neat dance routine for the finale. Judy shares singing honors with Marta Eggerth of Broadway musical fame. Spring Byington and Richard Carlson head the supporting cast, and Tommy Dorsey and Bob Crosby get in their licks. Hot ones.

PRELUDE TO WAR

(Released by the OWI through the War Activities Committee of the Motion Picture Industry)

EVEN if you are certain you know why and how we happen to be involved in the biggest World War in the history of man, Prelude to War is a movie you must see. Prepared by the Special Services Division of the War Department under the supervision of Lieutenant Colonels Frank Capra and Anatole Litvak, this film is part of the orientation course given to every man in our armed services. A compilation of newsreels, foreign movies, and captured German film, Prelude to War provides a solid base for an intelligent understanding of the fight for freedom. The movie shows the early maneuverings of the Axis, their plans for conquest, the training of their armies and their test in Manchuria and Ethiopia. Prelude to War is a vital and provocative film no one should miss.

It's a
BIG PICTURE

HERE'S SOMETHING TERRIFIC FROM ACROSS THE PACIFIC!

You'll agree she's wicky-wacky-wonderful when she gives out with those South Sea melodies — and a certain tropic kind of romance! . . . A melody-crowded love-cruise, filled with laughter, stars and spectacle!

TAHITI HONEY

SIMONE SIMON DENNIS O'KEEFE

with
Michael WHALEN
Lionel STANDER
Wally VERNON
Tommye ADAMS

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

8 GRAND SONG HITS, including
"This Gets Better Every Minute"
"Koni Plenty Hu-Hu"
"Any Old Port in a Storm"

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

Did YOU Miss . . .

. . . any of these best-sellers?

Into the Valley
by John Hersey

Time of Peace
by Ben Ames Williams

Case of the Smoking Chimney
by Erle Stanley Gardner

I Served On Bataan
by Juanita Redmond

Abridged versions of these novels appeared in Liberty during the past 4 weeks. This week, and every week, Liberty presents a condensation of an important book (with a retail value of from $2.50 to $5.00)—complete in each issue—along with a full menu of articles, stories and special features.

Here are the best-sellers Liberty will condense for your enjoyment during the next month:

Tunis Expedition
by Col. Darryl Zanuck

Congo Song
by Stuart Cloete

There Was An Old Woman
by Ellery Queen

The Human Comedy
by William Saroyan

With the present uncertainty in transportation, make sure you get your copy of Liberty every week by having it delivered to your door by the U. S. Mail. Fill out the coupon below and mail it TODAY. (A one year subscription saves you $1.70 on the regular single copy price!)

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PICTURES WORTH SEEING

FILM	GIST	LIBERTY SAID:
AIR FORCE (Warners) **John Garfield, Harry Carey**	*Drama* (pictorial logbook of a Flying Fortress in the Philippines, December, 1941).	A really good picture . . . exciting, fast-moving . . . authentic. (2-20-43)
ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY (M-G-M) **Pierre Aumont, Richard Whorf, Margaret Wycherly**	*Thriller* (a British spy doubles as a French traitor to do a job behind the German lines).	Suspense-filled . . . exciting sequences . . . excellent cast. (4-17-43)
CABIN IN THE SKY (M-G-M) **Ethel Waters, Lena Horne, "Rochester" Anderson**	*All-Negro musical* (a fantasy concerning the struggle of good and evil forces for the soul of Little Joe Jackson).	Lighthearted fantasy . . . slow in spots, but has much to offer . . . lovely music and Ethel Waters' singing make picture worth seeing. (4-3-43)
DESERT VICTORY **British Army Film Unit. Released through 20th-Fox**	*Documentary film* (a record of the Eighth Army's victorious drive against Rommel last summer).	Its photography and drama put most Hollywood productions to shame . . . packed with indelible moments. (5-1-43)
EDGE OF DARKNESS (Warners) **Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan, Judith Anderson**	*Drama* (a Norwegian fishing village rises in revolt against Nazi tyranny).	Its theme does not suffer by repetition . . . extraordinary collection of acting talent. (4-17-43)
FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM (RKO) **Rosalind Russell, Fred MacMurray, Herbert Marshall**	*Romantic drama* (an ambitious aviatrix, reminiscent of Amelia Earhart, is drafted by the navy for a secret mission).	It has all the elements that make for an entertaining movie . . . fast-moving . . . exciting . . . see it. (3-27-43)
FOREVER AND A DAY (RKO) **All-star cast**	*Drama* (the saga of an English house and its inhabitants from 1804 to 1941).	Actors, writers, directors donated talents, and proceeds go to war charities . . . characterizations are gems. (4-10-43)
HANGMEN ALSO DIE (United Artists) **Anna Lee, Brian Donlevy, Walter Brennan**	*Drama* (the Czech people unite to protect the killer of the Nazi Heydrich the Hangman).	Fiercely dramatic . . . cast of this relentless anti-Fascist film uniformly excellent . . . tense and exciting. (5-8-43)
HELLO, FRISCO, HELLO (20th-Fox) **Alice Faye, John Payne, Jack Oakie, June Havoc**	*Musical* (the old-fashioned two-couple vaudeville team sing and dance along Frisco's Barbary Coast).	Fine Technicolor . . . lots of old vaudeville ballads . . . perfect escapist movie for an off night. (4-24-43)
MR. LUCKY (RKO) **Cary Grant, Laraine Day**	*Comedy melodrama* (a gangster picks the perfect set-up, but a smart society girl sets him straight).	A lively mixture of comedy and melodrama . . . neat and novel twist makes for a surprise ending. (6-5-43)
MY FRIEND FLICKA (20th-Fox) **Roddy McDowall, Preston Foster, Rita Johnson**	*Drama* (the tender story of a ranch kid's devotion to his pony).	Frankly escapist movie . . . beautiful Technicolor photography . . . heart-warming, unsophisticated. (5-15-43)
NEXT OF KIN (Universal release)	*Drama* (a grim well told story of the dangers of loose talk in wartime).	Originally planned as British training film . . . packs an enormous wallop. (5-22-43)
REAP THE WILD WIND (Paramount) **Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, and John Wayne**	*Melodrama* (the romances of the seagoing daughter of a salvage skipper in the days of sailing ships and pirates).	A De Mille super-spectacle full of excitement, color, and comedy . . . a fabulous historical show rather than co-ordinated artistic achievement. (4-11-42)
THE DESPERADOS (Columbia) **Randolph Scott, Glenn Ford, Claire Trevor**	*Western* (familiar triangle of the sheriff, the friend wrongly accused of robbery, and the gal).	Slick production of an old formula . . . superb Technicolor . . . not just another Western. (5-1-43)
THE HUMAN COMEDY (M-G-M) **Mickey Rooney, Fay Bainter, Frank Morgan**	*Homey drama* (three days in the life of the Macauleys of Ithaca as seen by Saroyan).	Delightful and heart-warming film . . . no real plot, but each scene a gem . . . direction excellent. (4-24-43)
THE MORE THE MERRIER (Columbia) **Jean Arthur, Charles Coburn, Joel McCrea**	*Comedy* (jam-packed wartime Washington takes a good-natured ribbing).	One of the funniest pictures of the season . . . smartly paced plot . . . swell cast. (5-29-43)
THE OX-BOW INCIDENT (20th-Fox) **Henry Fonda, Dana Andrews, Frank Conroy**	*Drama* (mob hysteria in a Western town results in the lynching of three men).	An exciting, intelligent, relentless movie . . . the implications leave you limp . . . tight direction . . . finely drawn characters. (5-1-43)
THIS LAND IS MINE (RKO) **Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Hara, Walter Slezak**	*Drama* (a timid teacher in a Nazi-occupied country is forced into a real understanding of the war).	Fearless and pointed denunciation of collaborationists . . . Laughton's performance memorable. (5-22-43)

best. Of course a campaign ribbon is something to be proud of, but not every soldier can wear four stars, nor can every soldier serve abroad and earn a foreign service ribbon. The idea of a domestic area ribbon must have been considered by the War Department and not adopted for good reasons.

* * *

Are examinations for promotions held at stated intervals or may they be requested by enlisted men?
D. W. C., Creston, Ia.

Your question is so indefinite that I cannot give as specific an answer as I'd like to. All I can say is that examinations are not held at the request of enlisted men. In certain branches of the Army, examinations leading to promotions are authorized by the chief of the branch concerned. Examinations for appointments of warrant officers, band leaders, etc., are announced by the War Department.

* * *

If one enlisted man loans money to another enlisted man and the loan is not repaid after a reasonable length of time, can the C. O. deduct it from the debtor's pay to settle the debt?
Pfc. T. J. P., Columbus, Ohio.

No; but the C. O. can take disciplinary action against the debtor under the 96th Article of War. Failure of its personnel to pay just debts is a matter of concern to the War Department and the offender may be subject to a court-martial if the charges are serious.

* * *

As a former fingerprint expert in civilian life, I would like to know whether there is any branch of the Army which would put my experience to some good use.
F. P. E., Camp Gordon, Johnson, Fla.

The F. B. I. could probably use you to better advantage than the Army. Because the Army has no exceptional call for men of your profession, regulations say that you can be assigned to any arm or service.

* * *

There is some controversy at this post about the existence or non-existence of an A. R. which authorizes an enlisted man to be with his wife at night when he is not on duty and provided that she resides within five miles of his camp. If there is any such A. R., please give its number.
Pfc. J. C., Camp Niantic, Conn.

There is no such Army Regulation. The commanding officer of your station is authorized to permit or deny any such privilege to the enlisted men of his command, and it is solely up to him.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

4th YEAR—marching on!

OSCAR SERLIN *presents* Clarence Day's

LIFE WITH FATHER

Made into a play by HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE
with
DOROTHY STICKNEY and HOWARD LINDSAY
Directed by Bretaigne Windust *Setting and Costumes by Stewart Chaney*

EMPIRE THEATRE, New York

Now on 2nd transcontinental tour
LIFE WITH FATHER *with* PERCY WARAM • JUNE WALKER

Presenting—ONE OF AMERICA'S GREATEST RADIO SHOWS!

"FAMOUS FATHERS"

Inspired by the Broadway Hit "LIFE WITH FATHER"
HOWARD LINDSAY
AS MASTER OF CEREMONIES
Plus A Huge Array Of The Country's Most Famous Fathers!

KEEW, Brownsville, Texas—KRBC, Abilene, Texas—WCBI, Columbus, Mississippi
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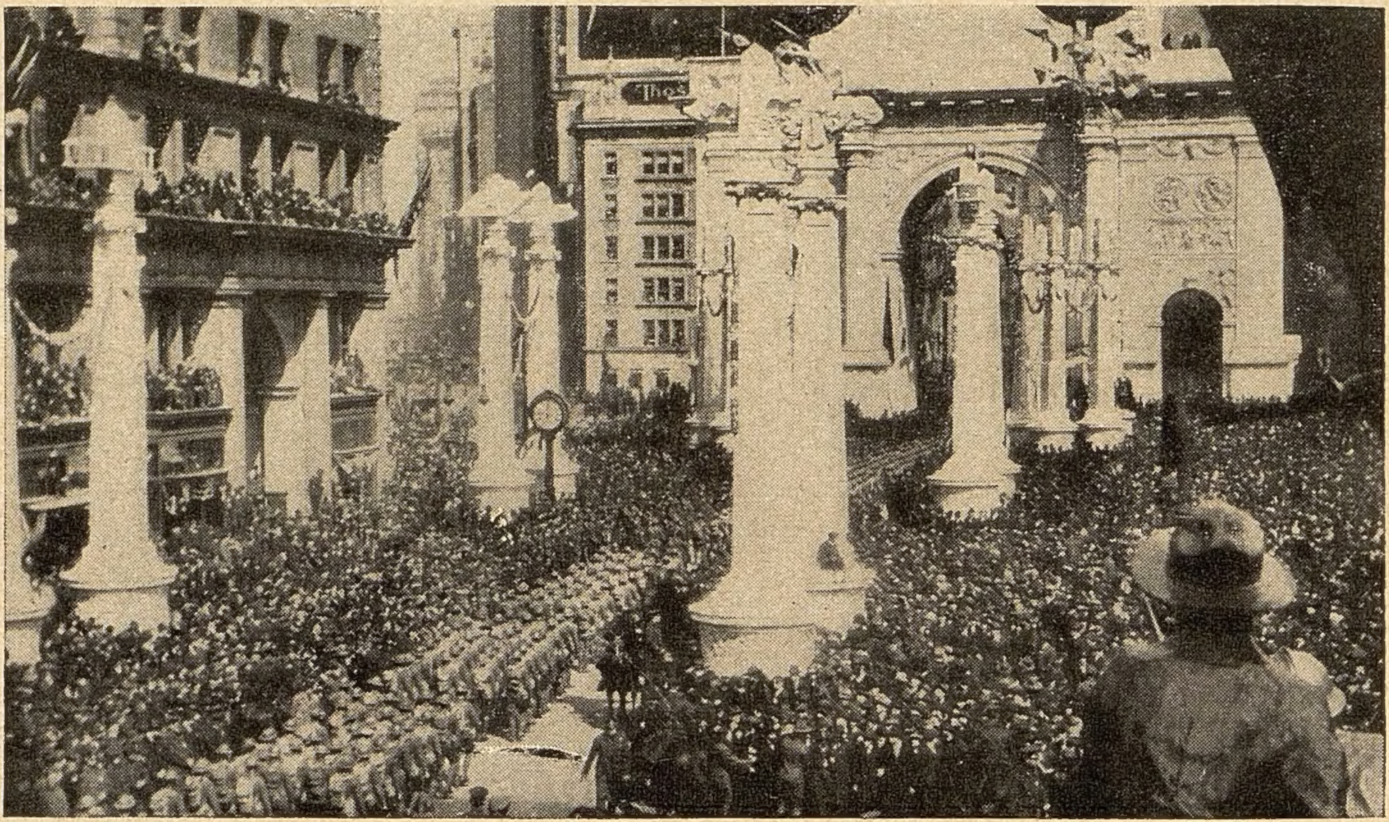
See your Local Newspaper for Time and Station in Your City

WE WON'T WIN THE PEACE BY ARGUING



Returning troops parading through World War I Victory Arch, Fifth Avenue, New York. The victory wasn't permanent.

THERE is currently much agitation, and will be more, over what is called "winning the peace." It would seem that upon this subject we should all agree without much trouble. Winning the peace is like prosperity—everybody is in favor of it. Why, then, is there so much arguing? Why do we have trouble agreeing on steps to insure against going through all this again in another quarter century?

Perhaps it is because there is as yet no generally accepted definition of what constitutes winning the peace. It's time we had such a definition and in broad terms made up our minds on definite peace objectives. Only if we do this now can we begin laying our plans for realizing them.

Our powers of analysis and foresight are feeble enough, heaven knows, but at least we can draw upon the experience which has gone before to guide us in the uncharted future. We won the last war but we did not win the peace. This fact is incontestable. If we had won the peace we would not now be at war. If we are forced into war again twenty-five years hence, we will not have won the peace following this victory.

To insure a peaceful and prosperous world certain basic requirements are inescapable.

We will not win the peace if we fail to insure that no future aggressors arise to covet their neighbors' possessions.

We will not win the peace if we allow cesspools of human misery, frustration, and hopelessness to exist anywhere in the world.

We will not win the peace if we fail to eliminate insurmountable barriers to the interchange of raw materials and manufactured goods among nations.

We will not win the peace if we fail to maintain present cordial relations with our allies and continue to co-operate with them in peace as in war.

We will not win the peace if we fail to respect other nations or fail to command their respect.

We will not win the peace if we do not establish and fully participate in machinery for the peaceful and honorable settlement of the disputes which arise among nations.

Let us ponder carefully this list of requirements for an enduring victory, all of which are essential. Let us prepare to adjust our prejudices to these requirements, for they will not adjust themselves to our prejudices. We all want a world in which mankind can live free from fear and in reasonable contentment because only in such a world can we perpetually retain our own freedom and dignity. Whatever adjustments of individual thinking we find necessary for the establishment of such a world, we will have to make them.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL

A **Bearish** whiskey wouldn't be much fun!
That's why Imperial is *"velveted"*

A BLENDED WHISKEY

"Velveting" takes out "gruffness"—makes IMPERIAL smooth, gentle, a real experience in enjoyment. Yes, "velveting" gives IMPERIAL the easy-to-take goodness that has made this whiskey one of America's greats, one of the most-wanted whiskies in all the land.

But like sugar and coffee, IMPERIAL is on quota—because our stills are now making war alcohol instead of whiskey. And sometimes delivery is held up a day or so, because shipments of war materials and food naturally come first.

So if your store or tavern sometimes cannot supply you with IMPERIAL, please be patient and remember there is a mighty good reason for it.

Eighty-six proof. 70% grain neutral spirits. Copyright 1943, Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

IMPERIAL **The *"velveted"* whiskey**

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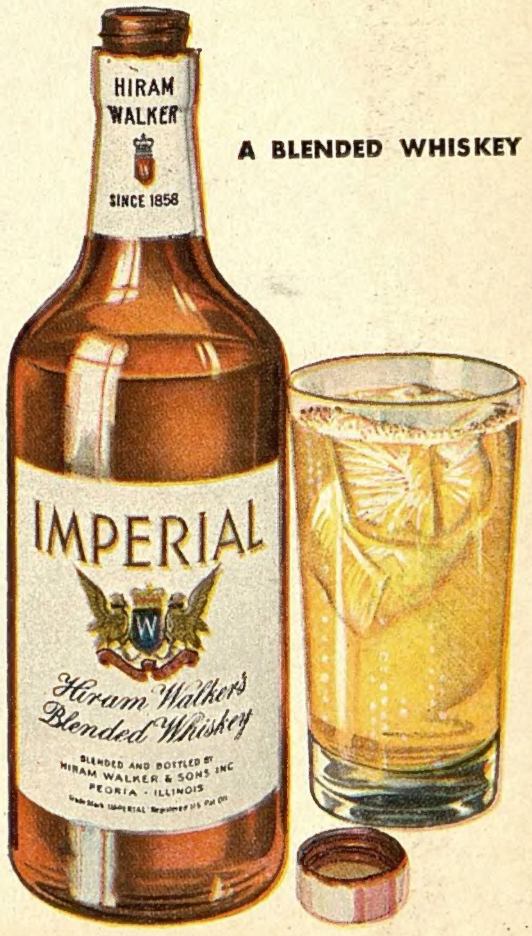
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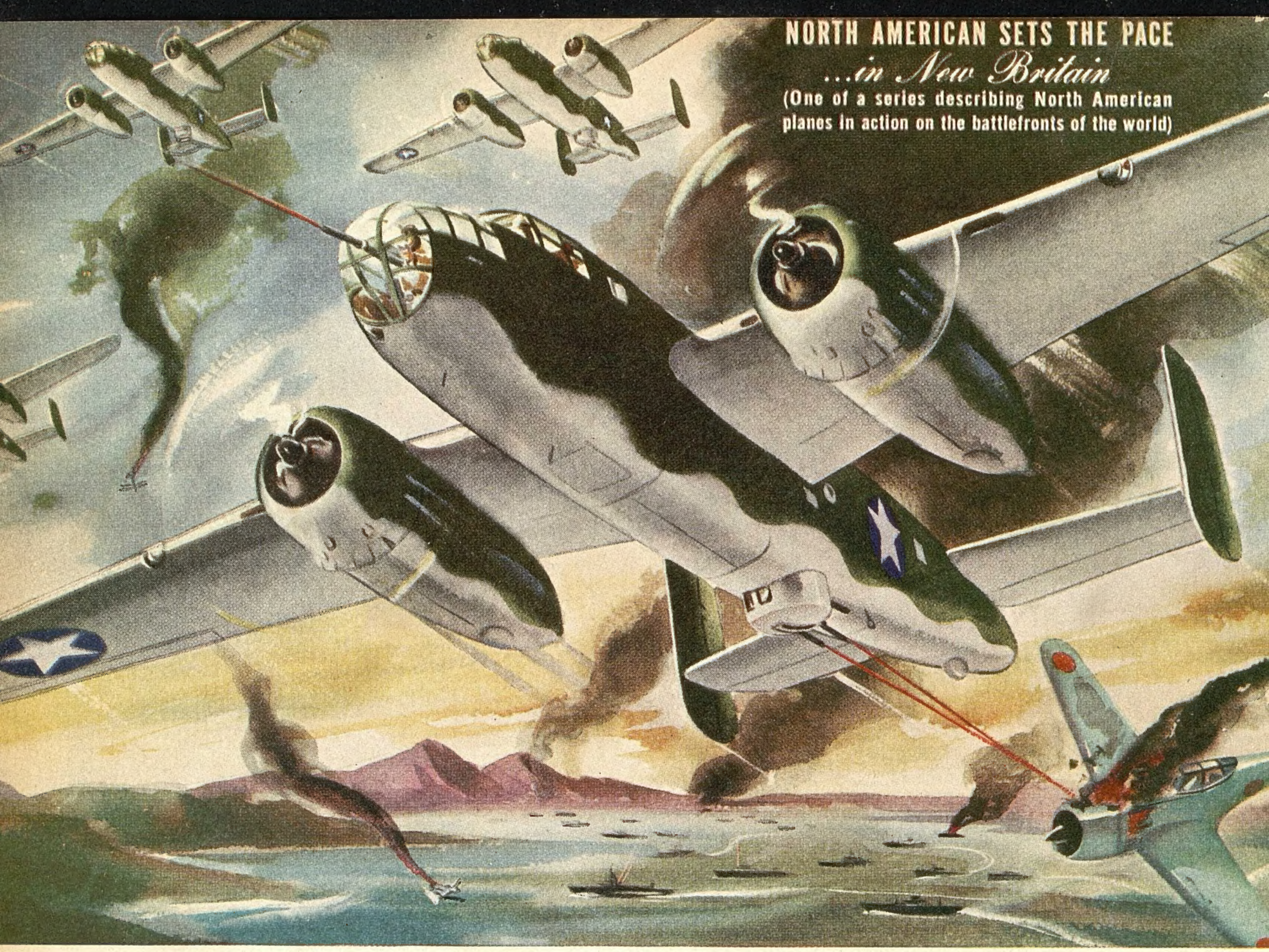

NORTH AMERICAN SETS THE PACE
...in New Britain
(One of a series describing North American planes in action on the battlefronts of the world)

MITCHELL BOMBERS SMASH JAP BASE AT RABAUL

"NORTH American B-25 Mitchells were the stars in the complete destruction of a Jap convoy of 22 ships that had left Rabaul two days before . . .

"B-25's made a shattering attack on Rabaul, New Britain, leaving docks, barracks, and supply depots in ruins . . ."

Again North American B-25 Mitchell bombers have hit the Jap hard. Today his powerful base at Rabaul is badly crippled and further removed are his chances of conquest in New Guinea, the Solomons and the great cities of Australia. From Rabaul, dozens of ships, hundreds of planes and thousands of men have gone to destruction under the withering attacks of the Mitchell and other weapons in the growing South Pacific arsenal of the United Nations.

Since the Mitchell first bombed Tokyo, the Japs have hated it and feared it more than any other plane. But they will learn to fear it still more. For we at North American are building Mitchell bombers that are far superior to their predecessors in performance, armament, crew protection and general combat utility.

That's our big contribution to winning the war sooner—days, weeks, or even months.

NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION, INC.
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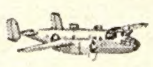
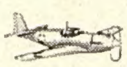
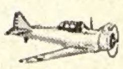


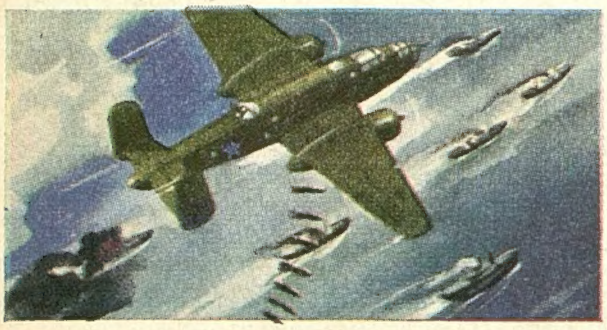
B-25 MITCHELL



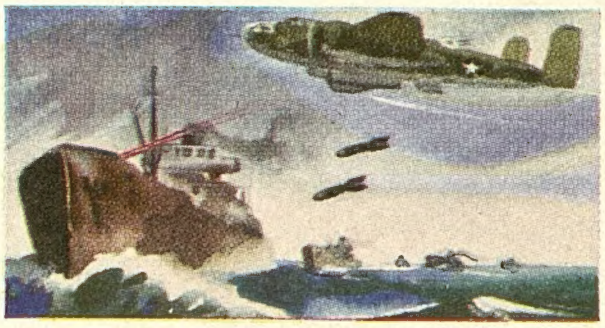
P-51 MUSTANG



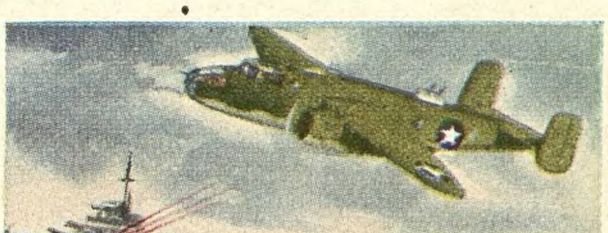
AT-6 TEXAN



Altitude bombing, one of many techniques used by pilots of North American Mitchells in their devastating attacks on Jap shipping.



Low level bombing is another. The Mitchell drops delayed action bombs low and close enough to send them crashing into the side of the target.



Torpedo launching—The Mitchell has also been fitted as a torpedo carrier, launching its deadly load at enemy vessels from low altitude.

NORTH AMERICAN *Sets the Pace!*